This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MONROE'S

NEW

FOURTH READER

E. H. BUTLER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA

eT 758.84.570

Harvard College Library

FROM

Transferred from
Educ. Dept Libry.

3 2044 097 051 635

MONROE'S NEW SERIES—FIFTH BOOK

MONROE'S

NEW

FOURTH READER

E. H. BUTLER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

Educ T 758.84.570

Copyright, 1884, by Mrs. Lewis B. Monroe.

PREFACE.

That children may read well—that is, intelligently, distinctly, and naturally—they must thoroughly understand the piece selected; they must be interested; and they must give due attention to the mechanism of speech, and familiarize themselves with varieties of context.

In directing children toward a proper study of their reading-lessons, *the teacher should aim from the outset to make them rely upon themselves;* otherwise, when there is no teacher *at hand to remove or solve all difficulties*, their reading matter will be as unmeaning words to them. Cultivate that love of honest effort and research which is the groundwork of all true culture.

One lesson well understood is better than a hundred carelessly read. Blurred, half-formed mental pictures of what the pupil is reading, tend to make him superficial and inexact in all his studies. The pupils should answer all the questions in the Preparatory Study. The general aim of these questions is to explain the lesson; but they might be classified under the heads of *Elocution*, *Etymology*, *Grammar*, and *Composition*.

Elocution is made practical: *first*, by asking questions which help the children to imagine the different scenes in the lesson; *secondly*, by requiring pupils to use the tones necessary to indicate the various emotions and situations represented in the reading-matter; *thirdly*, by gradually evolving the idea of emphasis, so that pupils shall discover for themselves the emphatic words. In addition, the teacher should drill the class on the words in the Introduction, that constant practice may insure distinct articulation.

Etymology.—Attention is given to analyzing words into root, suffix, and prefix. A few lessons are given for explanation and practice; then pupils should be required to present words for analysis. The suffixes and prefixes are defined in the Appendix.

Grammar is practically considered in exercises which will give the children a knowledge of the parts of speech, and familiarize them by degrees with the variations of nouns, pronouns, adjectives, adverbs, number, person, etc. No attempt is made to treat of mere technicalities; for *the lessons in grammar are not theoretical, but practical.*

Composition, as introduced in the lower books of the series, is gradually extended in this reader. Exercises in synonyms, and questions upon the reading-lessons are given for slate-work; the pupils are required to write in prose the substance of various poems, and, occasionally, an outline of the story in the lesson is given for composition.

The Synopsis of the Preparatory Studies will enable teachers to find at once the lesson containing drill upon any subject not perfectly understood.

The Publishers are indebted to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for permission to use extracts from Whittier, Longfellow, Trowbridge, and J. T. Fields; to Mrs. H. F. Jackson ("H. H."), for selections from her works, published by Roberts Bros.; to Mrs Julia R. C. Dorr, for "The Parson's Daughter;" to the Editors of "The Youth's Companion" for the following stories—"A Hero of the Floods," "On Georges Banks in a Northeaster," "The Russian Hackman," and "The Life of Longfellow;" and to the Editors of "Our Continent" for "The King's Daughters" and "Story of a Lighthouse." The sketches of American history are adapted from "The Story of Our Country," published by Lee & Shepard.

CONTENTS.

Physical and Vocal Training.

SUBJECT.	PAGE
I. POSITION AND CARRIAGE OF THE BODY	9
II. HOLDING THE BOOK FOR READING	10
III. RIGHT USE OF THE VOICE	10
IV. CONVERSATIONAL TONES	11
V. FAMILIAR NARRATIVE	12
VI. VIVACIOUS STYLE OF POETRY	13
VII. ARTICULATION	13
VIII. DRILL IN ARTICULATION	16
IX. WORDS DIFFICULT OF PRONUNCIATION	22
X. EXERCISES TO BRING OUT THE VOICE	23
XI. SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS	24

Selections in Prose and Poetry.

LESSON	
I. A SKATING STORY	25
II. ONLY A FEW DROPS	29
III. SOMETHING ABOUT SEEDS	34
IV. "WANTED—A BOY"	36
V. THE FOUR SUNBEAMS—Poem	43
VI. OUR PILGRIM FATHERS	45
VII. LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS—Poem	50
VIII. THE FIRST POCKET-KNIFE	52
IX. THE ATMOSPHERE	55
X. STORY OF A KNIGHT	59
XI. LITTLE THINGS IN THE GREAT SEA	63
XII. A LARK'S NEST—Poem	66
XIII. THE SHEPHERD BOY.—PART I.	68
XIV. THE SHEPHERD BOY.—PART II.	72
XV. THE MISSING SHIP	74

LESSON		PAGE
XVI.	The Boy I Love—Poem	77
XVII.	King Philip.—Part I.	79
XVIII.	King Philip.—Part II.	83
XIX.	Wrongs of the Indians	86
XX.	Short Quotations	89
XXI.	The Eagle's Nest	90
XXII.	A Mother's Song—Poem	94
XXIII.	A Hero of the Floods.—Part I.	95
XXIV.	A Hero of the Floods.—Part II.	99
XXV.	The Intelligence of Horses	103
XXVI.	The Polar Bear	108
XXVII.	Bird Song—Poem	111
XXVIII.	Benjamin Franklin.—Part I.	112
XXIX.	Benjamin Franklin.—Part II.	116
XXX.	About the Fairies—Poem	120
XXXI.	The First of April	121
XXXII.	The Little Drummer-Boy	127
XXXIII.	Little Soldiers	133
XXXIV.	The King's Daughters—Poem	137
XXXV.	A Bear Hunt	139
XXXVI.	What Happened to an English General	144
XXXVII.	If I were a Boy Again	149
XXXVIII.	The Bedouin's Rebuke—Poem	152
XXXIX.	The Two Friends	153
XL.	The Ant's Monday Dinner	157
XLI.	Incidents in the Life of Washington	162
XLII.	Naming the Baby	166
XLIII.	Children—Poem	171
XLIV.	Perseverance Wins	172
XLV.	Short Quotations	178
XLVI.	An Old-Fashioned Party—Part I.	179
XLVII.	An Old-Fashioned Party.—Part II.	183
XLVIII.	The Sloth	187
XLIX.	The Two Church-Builders—Poem	190
L.	A Novel Bridge	192
LI.	The Battle of Lexington.—Part I.	196
LII.	The Battle of Lexington.—Part II.	200

LESSON		PAGE
LIII.	Speech of James Otis	203
LIV.	The Parson's Daughter—Poem	206
LV.	The Boy Archæologist	210
LVI.	Success in Life	215
LVII.	Jacko	219
LVIII.	Chestnuts—Poem	222
LIX.	A Story of Michael Angelo	224
LX.	Lake Tahoe	228
LXI.	Short Quotations	233
LXII.	The Great Trees of California	234
LXIII.	The Prince of the Vegetable World	237
LXIV.	The Palm-Tree—Poem	242
LXV.	A Russian Hackman's Adventure	244
LXVI.	Story of a Light-House.—Part I.	249
LXVII.	Story of a Light-House.—Part II.	253
LXVIII.	Calais Light—Poem	256
LXIX.	On Georges Bank	258
LXX.	Dean Swift and the Cobbler	264
LXXI.	Somebody's Mother—Poem	268
LXXII.	A Brave Little Rebel	270
LXXIII.	The Minute-Man of the Revolution	276
LXXIV.	Rebecca, the Drummer	278
LXXV.	Indian Summer	283
LXXVI.	Kaiserblumen—Poem	285
LXXVII.	Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata	289
LXXVIII.	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.—Part I.	293
LXXIX.	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.—Part II.	297
LXXX.	Quotations from Longfellow	302
LXXXI.	From my Arm-Chair—Poem	304

Appendix.

1.	Prefixes and Suffixes	306
2.	Sounds of the Letters	308
3.	Vocabulary	309

eT 758.84.570

Harvard College Library

FROM

Transferred from
Educ. Dept Liby.

3 2044 097 051 635

II.—*Holding the Book for Reading.*

Hold the book fully open in the left hand with three fingers beneath it, and the thumb and the little finger above, to keep the leaf down.

Advance the elbow a few inches, and raise the forearm from thirty to forty degrees, so as to secure perfect vision without bending the neck or body.

Incline the plane of the book so as not to hide the face.

Observe the same general directions when reading in a sitting position.

The eye must be trained to catch the words in advance of the utterance; so that the reader can look off the book occasionally. Looking down too much upon the page causes the voice to be directed to the book, instead of being sent out into the room.

III.—*Right Use of the Voice.*

Having secured the proper position for good reading, the teacher should then endeavor to have her pupils read in a pleasant quality of voice. A few exercises are given below for drill in conversational tone. Let each pupil read a sentence, and then, looking off his book, repeat the sentence in a bright, sprightly tone, as if he were *talking* (not reading) to his teacher, or to some pupil across the room.

Such practice is not to be abandoned until every boy and girl speaks habitually in pleasant, conversational tones. And the work is not finally completed until the customary tone in reading and recitation is that of intelligence and refinement. Good taste in speech is required in the school-room as much

as in the pulpit or parlor; for the habits which stamp and influence all the future career are formed in school-life.

Great pains may be bestowed upon a reading-lesson; but, if the pupils are allowed to drift back into faulty habits the moment any other recitation is taken up, the work is in a great measure lost.

But it is not the voice alone that suffers. The humdrum style of reading tends to stultify the intelligence. The habit of uttering words monotonously, without attaching any meaning to them, retards or absolutely prevents progress in the various studies.

Sweet tones are the natural clothing of fresh and beautiful ideas. The conversational quality of voice is the basis of all excellence in reading. What is ordinarily known as the "school-tone" should be banished at once and forever from the school-room.

IV.—*Conversational Tones.*

(The following dialogues should be spoken by two pupils at opposite ends of the room.)

1.

"I wish you a merry Christmas!"

"O, thank you! I wish you the same."

2.

"Have you heard the news?"

"No! what is it?"

"Our school is to have a picnic on Saturday. We are going to that lovely grove where we went two years ago."

"That will be delightful. How I wish I could go!"

"O, do go! Teacher said he should be glad to have any of the old scholars join us."

3.

"Did you ever read any of Scott's novels?"

"Yes; I have read 'Kenilworth,' and I am just commencing 'Ivanhoe.'"

"I have read 'Ivanhoe.' I like it as well as any book I ever read. In 'Kenilworth,' is not Queen Elizabeth one of the principal characters?"

"Yes. You remember Kenilworth was the name of the castle which Elizabeth gave to one of her favorite earls."

4.

"What is the difference between six dozen dozen and half-a-dozen dozen?"

"No difference, of course! Why do you ask such a question?"

"But there is a difference,—and a large difference, too! You must find out the answer."

V.—*Familiar Narrative.*

1.

At twelve o'clock we went below. We had just finished dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that could be seen.

2.

A hundred birds—yes, five hundred—were singing as birds never sing except in the morning.

3.

"My son," said the father, "simple honesty cannot be called noble. You did what was right, and nothing more."

VI.—*Vivacious Style of Poetry.*

1.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?

2.

So goes the world; if wealthy, you may call
This, friend, *that*, brother; friends and brothers, all.

3.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year.

4.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.

VII.—*Articulation.*

Articulation is effected by the action of the lips, the tongue, the palate, and the jaws; and perfect articulation is the result of a prompt, proper, and easy action of these organs. When they move feebly or clumsily, the utterance is, necessarily, indistinct or mumbling. An elastic play of the muscles of the mouth is indispensable, not only for distinctness of articulation, but also for the expressiveness of the face.

The following exercises tend to discipline the muscles used in articulation, and to accustom them to energetic action. After a vigorous tone has been given to these muscles, their movements must not be excessive, or too apparent to the eye.

1.— Exercise for the Lips and Jaws.

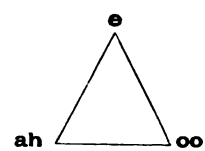
First. Pronounce the vowel **e,** extending the lips as much as possible sidewise, and showing the tips of the teeth.

Second. Pronounce **ah,** dropping the jaw and opening the mouth to its widest extent.

Third. Pronounce **oo** (as in **cool**), contracting the lips.

Then, let the teacher draw upon the blackboard a triangle with the three sounds marked at the angles, so that he may pass the "pointer" around in a circle, touching at the

angles, and requiring the pupils to utter the vowels, as he indicates them, in rapid succession, *continuously*, that is, without pausing between them. Having gone round three or four times in one direction, make a signal for the pupils to stop; then taking a fresh breath, go round the opposite way. In the same manner take each of the other angles as a starting-point, and go round both ways. We shall thus have repetitions of each of the following: **E-ah-oo; e-oo-ah; ah-e-oo; ah-oo-e; oo-ah-e; oo-e-ah.**

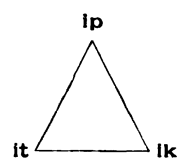


2.—For the Jaw.

Whisper alternately the sounds **e, ah;** allowing the jaw, in the latter sound, to drop as it were with its own weight. The action of the jaw must not be rigid, but loose and free.

3.—For the Lips, Tongue, and Palate.

First. Pronounce the syllable **ip,** bringing the lips in contact and separating them with a smart, percussive recoil.



Second. Pronounce the syllable **it.** The tip of the tongue touches against the upper teeth, and promptly recoils.

Third. Pronounce the syllable **ik.** The back of the tongue shuts against the soft palate, and promptly recoils.

Pass from point to point in both directions. (See Exercise 1.)

Then practise the same, omitting the vowel sound, and producing only the slight puff of recoil indicated by the consonant.

The consonants **b, d, g** may afterwards be practised in a similar manner.

For tables of Vowels and Consonants, see page 308.

VIII.—*Drill in Articulation.*

Any tendency to pervert or slur obscure vowels or difficult consonant-combinations must be carefully corrected. One of the secrets of distinct reading is *the careful enunciation of every constituent sound of every word.* See that the pupils pronounce the following words with exaggerated utterance. For instance: the little puff of breath following the sounds of final **t, p, f,** should be distinctly heard; in words ending in **m,** the lips should come firmly together, etc. Where two or more consonants occur in succession, the greatest care is necessary to avoid suppressing any single sound.

VOWELS.

E as in Eel.—Long Vowel.

* Péat, lèap; beat, glèbe; méed, dèem; féar, lèaf; véer, lèave; théme, tèeth; thée, sèethe; séal, lèase.

I as in Ill.—Short Vowel.

Pín, hìp; bín, fìb; míd, hìm; fín, ìf; thín, mỳth; shíp, dìsh; chíp, pìtch; líp, pìll; jíg, mìdge.

A as in Ale.—Long Vowel.

Pay, ape; bay, babe; may, fame; whale; way, fane, safe; vane, save; thane, faith; tale, late.

---

* The marks over the vowels indicate (′) the rising and (ˋ) falling inflections. The teacher may carefully pronounce two words in succession (or one only where the combination of vowel and consonant cannot be reversed) with the inflections as indicated, and require the pupils to repeat them after him, and so on through the exercise. In the subsequent exercises the inflections may be varied at the discretion of the teacher.

E as in Ebb.—Short Vowel.

Pet, step; bet, web; met, them; when; wet; fell, clef; vex, never; theft, death; then, tether; set, less.

A as in Air.—Long Vowel.

Pare, bare, mare; where, ware; fare; there; heir, their; tear, dare; chair, lair; rare; share; hare.

A as in At.—Short Vowel.

Pan, nap; ban, nab; mat, lamb; whack, wag; fan, gaff; van, have; thank, hath; than, lather.

A as in Far.—Long Vowel.

Barn, path; far, half; palm, gape; mar, arm; vaunt, halve; father; balm; czar, alms; charm.

A as in Past.—Short Vowel.

(Shorten *a* in far, and the right sound will be produced.)

Past, mast, fast, vast, trance, dance, chance, last, rance, can't, gasp; pass, mass; grass, grasp; clasp, class.

U as in Urn.—Long Vowel.

Pearl, burn, mirth, nurse, church, lurk, hurt, cur, girt, worth, world, work, scourge, dearth, earl, verse.

U as in Up.—Short Vowel.

Pun, up; bun, tub; mud, sum; fun, puff; dun, bud; nut, sun; chub, much; jut, nudge; lug, gull.

A as in Awe.—Long Vowel.

Ball, daub; warm; fault; thaw; saw; cause; dawn, awed; talk, caught; law, fall; raw, war.

O as in Not.—Short Vowel.

Pod, top; bog, knob; mob, Tom; fog, odd; thong, moth; sod, loss; dot, not; lot, doll; rod, dog.

O as in Old.—Long Vowel.

Pole, hope; bowl, lobe; moan, home; whoa; woke; foe, loaf; vote, cove; though, loth; soak, dose; zone.

O as in Ore.—Short Vowel.

Pore, bore, more, wore, fore, sore, tore, door, ignore, chore, lore, roar, shore, hoar, yore, core, gore.

O as in Ooze.—Long Vowel.

Pool, loop; moon, loom; fool, hoof; tooth; soothe; soon, goose; zoozoo, ooze; too, boot; do, rude; noon.

O as in Book.—Short Vowel.

Put, hoop; book; wood; full, forsook; took; nook; look; should; hood; could; good.

DIPHTHONGS.

U as in Use.

Pew, dupe; beauty, tube; mew, fume; whew; few; thew; view; sue, use; tube, mute; dew, feud; new.

I as in Pie.

Pie, type; by, imbibe; my, time; fie, life; vie, dive; sigh, ice; die, side; kite, like; shy; guide; high.

Ou as in Out.

Pout, bow; mouth; wound; foul; vow; thousand, south; sound, house; zounds, vows; town, out; down.

Oi as in Oil.

Soil, voice; doit, void; noise; toys; boy; royal; hoy; coil; moil; poise; joy; choice.

CONSONANTS.

P as in Pin.—Non-Vocal.

Peel, keep; pit, tip; pale, cape; pen, rep; pack, tap; pug, cup; pop, hop; post, cope; poor, coop; pine.

B as in Bib.—Vocal.

Been, feeble; bit, nib; bail, label; bet, ebb; bat, cab; but, hub; balk, daub; bonny, hobble; boast.

M as in Me.—Liquid Vocal.

Me, seem; mist, dim; mate, tame; men, hem; man, ham; mark, harm; much, hum; move, roam.

Wh as in Wheel.—Non-Vocal.

Wheeze, whip, whaler, whet, where, whang, whirl.

W as in Woo.—Vocal.

Weep, wish, wait, web, wear, wax, worst, once, wall.

F as in Fife.—Non-Vocal.

Feed, reef; fit, whiff; fail, waif; fed, deaf; fair; fact, afford; farm, calf; fasten, staff; fern, turf; fool.

V as in Vine.—Vocal.

Veal, weave; villain, restive; vale, wave; vaŭnt, salve; vast; verge; devote, rove; review; vine, of.

Th as in Thin.—Non-Vocal.

Theory, sheath; thick, smith; esthetic, breath; thank, hath; wrath; thump, doth; thought, broth.

Th as in This.—Vocal.

These, breathe; this, wither; them, weather; there; that, rather; lathe; further; without, thou.

S as in Sin.—Non-Vocal.

Seek, peace; sin, miss; sake, ace; sat, lass; psalm; prance; service, sup, thus; soothe, moose.

Z as in Zeal.—Vocal.

Zebra, please; visit, whiz; zealous, peasant; zone, pose; shoes; resign, wise; resound, allows.

T as in Tin.—Non-Vocal.

Tea, eat; tin, wit; tame, mate; ten, net; tare; tone, hat; tawny, aught; toll, rote; took, foot.

D as in Did.—Vocal.

Deed, feed; din, hid; date, made; debt, fed; dare; ado, mood; would; duty, mewed; dine, pride.

N as in Need.—Liquid Vocal.

Knee, mean; nail, pane; nest, pen; nun, pun; nod, on; note, loan; night, line; annoy, join.

Ch as in Chin.—Non-Vocal.

Cheap, peach; chin, witch; change; chess, stretch; chap, catch; char, arch; chance; chowchow; vouch.

J as in Judge.—Vocal.

Genius, siege; gin, ridge; jail, page; jet, wedge, jar; journey; jug, budge; jaw; jovial, gamboge.

L as in Lip.—Liquid Vocal.

Lea, peel; lid, fill; lane, bale; let, web; lack, allow; large; lock, volley; lore; loon, cool; loyal.

R as in Leer, Reel.—Liquid Vocal.

Reel, leer; rip, syrup; rail; rest; rare, care; hurrah, mar; raft, turn; right, fire; rust, purr; roister.

Sh as in **She.**—Non-Vocal.

Sheet, schottish; shame, Asia; shed, flash; share, shag, hash; shaft; shirr; shun, rush; shoal, ocean.

Zh as in **Azure.**—Non-Vocal.

Leisure; elysium; measure; mirage; rouge; usual; vision; hosier; glazier; azure.

H as in **Hand.**—Non-Vocal.

Heel, hit, hale, head, hair, hat, heart, hasp, heard, hut, hawk, hot, hoar, hoot, hook, hew, high.

Y as in **Yet.**—Vocal.

Yield; Yale; yet; yare, yank; yarn; yearn, young; yonder; yolk; yeast; you.

K as in **Kick.**—Non-Vocal.

Keen, speak; cake, bake; neck; care; cart; cast; cab, luck; cod, dock; coal, spoke; cook, book.

G as in **Gig.**—Vocal.

Gear, fatigue; give, fig; get, peg; garret, rag; garment; aghast; girl, berg; gust, rug; gauze.

Ng as in **Song.**

Fling, slang, bung, wrong, going, length, falling, bringing, threading, thriving, getting, singing.

The consonant **c** is equivalent to **s**, as in **cease**; or to **k**, as in **cove**. It has the sound of **s** before **e**, **i**, and **y**, and the sound of **k** before **a**, **o**, **u**, **l**, **r**, and **t**.

J is the equivalent of **g** soft, as in **judge**.

X has the sound of **ks**, as in **six**; or of **gz**, as in **exact**.

Q is always followed by **u**, and these two letters taken together have usually the sound of **kw**, as in **quick**.

IX.—*Words difficult of Pronunciation.*

asps	allies	repasts	formerly
once	efforts	extinct	elements
texts	effects	thither	certainly
tasks	enacts	depicts	accidents
posts	wastes	absorbs	suddenly
fifths	ninths	mixture	attacking
twice	defects	whirling	hallowed
wasps	enlists	shrewish	generally
sixths	whisks	conducts	sorrowing
adepts	haunts	jaundice	shrubbery
bursts	fixture	abridged	illuminate
grasps	texture	adjective	thirteenths
broths	fourths	shadowy	whispering
tenths	suggest	phrasing	counteracts
shrine	chasms	absorb'st	seventieths
bribed	thrusts	remnants	undaunted
bathes	deducts	lightning	uselessness
prisms	whither	elevenths	thoroughly
curbed	twelfths	sculpture	twentiethly
depths	shrivels	whistling	inhabitants
shroud	whether	shrieking	monuments
shrunk	laugh'st	absurdity	thrumming
begg'st	attacked	shredding	shallowness
shrimp	thriftless	thronging	hundredths
eighths	shrewdly	frighten'st	thousandths
cleaved	whittling	attempt'st	wheelbarrow
thwarts	shrillness	millionths	thanklessness
dwarfed	gew-gaws	shrugging	extraordinary

In such words as **twelfths, hundredths,** etc., the tendency is to omit the **th**; in final **sts,** to omit the **t,** and in **ing,** to leave out the **g,**—as **goin** for **going.** Short **i** and **e** become obscure **u,**—as **divisuble** for **divisible, reckluss** for **reckless**; and in words like **curbed, orb,** etc., the **r** is generally disregarded.

X.—*Exercises to bring out the Voice.*

(Let each pupil first read a sentence to himself, and then, looking off his book, repeat it to some one across the room.)

1.

To arms! The foemen storm the wall.

2.

I cried to the furious wind,
"Blow on! This is the land of liberty!"

3.

Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe. And when you meet him,
Strike hard! Strike home!

4.

Onward, footmen! Onward, horsemen!
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen!

5.

Joy, joy! Shout—shout aloud for joy!

6.

Come one, come all—this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

7.

Hurrah! hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders from the shore—
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore!

Suggestions to Teachers.

Instead of being a mere exercise of the voice and a drill in pronunciation, each reading-lesson should be so conducted as to develop the thought and the imagination of the pupils. Let the teacher ask such questions as the subject-matter may suggest.

Examples.—Who is the principal character of the "Skating Story"? What did he do for a living? To what sort of country is such a mode of life suited? How many of you ever saw a thick forest? How would it look in winter? (Bring out idea of snow on branches and under foot.) In what sort of house did the hunter live? How large do you think it was? How did it look inside? Would his camp be built in an open space, or among trees? Why? Why did he need to learn the cunning tricks of the animals? Who were the Indians? How do they look? (Get ideas in regard to their complexion, size, form, features, color of hair, and manners.) How do they dress? What weapons do they use? What peculiar customs have they? (Painting their bodies, scalping slain enemies, etc.) What is a trading-post? What use did the trapper make of powder and lead? What are snow-shoes? Why are they used? What are skates?

These questions furnish only a bare outline of what should be a bright, interesting conversation over a whole story before the pupils begin to read it aloud. Let this work be well done, and the children will be in that wide-awake, alert condition in which they can read with the right feeling.

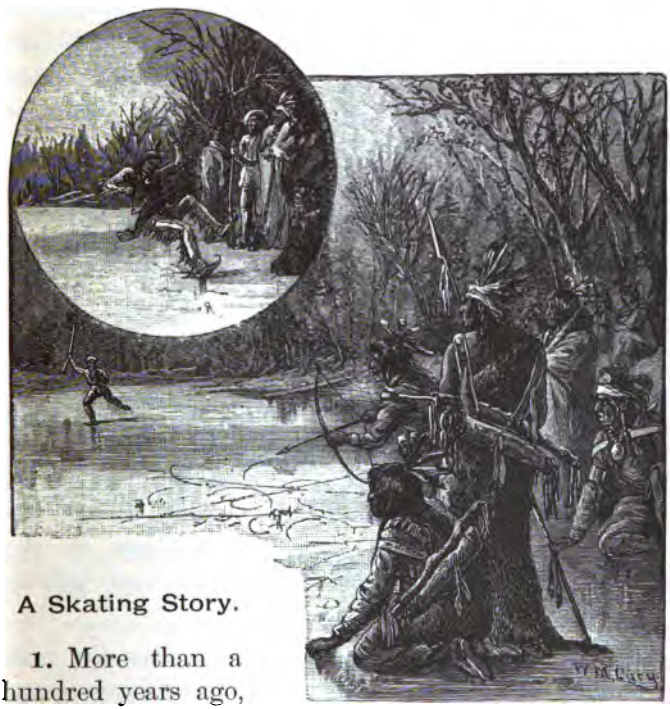
Definitions of the most difficult words will be found at the end of the book; but *it is purposely arranged that many words shall be left for the pupils to define.*

Let the first pupil in the class read from his blank-book a word that he does not understand. Ask whether any one in the class can define it. This will interest the pupils and incite them to think for themselves. If no one knows the meaning sought, the teacher should give a simple definition,—or, better still, write the word on the blackboard, asking the children to find out its meaning, if possible, before the next lesson. When found, the definition should be written opposite to the word in the blank-book.

The best work is done by that teacher who has the faculty of drawing out the thoughts of the pupils.

THE

FOURTH READER.



A Skating Story.

1. More than a hundred years ago, in the old pioneer days, away up at the northern end of the great lakes, a bold hunter and trapper made his camp.

2. He knew every river and creek, every hill and valley in the great woods, better than you know the streets of the town; and he had studied the cunning

ways and the bright tricks of the beaver, the otter, the mink, and the marten, until he knew just where and how to set his traps for these furry creatures.

3. Thomas—so the bold hunter was called—bought many skins from the friendly Indians who lived near; and every year he took a valuable load to the nearest trading-post to sell—bringing back powder and lead, with tea, sugar, and other good things for his table. At one time he bought a pair of skates, which he thought would be useful when the ice was smooth.

4. One very cold, clear day, he went to visit some mink traps, almost twenty miles north of his cabin. He skated along the shore of the lake as far as he could, and then took off his skates and put on his snow-shoes to travel into the woods a mile or two, over the deep snow.

5. Suddenly his good dog Bruno, which had been running ahead on a deer track, stopped, sniffed the air, and began to growl. Before Thomas could carry his rifle to his shoulder, he was surrounded by Indians who had sprung from their hiding-places in the thicket, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling fiercely.

6. The old man was brave, but he was not rash enough to fight against such odds; so he laid down his rifle and folded his arms. He knew but little of their language, and they could speak even less of his; but by signs and motions he let them know that he was not on the war-path, but only hunting for furs.

7. The Indians, when they understood this, ceased to threaten him, and were much interested in his arms and

dress, for they had not at that time seen many white men. The snow-shoes they understood all about, but the skates puzzled them.

8. As the hunter saw their curiosity, a happy thought occurred to him, and his gray eyes twinkled merrily. "Ice moccasin," he said, putting a skate to his foot, and then he made with his hands the gliding motion that the feet take in skating.

9. "Ugh!" grunted the Indian chief, pointing at the narrow blade of the skate, and shaking his head. As plainly as looks could do it, he made the hunter understand that he was not so foolish as to believe that anybody could stand up on those things. As they were near the ice, Thomas proposed to fasten them on a young brave for a trial.

10. The Indians welcomed the plan with glee, for they are great lovers of sport. Selecting a courageous young fellow, the chief bade him put out his feet, which he did rather suspiciously. The skates were soon strapped on, and the young brave was helped to his feet.

11. The ice was like glass, and, as he started to move, his feet flew from under him, and down he came! Such shouts of laughter as the rest sent up! The young fellow was determined, and scrambled to his feet again, but with the same result.

12. The chief now signaled to the hunter to show them how the things worked. Thomas fastened on the skates with great care, picked up his rifle and used it as a cane, pretending to support himself. He moved about awkwardly, fell down, got up and stumbled around, while the Indians laughed and capered to see the sport.

13. Gradually, he moved farther away, whirling about, and making believe that it was hard work to keep his balance. Suddenly, he grasped his rifle firmly, gave a warwhoop as wild as the Indians' own, and dashed up the lake like an arrow, skating as he had never skated before.

14. If he had disappeared in the air, the Indians would not have been more astonished. Of course they could not hope to catch him, over the glassy ice, and they stood gaping after him, wondering more and more at the magic "ice moccasins." Nothing pleased old Thomas more, in after years, than to tell how he escaped from the redskins.

Preparatory Study.

I. Read the story carefully, so as to be able to tell all about it.

II. Write all words that you do not understand in a blank-book kept for this purpose; opposite these words write the definitions given in the last part of the Reader.

If you do not find every definition, read carefully the sentence containing the difficult word; if you cannot then think what it means, leave the space in your book until the hour for the lesson comes. (See DEFINITIONS, page 24.)

III. Write four sentences, each of which shall contain one of these words: **tomahawk, threatened, scrambled, war-whoop.**

IV. In (**2**)* find all words that are names of places or objects. (**8**) Find two names which do not refer to places or objects.

A noun is the name of a person, a place, or anything that can be spoken of.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—Call out the imagination of the pupils by asking for this lesson such questions as are suggested on page 24.

---

*The Figures refer to paragraphs in the lesson.

II.—Only a Few Drops.

1. The most interesting event of our family history, during my tenth year, was the purchase of a cow. My father had a patch of land two miles off, and he rightly judged that the best use he could make of it would be to pasture a cow.

2. How many comforts and little luxuries did that cow provide us! milk, and butter, and, sometimes, even a cheese. Next to Cuff, my father's faithful sheep-dog, the cow became the pet of the family.

3. "And who is going to drive the cow to pasture, father?" I asked, as he drove her into the yard on the first evening after her arrival.

4. "You, Robert," he replied; and his answer gave me no little sense of my own importance. Here I was with a charge laid on me—an important duty which I had to perform every day, and which for some time I did attend to with real pleasure.

5. The weather was fine, the cow was a novelty, and my friend, Charlie Frazer, had to drive his cow a mile in the same direction. One difference between his duties as cow-driver and my own, however, soon became apparent, and gave me no small annoyance.

6. Charlie went only when the weather was pleasant, but I had to go in all weathers, wet or fine: for there was no one to help me in my work, while Charlie's father had a farm-boy in his service, who performed such drudgery as, in our home, fell to my lot.

7. I did not like the contrast between my friend's cow-driving and my own. He was older than I, and stronger, too: I thought it a hardship, therefore, that I should have to drive my cow when Charlie did not drive his. Nor did his remarks on the subject tend to lessen my discontent.

8. "Mother says that she will not have me go out in such weather as this. I am sure, if I were you, I would not go; my father always sends the boy." I began for the first time in my life to pity myself, and to think myself badly used; and the more I thought of it, the worse it seemed.

9. One day, early in October, I awoke at the usual time, and heard the cold rain beating heavily against the windows. Immediately, I began to grumble, thinking of the work I had to do. Four miles in that rain! the thought was quite intolerable.

10. "I will not go to the pasture to-day for any one," I thought, and I settled myself to sleep again; but my ill-humor had fairly waked me, and, do what I would, I could not even doze.

11. A minute later, I heard my father's foot on the stairs; he was going out as usual to milk the cow, expecting me to be ready on his return. My heart told me I was wrong; he was doing his work, and should I not do mine? But I had resolved to think myself unkindly treated, and so to all the whisperings of my better self I answered, "Go four miles in weather like this? No, indeed! it is too much to expect it of any one." Presently I heard my father calling: "Robert,

why are you not up? you should have been ready this half-hour." Pretending to be asleep, I made no answer.

12. Then I heard him coming up-stairs. The door opened, and he entered; I was breathing heavily. He took me by the arm and shook me, and I saw there was no help for it; I had to open my eyes in good earnest, and I went down-stairs, still grumbling to myself that it was really too bad. I had a very surly air when I entered the kitchen, where my mother was waiting for me, to hasten my departure.

"Come, Robert," she said, "put on your shoes, and let us see how fast you can trot."

13. "Nobody can trot fast in such rain as this," I replied pettishly, muttering half to myself and half aloud; "I think it is a shame. Charlie's mother would not let him go out in such a morning: he can stay at home when he likes;" and with that I began, slowly and reluctantly, to lace my hob-nailed shoes, which had never before seemed so heavy.

14. Nothing suited me. I wasted as much time as possible in getting ready, and was lingering at the cottage-door when my father entered the kitchen. I thought he had left the house; but there he was, looking as if he read all my discontent in my face.

15. "Are you ill this morning?" he said.

"No," I replied, "I am not ill; but it rains, and I do think it is hard that I should have to go out in such weather as this. None of the other boys about the place will be out, and I don't know why I should go."

16. Happily for me, my father was neither foolish nor passionate, and to my words, uttered so piteously, he only replied, "But I do, my boy." I looked up inquiringly. "You will go," he continued, "because it is your duty, and because your father bids you."

I did not venture a reply, but cast a melancholy look at the pouring rain as I prepared to obey in silence.

17. "See, now," said my father, in his strong, cheerful tone, "it is a bad day, to be sure, but we cannot help it. Be a man, Robert, and meet the rain as you must learn to meet all your difficulties, if they are difficulties in the way of duty. Meet them bravely and cheerfully. The shower, after all, is only a few drops at a time. So get rid of your ill-humor, and step out bravely."

18. His words gave me courage, and I felt in a moment what a coward my bad temper had been making of me. "Only a few drops at a time," I said to myself; and the heavy shower seemed actually to dwindle in a moment. "Yes," I thought, "I will go without delay, because it is my duty;" and those few brave words seemed to call back all my old cheerfulness in the task of cow-driving.

19. After all, what a grand, noble thing it is for boy or man to do his duty! What courage it gives him to face difficulties, and what joy is felt in overcoming them! I seized my stick and walked out manfully into the rain, whistled to Cuff, and was soon marching through the mud with as light a heart as if the skies were blue and sunny over my head.

20. A dozen times during my wet walk I said to myself, "Only a few drops at a time—what does that sig-

nify when one is doing his duty?" and my walk seemed even shorter than usual. As I came home, I passed Mr. Frazer's house, and saw Charlie standing at the door.

21. "What! you've been out to the pasture, I suppose?" he said. "You would not catch me getting up so early and going out on such a day as this!"

22. "It is nothing if you make up your mind to it, Charlie—only a few drops at a time;" and I went on with the feeling that I had gained something by my wet walk. Often, in after life, when troubles thickened around me, and I was tempted to despond, I recalled my father's cheerful words, "only a few drops at a time."

Preparatory Study.

Work like that suggested on page 28, Nos. I. and II., should be required for this and for all succeeding lessons.

I. (**10**) How did this boy feel when he said, "I will not go to the pasture to-day for any one"? How did his voice probably sound when he said it? Find all the sentences in the lesson that would be spoken with similar feeling, and be prepared to say them as you think this boy did.

(**11**) What sentences are spoken by a person calling from a distance? Is the call made to a person on the same level with the speaker? Is the voice sent up or down?

Let children try the different ways of calling, imagining the person called to be in the same room, and then in a room above or below.

II. (**2**) Select all the nouns. (**18, 19**) Name six nouns in each. Give the names of all the persons spoken of in this story. With what kind of letter does each of these names begin?

The *particular* names of persons, places, or objects are called proper nouns.

III.—Something about Seeds.

1. If you take a dry seed in your hand, and look at it, you will hardly believe there is any life in it. Yet shut up in that little prison is a force which, if released, will do great things.

2. Out of a tiny brown apple-seed planted in the ground, there will grow a tree, which will bear a mass of beautiful pink and white blossoms; and, when autumn comes, the branches will be loaded with delicious fruit.

3. The tall oak, whose timber helps to form the stately man-of-war, grew from nothing but a single acorn; and, in that little acorn, all the life of the great tree was once shut up.

4. The life that is in seeds will remain in them for many years. A city was once buried beneath a stream of lava which flowed from a volcano. Many hundred years afterwards, some people dug through the lava, and discovered the city.

5. They opened passages into the streets and houses, and found everything just as it had been left on the day when the hot stream of lava passed over it; and, among other things that they found, were some bags of garden-seeds. These were afterwards sown in the ground; and though they had been buried nearly seventeen hundred years, they sprang up, and bore flowers and fruit.

6. Many seeds that drop from trees and plants do not take root and live. Some perish in the earth, and a great number serve as food for birds and other creatures.

7. Seeds are scattered in many ways. Some grow in pods; and when they are ripe, the pods burst open, and the seeds shoot out with violence, so that they fall on the ground at a considerable distance from the plant on which they grew.

8. Some, like the seed of the maple or sycamore-tree, have an outgrowth like a tiny wing; and, when they fall, they are taken by the wind and whirled away.

9. Others are very slender and delicate, with a tuft of soft feathery down at one end. The seeds of the dandelion are of this kind, and you must often have seen them floating in the breeze; perhaps you have amused yourself by blowing the silken tufts into the air.

10. Grasses, mosses, and ferns, humble as they seem, are among the most useful plants that grow. Their seeds, being so very small, are most easily scattered; hence, the whole earth is covered with abundant food for man and beast.

Preparatory Study.

I. (**1**) What is here called a prison? What is a real prison? How does it look? What is it for? Did you ever see the little prisoner in any kind of seed?

If large beans are split in halves, the germ and seed-leaves can be seen with the naked eye. Examine other large seeds, under a microscope, if possible.

II. Write a story of a little prisoner shut up in a dark cell, from which two kind friends, Sun and Rain, set him free, and gave him a beautiful green dress and a lovely crown of flowers.

III. Write the nouns in (**2, 3, 5**). Are these the names of particular objects? With what kind of letter does each begin?

The names given to each one of a ***class of objects*** are called **common nouns.**

Give a rule for the use of capital letters in writing nouns.

IV.—"Wanted—A Boy."

1. "WANTED—A BOY TO RUN ON ERRANDS AND MAKE HIMSELF GENERALLY USEFUL."

Mr. Peppergrass came out with his cap on the back of his head and his spectacles pushed high up on his forehead, to nail this notice on the side of his store. And, half an hour afterwards, a crowd of eager little lads assembled around it, standing on tiptoe to read every word.

2. Johnny Jarvis had just been discharged from his place as cash-boy in a dry-goods store, because business was dull and customers were few.

He was a fine, tall boy of twelve, with bright black eyes and a laughing mouth, and he did not like to go about doing nothing.

3. Charlie Warner wanted a situation because there were three other little Warners, and his mother had hard work to feed them since their father's death.

Louis Brown had been out of regular employment ever since the china factory closed in the fall.

4. These little fellows all belonged to the large army of boys who cannot often play, but must count every day lost in which some money is not earned.

It was not long before Mr. Peppergrass's store was full of boys who wanted to "run on errands and make themselves generally useful."

5. Big boys and little boys, tall boys and short boys, well-dressed boys and shabby boys—boys who leaned against the boxes and barrels, as if they had left their

backbones at home; boys who stood straight up; boys who took off their caps, and boys who kept them on. And still they came.

6. "Well, well!" said Mr. Peppergrass. "This will never do! If I don't look out, I shall have all the boys in the country here, and no room left for customers." So he took down the notice and bolted the store door. Then ruffling his hair, and adjusting his spectacles so as to make his keen gray eyes sharper than ever, he walked leisurely round among the boys.

7. A few quick glances, half a dozen questions, and the number of boys was speedily reduced to three—Johnny Jarvis, Charlie Warner, and Louis Brown. They were all willing and anxious to work; all brought good recommendations from other employers, had honest faces, wrote neatly, and were ready to take the situation at once.

8. "Well!" said Mr. Peppergrass, with his hands clasped behind him. "There are three of you, and I can't find work for three boys."

The little lads said nothing, but looked eagerly at the grocer, each one hoping that he might be the boy selected for the place.

9. Mr. Peppergrass stared hard at the spice-boxes and preserve-bottles in the window, frowned at the cracker-boxes, and finally made up his mind.

"Brown," said he.

"Sir?" said Louis Brown.

10. "I'll try you with a few figures. I want my boy to understand the first principles of arithmetic."

"I am good at figures, sir," said Louis.

"Are you?" said Mr. Peppergrass. "Very well; I'll give you a trial."

11. He wrote some figures on a slate, and then opened the door of a little room behind the store.

"Sit down here, Brown, and work out these sums," said he. "I'll come to you in a few minutes."

12. Johnny Jarvis and Charlie Warner looked blankly at each other, then at the grocer.

"Please, sir, what are we to do?" said they.

"You are to wait," said Mr. Peppergrass, shortly. "Your turn will come in due time."

13. The examples were not very hard, and Louis Brown was quick at figures. He soon finished his task, and began to look around. It was a close little room, with one window near the ceiling, and, in the corner, a curious, old-fashioned bookcase, or desk, whose glass doors were lined with faded red silk.

14. Soon a large bee came in at the window, and, after buzzing a while around Louis's head, flew to the desk, and began to walk up and down the crack between the doors, as if some choice sweets were hidden within.

15. "I do wonder what Mr. Peppergrass keeps there!" said Louis to himself; and, after he had wondered a little while, he got up and went softly to the desk to examine it more closely.

"The key is in the lock," said he; "there can't be any harm in looking. Perhaps I shall find story-books, or curious shells and stones, or—"

16. To satisfy his curiosity he opened the silk-lined door, and—Buz-z-zz—! out flew a beautiful, pearl-colored dove.

Louis was frightened. He endeavored to capture the little creature, but it fluttered to the top of the book-case, and thence to the upper molding of the window; and, in the midst of it all, in came Mr. Peppergrass.

17. "Aha!" said he. "How did this happen?"

"Please, sir," said Louis, hanging his head, "the bird came out, and I was trying to catch it again."

"Came out, did it?" said Mr. Peppergrass. "It must be a very ingenious bird, to open the desk from the inside. You may go, boy. I am quite certain that you will not suit me. I do not approve of meddlers."

18. So saying, he opened a door which led directly out into the back street, and dismissed poor Louis Brown without further ceremony.

"Now, Pearlie," said he to the little dove, which perched on his shoulder at once, "you may go back to your nest. You have helped me out of the difficulty this time."

So he let the little creature fly out into the yard, where it belonged.

19. Charlie Warner was the next boy ushered into the queer little room. He, too, speedily finished his examples, and began to look around for something to occupy his attention.

"O, what a pile of boxes!" said he, "packed one above another, like a Tower of Babel! What can Mr. Peppergrass keep in them?"

20. Charlie listened. No advancing footsteps were heard. He looked cautiously about him, but he saw no one. Then he rose from his chair, and went softly toward the mysterious boxes. They were rather small, of all shapes, and fitted with loose wooden covers. Charlie opened one of the boxes. It was full of English walnuts.

21. "Hollo!" thought Charlie. "This is lucky! Peppergrass will never miss two or three of these," and he pocketed a handful.

The next box was full of beautiful Malaga raisins; Charlie picked two or three off the stems and ate them. He was fond of raisins.

22. "What next?" he said, tugging at the cover of the third box, which fitted closer than the other lids.

Suddenly it flew off with a jerk, filling the air with Cayenne pepper, and setting poor Charlie to sneezing as if he meant to sneeze his head off.

Mr. Peppergrass bustled in.

23. "Ah!" said he. "I see! But you need not have been in such a hurry to examine my stock, young man. I have not engaged you yet, and I do not intend to."

And poor Charlie was sent away through the back door, which Mr. Peppergrass politely held open for him. The boy felt that his curiosity had ruined his cause.

24. It was some time before the Cayenne pepper was sufficiently cleared from the atmosphere for Johnny Jarvis to take his turn at the sums in decimal fractions. He patiently worked them out, however, and then sat looking around him, as the others had done. He was too honorable to dream of meddling.

25. He, too, wondered what was in the boxes, but he did nothing more than wonder. He heard a mysterious rustling in the old bookcase, where Mr. Peppergrass had shut up his pet kitten; but he did not think of opening the doors to see what the noise meant.

26. He saw a glass jar of mixed candies on the mantel;—sly Mr. Peppergrass had counted every one, and covered the jar with a dusty lid, so that the least finger-mark would have been visible—but Johnny sat there quite still, until Mr. Peppergrass came into the room.

The old grocer looked at the candy-jar, he glanced at the boxes, and, opening the desk, he saw the kitten fast asleep in the corner.

27. "Ah!" said Mr. Peppergrass, with a long breath. "Yes, exactly! You are the boy I want. Come right back into the store, and I'll set you at work weighing out tea and coffee."

And this is the way Mr. Peppergrass selected a boy.

Preparatory Study.

I. A prefix is a letter, syllable, or word placed at the beginning of a word to vary the meaning.

A signifies **at, in,** or **on.** Hence, **ahead** signifies **at the head**; this is its *original* and *literal* meaning. It has also a *common*, or *accepted*, meaning. Thus, **ahead** may mean **forward,** or **farther on.**

	Literal meanings.		Common meanings.
Aground	. . on ground	*hence*	stranded, stopped.
Away	. . on the way	"	off.
Asleep	. . in sleep	"	at rest.
Aside	. . at the side	"	apart.

Let the pupils copy the definitions above, and also the list of words with their literal and common meanings.

For full list of prefixes, see Appendix.

II. (**9, 13**) Select every noun that means more than one.

V.—The Four Sunbeams.

1.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
All shining and dancing along on their way,
  Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own happiness all the day through,
  Then meet in the eve at the west."

2.

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,
  Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased in delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
  That ever before them would flee.

3.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
  Its bird-song, and beauty, and bloom,
Till pain was forgotten, and weary unrest;
And, in fancy, he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
  Far away from the dim, darkened room.

4.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
  And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
  And lightens all labor and pain.

5.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.

6.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams passed into the west.
All said, "We have found that, in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

Preparatory Study.

I. Can sunbeams really talk? How many think the poem more interesting because it represents the sunbeams as talking and doing things that children do?

In poetry, trees and flowers, sunbeams and dewdrops, are frequently represented as being glad and sorry. This is one difference between poetry and prose. Prose, except in fables, usually deals with facts; poetry in general appeals to the imagination.

(2) What did the first sunbeam do? What is meant by playing "hide and seek"? Did you ever see the sunlight come and go in this way? (3) What did the second sunbeam do?

(4) What did the third sunbeam do? How do flowers seem to show that they are sad? (6) Who calls the sunbeams at last? Why are they styled the children of the sun?

II. (5, 6) Select eight nouns in each stanza.

VI.—Our Pilgrim Fathers.

1. When our Pilgrim Fathers left their homes in England, the weather was pleasant and warm. The gardens were full of flowers; the hills were green; the birds were singing.

2. After the Mayflower had been tossing on the stormy ocean for sixty-three days, the Pilgrims were told that they had reached their new home. The little company crowded on deck, full of hope, for they had heard pleasant things of America.

3. O, how bare and bleak everything looked! There were no green fields, no blossoming meadows, but snow-clad hills instead. The leafless branches of the trees, through which the winter winds moaned, were incased in ice. The dreary coast, as far as the eye could see, was white with frost. Even the sunshine remained behind the clouds, as if to make the picture colorless and bare.

4. But the cheerless prospect and the bitter cold did not make them regret that they had left England. "This shall be the home of Freedom!" they said. "Here we can worship God." And they joined in singing a hymn—one of the hymns that the people of Europe had learned to sing a hundred years before.

5. The Pilgrims, before they went on shore, signed an agreement that each would work for the good of all. They also chose one of their number for governor,—one whom they all loved, and were willing to obey. His name was John Carver.

6. When they lowered their little boat, which had served as a sleeping-berth on the voyage, they found that it needed repairs; and they had to wait seventeen days before it was fit to use. In the meantime, sixteen of the men put themselves under the command of Captain Standish, and reached the shore by wading through the icy water. This gave them severe colds, from which some of them never recovered.

7. When the little boat was ready, a number of the men set out in search of a good landing-place. It was snowing fast. The spray from the waves froze upon them, so that they had on coats of ice.

8. After exploring the coast in different directions, they landed and made a fire, staying on shore through the stormy night. The next morning, just at daybreak, they heard the horrid yell of the Indians. Soon the air about them was full of arrows; but no one was hurt. Thankful for this, they started off again in their little boat, to find a good harbor for the Mayflower.

9. As the day wore on, the storm increased. The snow and sleet so blinded them that it was difficult to get a glimpse of the land. Their little boat rose and fell like a feather on the foaming waves. Soon their rudder was split in pieces. Then their mast broke, and the sail went overboard.

10. Night came on. "We are lost!" cried they; and each thought of the dear ones in the Mayflower, who were anxiously waiting for them. But just then they found themselves in a little bay, where they were sheltered from the fury of the storm. The war-whoops of the Indians were still heard in the distance.

11. "Let us thank God for his care!" said the Pilgrims. "He has saved us from the dangers of the storm; He will guard us from the savages."

Numb with cold, and almost perishing with hunger, they landed and built a fire.

12. By the light of the next morning, they saw that they were on an island at the entrance of a good harbor, where the Mayflower could be safely moored.

Overcome by cold and fatigue, they were glad to rest during the next day, which was Sunday. On Monday morning, they again started to explore the harbor, and find the best landing-place.

13. They soon came to a large rock by the shore, which seemed to invite them to stop. Here they moored their little boat. And on the 22d of December, 1620, these stout-hearted, earnest men stood upon the shores of Plymouth, and thanked God for freedom.

14. They explored the country a little, and saw that the forests were partly cleared away. They found springs of pure water. They discovered, also, some corn.

"We will now go back to the Mayflower," they said, "and tell our friends we have found a good place for a settlement."

15. As the Mayflower did not return to England until April, the women and children had comfortable quarters on board till the men built huts for their families. But the climate was very hard upon all the little company. The strange, severe cold caused much sickness; and when spring came, half their number had died. Among these was their good governor, John Carver.

16. One day, after they had been at Plymouth about six months, an Indian walked boldly into town, saying, "Welcome, English! Welcome, English!"

They received him very kindly. He had learned a little of the English language from some fishermen on the coast of Maine; and he told the settlers that many Indians had formerly lived at Plymouth, but a terrible pestilence had swept them from the land.

17. He also said that Massasoit, the king of all the tribes in the neighborhood, was near by, and that he wanted to establish friendly relations with the "white man." Soon afterwards, a treaty was made with the Indians, which was of great use to the settlers in many ways. It was kept sacred for more than fifty years.

18. The colony gradually increased in numbers. In a year from the time they landed, another party of emigrants came over from England; but this was a great drawback to the success of the colony during the next winter; for these last settlers had no provisions, and the first comers had to share all their food with them.

19. At one time they had so little corn that each family could have but a single pint. When this was parched and given around, they could allow but five kernels at a time to each person. After this they had no corn at all; and for months you would have seen nothing on the best tables in the colony but a lobster, or a bit of fish, and a pitcher of water.

It was four years before they had any cattle; so, during all that time, they had but little meat, and no milk. They did not go without bread, however, after the second winter.

20. In due time, there were more ships coming and going across the Atlantic. Though the settlers suffered so much, they kept up their courage, and wrote back pleasant accounts to their English friends, so that many people came over to the new country.

"We are happy," they wrote. "We have given up many home comforts that we had in England; but we can worship God in our own way. What more can we ask?"

Preparatory Study.

I. What is a pilgrim? Why were the first Puritans who came to America called Pilgrim Fathers? Where did they go before they came to America? How long did they stay there?

Why did they leave and come to America? Where is Plymouth? Did the Pilgrims ever refuse to let other people worship God as they pleased?

II. (**1, 3**) Write the nouns, placing in one column those meaning one, in another column those meaning more than one.

Nouns denoting one are in the singular number; those denoting more than one are in the plural number.

III. Language Exercise.—Write these sentences first as here given; then add, over the words in italics, those words or phrases of similar meaning found in the foregoing piece, thus:—

(remained)
(**3**) Even the sunshine *stayed* behind the clouds.

(**10**) They were *protected* from the fury of the storm.

(**13**) Here they *anchored* their little boat.

(**13**) These *brave* men thanked God for Freedom.

(**18**) These last settlers had *nothing to eat.*

(**17**) Soon after, an *agreement* was made with the Indians.

(**17**) For more than fifty years the promise was *not broken.*

Words that have the same, or nearly the same, meaning are called synonyms.

VII.—Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

1.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
The woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

2.

The heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

3.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

4.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the forest's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5.

Amidst the storms they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

6.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

7.

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

8.

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

9.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

10.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!

Preparatory Study.

I. The prefix **en** or **em** signifies **on, in, into, to make, or to put.**

Write the literal and common meanings of the following words (see page 42), and write six sentences, each of which shall contain one of them:—

encage	**encircle**	**encourage**
endanger	**enthrone**	**embark**

II. (**1, 2**) What helps to make this scene a gloomy one? (**3, 4, 5**) Why were these people so brave in this lonely place? (**6**) What fine picture have we here? (**9**) What fine contrast here?

As you read American history, you will find many differences between places settled for the sake of adventure or gain and those settled as New England was. Do you know any of these differences?

VIII.—The First Pocket-Knife.

1. When Thomas Kean bought his first pocket-knife, he was as happy as the days were long—and as it was towards the end of June, the days were at the longest.

2. He was a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy, with an intelligent face and trim little figure; the sort of boy that everybody liked, not only for his good looks, but for his good behavior.

3. Who was so ready to run on an errand for his mother or for any one else? Who so forward in settling a dispute between other boys? Who so backward at getting into a quarrel? Who so willing to work as young Kean, the only son of Widow Kean?

4. A sharp boy he was—head boy at school, whether figuring in arithmetic or piping like a thrush in the singing-class. He was always in the master's good books; he had everybody's good word.

5. When he got this first pocket-knife,—a good, new knife, bought with carefully saved pennies, all his own—he was in great spirits. There were two small blades, sharp, bright, and "warranted," besides the big blade; and Tom never seemed tired of admiring them all.

6. Now, some boys (clumsy fellows!) have a fashion of testing a new knife by cutting their own hapless fingers; but there was no fear that Tom would do anything of the kind.

7. Carpenter Chips gave him a piece of wood, and out of that he made a pretty little boat, which floated beautifully, without turning keel uppermost. He made a present of this toy to a poor cripple who lived near; and was not the lame "laddie" delighted?

8. Tom carved out many wonderful things with his pocket-knife; and Chips, the carpenter, who was as good-natured a fellow as you would care to know, and as true as his own foot-rule, frequently lent him a chisel or a file, or gave him a few nails. Tom was often seen in Chips's shop; he would, perhaps, ask, "Please, Mr. Chips, may I borrow a hammer?"

"Two, if you like, Tom. What are you after now?"

9. Sometimes it was one kind of work, and sometimes another: such as making a new door for Jack's rabbit-hutch; putting a bit of wood over a broken window; making a pie-board, or something equally useful. One day he came to ask whether he might take two or three tools; and Chips, opening his eyes wide, asked: "And what is it to-day, Tom—going to build a house?"

Tom flushed crimson.

10. "Must I tell you, Mr. Chips? If you please, I would rather not."

Chips was quite surprised. "Well, if it is a secret," he said, "of course I won't ask."

"It is a secret, Mr. Chips; but there is no harm in it."

"All right, Tom; I know I can trust you."

11. Tom gave a little nod and a pleasant smile, and, gathering up the tools, ran gaily off. When he reached

home, he crept stealthily into a small shed in the back yard, and there, cautiously removing some loose lumber, he brought out a rather roughly made wooden clock. He had made it all himself, out of wood; and how he had come to do it was this:—

12. His mother had what is called a Dutch clock, which was very often out of repair; and one day, when she had to call in the clock-maker to set it going, Tom watched the workman very closely. Not long afterward the clock again needed repair, and Tom surprised his mother by saying, "I can do it, if you will trust me." She was rather afraid at first, but finally consented, and the boy did the work so well that the clock kept good time for a long while.

13. The neighbors were much surprised at his skill, and declared that they would as lief bring their clocks to Tom for repair, as to a regular clock-maker. Soon two or three clocks were intrusted to Tom, and he was successful with them all. Then he thought that he could make a clock for himself, and this was the very work that he was carrying on in the shed.

14. Before many weeks the clock was finished,—yes, a real clock that would strike the hours, and tell the time of day. When Chips first saw it, he fairly shouted for joy. "Tom, you are going to be somebody! You will do something in the world that we shall all be proud of! You have real mechanical genius!"

15. Chips did not keep the secret. He told it to the manager in a large machine-shop, and this gentleman had an interview with Tom. What came of it?

Why, Tom was taken as an apprentice, and advanced very rapidly. He made many important improvements in machinery, gained a large fortune, and became a great man.

Preparatory Study.

I. (9) Who was the owner of the rabbit-hutch? Notice the comma directly after his name. Is it placed where commas usually are? What is this comma called?

(8) Find the name of the carpenter. In what line do you find his name followed by an apostrophe? What succeeding word is the name of something that he possessed?

The name of the owner followed by the name of the thing owned, must always be written with an apostrophe.

Write a sentence containing a word which requires an apostrophe.

IX.—The Atmosphere.

1. This wonderful atmosphere in which we live, and move, and have our being, is so powerful, that when it moves rapidly, it tosses great ships about like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests to destruction.

2. And yet it is so mobile that we live in it for years before we can be persuaded that it exists at all. Its weight is so great that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

3. We do not touch it, but it touches us—nay, it embraces us on every side. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west

breezes refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its northern blasts brace with new vigor the hardy children of our rugged clime.

4. Every breath of wind tells us that this aerial ocean is always moving to and fro on the face of the earth, bending the tops of the trees, blowing the ships across the ocean, turning the windmill, carrying off the smoke and foul air from our cities, whistling through the key-hole, and moaning as it rushes down the valley.

5. The eye is indebted to the atmosphere for all the glories of sunrise, the brightness of midday, the subdued radiance of the gloaming, and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun."

6. Without it, there would be no winds to carry fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens; the cold weather would not send its snow-feathers to the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers.

7. The kindly rain would never fall, or hailstorm and fog diversify the face of the sky; then our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun; and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat would dazzle and burn up all things.

8. The evening sun would set without warning, and, in a moment, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, giving the flowers time to bow their heads, and each creature time to find a place of rest before the night falls.

9. If there were no atmosphere, the dazzling sun would at once burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends first one little ray to announce his approach, then another, and by-and-by a handful, thus gently drawing aside the curtain of night, and slowly letting the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open; and, like man, she "goeth forth again to her labor until the evening."

10. The sun's rays travel straight forward; and in the moon, which has no atmosphere, there is no light, except just where these rays fall. But on the earth the sun-waves hit against the myriads of particles of air, and glide off them into places which would otherwise be dark. So, instead of those deep black shadows such as we can see through a telescope on the face of the moon, we have light everywhere spread before us in the daytime.

11. Again, it is electricity playing in the air-atoms that gives us the brilliant lightning and the beautiful aurora; even the twinkling of the stars is produced by minute changes in the air. If it were not for our aerial ocean, the stars would stare at us sternly, instead of shining with the pleasant twinkle which we all, as little children, have learned to love.

Preparatory Study.

I. Can you think of any other benefits we receive from the atmosphere? Is the air purer in cities or in the open country? Why? If we could exclude all the air from this room, what would be the consequence? Why is it necessary to keep the air in our rooms fresh and pure? What can we do to keep it so?

II. (**10**) What noun is the name of an owner or possessor? In what number is it? Why? What letter do you find after the apostrophe in this word?

Plural nouns not ending in S, and all singular nouns, form their possessive by adding the apostrophe and S. Plural nouns ending in S add the apostrophe alone.

Write the possessive form of **insect, creature, child, man**; also, of **insects, creatures, children, men.**

X.—Story of a Knight.

1. A long time ago, before the world had learned that it is the duty of the strong to take care of the weak, rich men lived in great stone houses called castles.

2. These strongholds had but one outside door, which was made of iron, and fastened with heavy inside bolts, so that the many inmates of the castle might feel protected and safe.

3. After a while, the bravest, truest men began to think that it was cowardly for them to shut themselves up within stone walls, while the very poor people had to live in the open country, where thieves or bad men could at any time attack them.

4. So these brave knights, as they were called, formed themselves into companies, and went out to fight for the poor and the weak.

5. Very often they had to leave their comfortable homes, and take long rides across the dreary country during raging storms, and in every way sacrifice their love of ease. But they were willing and strong, and found many people in need of help.

6. There was a little boy named Roland, who lived in the time of castles and knights. He often saw the warriors riding by, covered with steel armor from head to foot, so that no swords, arrows, or spears might hurt them.

7. Roland admired them greatly; and when he heard his father tell of their brave deeds, he longed to be a knight himself, some day.

8. Now Roland knew that each knight had a page to wait on him constantly; and if the page proved himself to be very faithful, his master would train him in horsemanship and in the use of weapons.

9. When Roland was about fourteen years old, he persuaded his father to let him go to a great castle near by, and become page to the knight who lived there.

10. Roland led a busy life at the castle, but he was happy, for he found the knight to be as wise and good as he was strong. Every day the page went through severe exercises in order to grow stronger in body; and when the knight went out to help people that were in need, or to fight for his country, Roland was always at his side.

11. After a while the king was informed that Roland, who was now a man, was strong and brave enough to be made a knight.

12. But the king thought that he would test him first; so Roland was sent on an errand to another city, and, unknown to him, the king sent one of his servants to watch him.

13. Roland had ridden many miles across the open country, and through a small village, when he saw a great crowd of people, who were reviling and striking a helpless old man.

14. In a moment, Roland galloped into the midst of the crowd, sprang from his horse, and, standing beside the poor old man, raised his sword and called out: "Who strikes this old man must first strike me!"

15. He was so determined and fearless that all the people fell back; and though some of them muttered, and others shook their fists at him, not one attempted to strike another blow.

16. Roland walked beside the old man until they reached the safe highway; and then, jumping on his horse, he galloped away.

17. He soon reached the place to which the king had sent him; and, having delivered his message, he returned in safety to the palace. The servant had arrived there before him, and told the story of Roland's bravery.

18. "But," said the king, "a knight must have not only courage; he must have self-denial, too." So he sent Roland in a different direction, to another castle.

19. This time the servant was sent ahead to buy all the food along the road, so that Roland should find nothing to eat. It was a two days' journey, and, before the first day was ended, Roland was very hungry, having asked in vain for food at every house by the way.

20. The second morning, he met a traveler, who told him that there was a town six miles off, where he could buy food.

21. The king had told Roland to go to the castle as quickly as he could; and the page knew that it would take a full half day to go to the town and back, for in those days the roads were very rough.

22. So he said to himself: "The king has trusted me. I must go forward." And he rode straight ahead

all that day, without once finding food. He reached the castle at night, and took care to carry food with him on his return journey.

23. "Ah," said the king, when Roland had returned, "he must be not only brave and self-denying, but he must be gentle and tender, too, if he would be a knight."

24. And again the king sent Roland off on an errand. This time, as he was riding along, he met a woman who was crying bitterly. Roland stopped and asked her the cause of her trouble, and offered to help her.

25. "Alas!" said the woman, "I have fallen and broken my ankle, and cannot walk without great pain."

26. Roland sprang from his horse, and told her that she should ride and he would walk. He then lifted her to his seat, and walked slowly by the side of the horse, leading him along very gently.

27. He was as kind and tender to this poor woman as if she had been his sister. He shared with her his simple repast; and, telling of his adventures, tried to make her forget her suffering.

They soon reached the town in which she lived; and, after seeing that she was well cared for, Roland hastened on to deliver the king's message.

28. Again and again was Roland sent off to prove his heroism, until the king felt sure that he was not only brave, generous, and self-denying, but that he was also thoughtful and kind. Then the king called together his knights and soldiers, and, before them all, Roland was made a knight.

Preparatory Study.

(1) What duty is mentioned in the second line? What chances have boys and girls to do this? (3) What did the best men soon think of their life in these castles? (4) What did these men do? (6, 7) Why was Roland anxious to be a knight? (10) What were Roland's duties at the castle? Was it an easy life? (13-16) How did Roland first prove that he was brave? For what qualities besides bravery was he remarkable?

(18, 19) What was the king's second test? Why would it have been wrong for Roland to go to the town to get food? What harm would it have done Roland if he had deceived the king?

(23-27) What was Roland's third adventure? What good works, in the present time, benefit the poor and the weak? Which is better—that there should be knights to fight for the poor, or good laws and kind-hearted men and women everywhere? How can each of us be a true knight?

Imagine other tests the king might have given Roland, and write a short story about them.

XI.—Little Things in the Great Sea.

1. Countless numbers of creatures live in the great ocean. Some of them are so small that they cannot be seen without a microscope.

2. Many of these have shells curious and beautiful in shape; some like tiny bottles, some like snail shells, —all coiled and twisted,—and others like rows of beads.

3. These shells are pierced with numerous holes, through which the little creature inside sends out his thread-like arms in search of food, and of the limy substances that help to make his shell.

4. If you should go to the seaside in summer, you could see, in almost any still pool at the water's edge, the little barnacle, sending out and drawing in his beautiful feathery-looking tentacles, as these thread-like feelers are called.

5. What sort of creature is it that can put out and draw back these little arms, working as steadily as if he had a brain to direct his movements?

6. If his shell were taken away, there would be left only a dot of jelly-like substance,—no mouth, no eyes, no limbs,—nothing but a dot of jelly. Yet this soft mass is alive and busy, as we have said.

7. His shell may have many chambers; for, as the creature grows, he throws out little buds, or new beings, which build rooms for themselves.

8. There are other creatures, less simple in structure than these, which build shells of flint in the form of baskets, globes, and flasks, or in some odd shape, unlike anything you can imagine. These shells have openings through which long, glassy spines, like rays of light, stick out on all sides.

9. Most of these animals live near the surface of the water, and there is a constant rain of dead shells falling upon the ocean floor, and covering it with a bed or layer of limy or flinty particles.

10. This layer has, in the lapse of ages, become so thick that there are in some places great cliffs and ledges of chalk, marble, and limestone, formed entirely of the shells made by these living dots of jelly.

11. Some of the tiny inhabitants of the sea are without shells. They have a mouth and throat, but no stomach; the food goes down the throat and makes a place for itself.

12. They have a sort of bubble inside, that beats almost like a heart; and their bodies are covered with hair-like threads, which enable them to move through the water.

13. These little animals are of great use to man, because they serve as food for the busy little crustaceans that furnish us such stores of building material.

14. The more you study, the more you will see that no living being is so small, or so simple, as to be useless in the great world about him; every creature fulfils some purpose of the Creator, whose loving kindness is over all His works.

Preparatory Study.

To Teachers.—This can be made an interesting object-lesson, by telling the children to bring what shells they can find, also bits of sponge, coral, etc.

I. (**6**) Name a word that has a prefix. Write its literal and its accepted meaning. (**12**) Find a word that has a prefix. Compare the meaning of the whole word with the word from which it is made, and tell the meaning of this prefix.

Never look in a book for the meaning of a word or any part of it, if you can discover it by careful thought.

II. (**8**) Write all the plural nouns in a column. Write opposite them and at the left their singular forms. Add to each noun what is needed to make its possessive form.

(**6**) Write all the singular nouns in this paragraph. Write their plural forms in a column at the right. Change each noun to the possessive form. (See page 58.)

XII.—A Lark's Nest.

1.

A partridge, roaming o'er a field,
Espied a nest but half concealed—
By grasses overgrown;
And, from within the moss-rimmed cup,
A pretty speckled egg peeped up,
Looking forlorn, alone.

2.

The timid creature, fearing ill
Might harm the egg, already chill,
By generous impulse stirred,
Slipped quietly upon the nest,
And folded close against her breast
The cradle of a bird.

3.

She watched and fed the nestling small,
And blithely answered to its call,
As if it were her own;
From many of her ways beguiled,
Because of this peculiar child
Upon her bounty thrown.

4.

When she believed 't would tiptoe out,
And roam the harvest-fields about,
Or join the partridge throng,
Behold, it poised its wings, and flew
Up toward the heavens, so bright and blue,
In ecstasy of song!

5.

The foster-mother looked, and heard
The carol of the soaring bird,
And felt a blissful thrill,
That she, so humble and so plain,
Had helped another one to gain
The niche 't was meant to fill.

6.

And often may the lowly heart,
Performing well a noble part
To one amid life's throng,
Awaken with a glad surprise
When, like a lark, the birdling flies
And floods the world with song!

Preparatory Study.

I. (1) What did the partridge find in the field? (2) How could she tell that the mother-bird had left the nest? What did the partridge do? Why? (3) What did she do after the little bird was hatched? (4) What did she expect the bird to do when it left the nest? What did it do?

Can the partridge fly high? Can she sing? How did the little lark learn to do these things? (5) How did the partridge feel when she saw the lark flying away? (6) What is meant by "the lowly heart"? How can we "perform noble parts" to one another? What good can we help others to do?

II. A **suffix** is a syllable at the end of a word to modify or change its meaning; as, **homelike.** **Like** is the suffix. The suffixes **some, ful, ly** (*ly* means *like* or *in a manner*) are among those most easily understood. Add one of the above suffixes to each of the following words:—

whole	**man**	**care**	**burden**
truth	**friend**	**death**	**grace**
real	**home**	**love**	**cheer**

XIII.—The Shepherd-Boy.

PART I.

1. One bright morning in spring, many years ago, a poor boy sat under an oak, near a village in Germany, taking care of his sheep. Suddenly he saw before him a handsome lad in a rich dress. It was the young prince, who was about ten years old. The shepherd-boy supposed that he was the son of the forester, who sometimes came to the neighboring hunting-castle.

2. "Good morning, sir," said the boy; "can I do any thing for you?"

"Tell me," replied the prince, "are there any birds' nests in this wood?"

3. "That is a strange question for a young forester. Of course there are nests. Every bird has its nest."

"Then I dare say you know where there is one!" said the prince.

4. "O, yes; a beautiful nest—the most beautiful I ever saw! It is neatly woven with yellow straw, and lined with the softest moss. And there are five little eggs inside, almost as blue as the sky that you see through the oak-leaves."

5. "That is charming! Come and show me this nest. I am quite impatient to see it."

"That I can well believe; but I must not show it to you," and the shepherd-boy shook his head gravely.

6. Then the prince's tutor, who at that moment came forward, said reprovingly,—

"Do not be uncivil, my lad; this young gentleman has never in his life seen a bird's nest, and has long wished to see one. Take him to it and give him this pleasure. He will not touch it, he will only look at it."

7. The boy stood up, and answered, respectfully but firmly, "I am sorry; but I must not show the nest."

"That is unkind," said the tutor; "you ought to be glad to give pleasure to another, and, above all, to our young prince."

8. "Is this young gentleman the prince?" cried the boy, taking off his hat. "I am proud to see the prince; but I cannot show the nest, even to the king himself."

"Tell me why," replied the tutor. "If you really have a good reason, it would be better to give it."

9. "Indeed, I have a good reason; my friend Michael, who keeps goats on the mountain, showed me the nest, and made me promise not to show it to any one."

"That is quite another thing," said the tutor. But wishing to test still further the honesty of the boy, he took out a purse, and said, "Do you see these pieces of gold? They shall be yours if you will show us the nest; and you need not say anything about it to Michael."

10. "No," said the boy, "that would be dishonest; and that I will never be, whether Michael knows it or not."

"Perhaps you do not know how much the gold is worth, and how many things you could buy with it?" said the tutor.

11. "Yes, I do," answered the boy; "and certainly my poor father would be greatly pleased if I took home so much money." He thought a little while, then cried out hastily, "No! go away from me! Do not tempt me! I promised Michael that I would not show the nest to any one, and I will keep my word."

12. "That is enough," said the tutor. "You are a good, honest boy, and have kept your word well. Now go and ask your friend to let you show us the nest. You may share the reward with him, if you wish to do so."

13. "That I will!" said the boy. "This afternoon I will bring back the answer."

The tutor and the prince then returned to the hunting-castle, at which they were staying. Upon making further inquiries about the boy, they learned that his name was George, and that he was the son of a poor rake-maker, an honest and good man.

14. In the afternoon, the prince went again to the wood. The shepherd-boy sprang joyfully to meet him. "It is all right with Michael," said he: "I can now show you the nest, if you will come with me."

15. He ran forward to the wood, while the prince and his tutor followed. "Do you see that little yellow bird singing upon the alder-tree?" said he, to the prince. "The nest belongs to him, so we must go gently."

16. They soon came to a thorn-bush covered with sweet-scented blossoms, and George, pointing to the bush, whispered, "Look in there, prince—the mother-bird is sitting upon the eggs;" but as he spoke, she flew away, and the prince was delighted with the beautiful

nest and the pretty little eggs. The tutor gave the boy the promised reward, which he first shared with Michael, and then carried his own part home to his father.

Preparatory Study.

(1) If you were painting a picture of the first scene of this story, what would you put into it? How would you paint the sky — clear, or with clouds? (Allow each child to picture as he chooses.) If you prefer clouds, shall they be dark and heavy, or white and fleecy?

What color will you make the grass and trees? Which will make the prettier picture — sheep that are sheared, or those that have long wool? How is the shepherd-boy dressed? How is the prince dressed? Describe their dress as carefully as possible.

Never try to read anything without having a clear picture in your mind of every person and object represented; in no other way can you make others understand and enjoy what you read.

XIV.—The Shepherd-Boy.

PART II.

1. The prince came every day to the wood to look at the bird's nest, and often met the shepherd-boy. The tutor was pleased to see that George always had his book with him, and read diligently.

2. "You use your time well, my boy," he remarked. "Where did you go to school?"

"Ah," said George, "I never went to school. I have so much work to do that father could not spare me; but Michael taught me my letters, and lent me this book."

3. A few days afterward, the prince met the shepherd-boy, and showed him a new book. "I will lend this to you," said he, "and, as soon as you can read a page without any mistake, I will give it to you."

4. The boy was delighted, and handled the volume with the tips of his fingers, as carefully as if it had been made of glass. The next day he said to the prince, "I can read all of the first six pages." The prince pointed to a page; George read it correctly, and, to his great delight, received the book for his own.

5. One morning, the king came to the hunting-castle, attended by a single servant. He wished to see his son, and to learn what progress he was making in his studies. At dinner the prince told his father the story of the beautiful bird's nest and the honest shepherd-boy. The king listened with great interest, and, after dinner, he took the tutor aside, and talked with him for some time.

6. Then he sent for the shepherd-boy, who came at once, and was very much surprised to see the noble-looking man, with a star on his breast. The tutor told the lad who the gentleman was, and George bowed almost to the ground.

7. "Come here, little boy," said the king, kindly. "I hear you are fond of reading. Would you like to go to school?"

"Indeed I should," answered George; "but my father is too poor to send me."

8. "Never mind that," replied the king. "I think that we can make a scholar of you. The prince's tutor has a friend, a clergyman, who takes industrious boys into his house and educates them. I will recommend you to him, and pay all the expenses. Does this proposal please you?"

9. The king had thought that the boy would accept this offer with great delight. But the look of joy that came over the frank, childish face was in a moment changed to one of sadness, and George was silent.

"What is it?" asked the king; "you look more ready to cry than to laugh: what is the matter?"

10. "Ah!" said George, "my father is very poor, and he needs all that I can earn for him."

"You are a good boy," was the king's earnest reply; "and whatever your father loses I will make up to him; will that satisfy you?"

11. The boy was almost beside himself with delight. He kissed the king's hand, and thanked him with tears

of joy; then he hastened away to tell the good news to his father. Soon the father and the son came together into the king's presence, but they could not find words to express their gratitude.

12. George worked hard at his studies, and, after some years, the king took him into his service. By performing his duties faithfully he prospered, and at length was enabled to buy the very estate upon which he had once been a poor shepherd-boy.

Preparatory Study.

(5) Write all the singular nouns, and opposite to them their plural forms. Write in other columns the possessive forms of these nouns. (3) What did the prince bring to the boy? What does **it** in the last line represent?

(10) What little word is used in this paragraph instead of the noun **father**? Read the first and second lines, using the noun **father** in place of this word. Find other words that are used in place of nouns.

The prefix pro means for; hence, words that stand for nouns are called pronouns.

XV.—The Missing Ship.

1. Long before the telegraphic cable stretched across the ocean, the steamship Atlantic, plying between this country and England, one day failed to come into New York when she was due. A time of anxiety followed, and then the people began to despair.

"Has not the Atlantic been heard from yet?" "What news from the Atlantic?"

2. "None." Dispatches came in from all quarters, "Any news from the Atlantic?" And the answer thrilled along the wires to the hearts of those who had friends on board, "No."

3. Day after day passed, and at last the booming of guns told that a ship was coming up the Narrows. People went out upon the Battery and Castle Garden with their spy-glasses. But it was a British ship; the Union Jack was flying. They watched her come to her moorings, and their hearts sank within them.

4. "Any news from the Atlantic?"

"Has not the Atlantic arrived?"

"No!"

"She sailed fifteen days before we did, and we have heard nothing from her." Then the people said, "There is no use hoping against hope; she has gone, like the good ship President. She has made her last port."

5. One bright and beautiful morning, the guns again boomed across the bay, and another ship was seen coming into port. Down went the people to the Battery and Castle Garden. It was a British ship again, and their hearts seemed to die within them.

6. Up she came, leaving a wake of white foam behind her, and you could hear a heavy sigh from the

watchers on the shore, as if the last hope were dying out. Men looked at one another blankly. By and by some one cried out, "She has passed her moorings; she is steaming farther up the river!"

7. Then they began to hope that she was bringing good news. On she came most gallantly; and as she passed the crowds on the wharves, an officer leaped upon the paddle-box, put his trumpet to his lips, and cried out, "The Atlantic is safe! She has put into port for repairs!"

Then, such a shout! O, how they shouted! "The Atlantic is safe!"

8. Bands of music paraded the streets; telegraph-wires said all night long, "The Atlantic is safe," carrying joy to millions of hearts; and yet not one in a hundred thousand of those who rejoiced, had a friend or a relative on board that steamer.

9. Why, then, did they rejoice? Because they sympathized with their fellow-men, sharing their joy as well as their sorrow, acknowledging thus the common tie that binds all the nations of the earth, and makes the whole world brethren, children of one loving Father.

Preparatory Study.

I. Observe in this lesson the variety of feeling represented. In which paragraph do you find anxiety and suspense? In which is despair represented? What words send joy and gladness to the heart? What great truth makes this story beautiful?

II. (4) What pronouns are used in place of the noun **Atlantic**? Read this paragraph, using the noun **Atlantic** instead of the pronoun put in its place. What reasons can you give for using pronouns?

XVI.—The Boy I Love.

1.

My boy, do you know the boy I love?
I fancy I see him now;
His forehead bare in the sweet spring air,
With the wind of hope in his waving hair,
The sunrise on his brow.

2.

He is something near your height, may be;
And just about your years;
Timid as you; but his will is strong,
And his love of right and his hate of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

3.

He has the courage of simple truth:
The trial that he must bear,
The peril, the ghost that frights him most,
He faces boldly, and, like a ghost,
It vanishes in air.

4.

As wild fowl take, by river and lake,
The sunshine and the rain,
With cheerful, constant hardihood
He meets the bad luck and the good,
The pleasure and the pain.

5.

Though deep and strong his sense of wrong,
Fiery his blood and young,
His spirit is gentle, his heart is great,
He is swift to pardon and slow to hate,
And master of his tongue.

6.

Fond of his sports? No merrier lad's
Sweet laughter ever rang!
But he is so generous and so frank,
His wildest wit or his maddest prank
Can never cause a pang.

7.

His own sweet ease, all things that please,
He loves, like any boy;
But fosters a prudent fortitude;
Nor will he squander a future good
To buy a fleeting joy.

8.

Face brown or fair? I little care
Whatever the hue may be,
Or whether his eyes are dark or light;
If his tongue be true and his honor bright,
He is still the boy for me.

9.

Where does he dwell? I cannot tell;
Nor do I know his name.
Or poor, or rich? I don't mind which;
Or learning Latin, or digging ditch,
I love him all the same.

10.

With high, brave heart perform your part,
Be noble and kind as he;
Then, some fair morning, when you pass,
Fresh from glad dreams, before your glass,
His likeness you may see.

11.

You are puzzled? What! you think there 's not
A boy like him,—surmise
That he is only a bright ideal?
But you have power to make him real,
And clothe him to our eyes.

12

You have rightly guessed: in each pure breast
Is his abiding-place.
Then let your own true life portray
His beauty, and blossom day by day
With something of his grace.

XVII.—King Philip.

PART I.

1. Massasoit, king of the Indian tribes in Massachusetts, showed in many ways his friendliness to the English settlers. At one time he sent his two sons to the court at Plymouth to receive new names.

2. "My sons shall no longer be called by the name of their fathers," he said. "Let them receive new names; then you may know that I love you and yours, and desire to have you feel kindly to me and mine."

3. So the two sons gave up their Indian names, and were called Alexander and Philip. The oldest, Alexander, became king of the Pokanokets when Massasoit died. The new chief, like his father, was always kind and friendly toward the white people.

4. As the colonies in Connecticut had suffered great losses at the hands of the Indians, the settlers at Plymouth were always watchful and suspicious lest the tribes in their neighborhood should turn against them.

5. At one time, they heard that Alexander was their enemy, and that he had asked the Narragansetts—the Indian tribes in Connecticut—to join with him in a war against the whites.

6. Without making any inquiry, they ordered Alexander to appear before the Plymouth court. The proud chief refused to obey the haughty summons.

7. Upon this, Captain Winslow, with a force of ten men, was sent to arrest him. They surprised Alexander and his followers, not many miles from his home at Mount Hope.

8. They took away the arms of the little troop of Indians, and Captain Winslow, pointing a pistol at Alexander, said, "If you stir, or if you refuse to go back with us, you are a dead man!"

9. Alexander was at first so astonished that he could not speak. Had he deserved such treatment? Was this the return for the kindness shown by his father during the last fifty years? It was too much to bear. A raging fever crept into the veins of the indignant king. A sudden weakness seized him, and, in faltering accents, he asked them to let him go home. They consented; but he died on the way.

10. Then his brother Philip became king of the Pokanokets. The thought of Alexander's death was like a thorn rankling in the Indian heart.

11. It is true that Philip appeared at the Plymouth and the Boston courts, and promised kindness to the white people; and, for several years, it seemed as if he meant to carry out the kindly intentions of his father.

12. But every year the English wanted more land; so that the hunting-grounds of the Indians became smaller and smaller, and there were fewer fishing-streams that the red man could call his own.

13. Philip foresaw that, if this continued, soon, very soon, his people would be driven from their birthplace. Should he live a coward and die a slave, or should he rouse his people to fight for the land of their fathers?

14. The settlers wanted the Indians to swear that they would be faithful to the king of England. What did they care for a far-off ruler whom they had never seen? If the English king let his people rob men of their birthright and do all manner of wrong to the stranger, why should the free children of the forest take him for their chief?

15. Besides, the white man tried to force upon them a religion that they did not like. They preferred their own belief, which they felt was given to them by the Great Spirit. All these grievances made Philip resolve to arouse the tribes throughout New England to fight for their country and their rights.

16. New troubles hurried Philip into war before he was fully prepared. An Indian by the name of Sassamon had been educated by the settlers, so that he might become a teacher among his own people. He had been carefully trained for his appointed work.

17. At Harvard College—which was founded in 1636—Sassamon completed his studies. Afterward he was private secretary to Philip,—that is, he did his writing,—so that he knew all about Philip's affairs.

18. After a while Sassamon suddenly left Philip. He went to Plymouth and Boston, and told the people what Philip's plans were. Soon after this, Sassamon was murdered—by whom, no one knew. But three Indians were arrested by the settlers, declared guilty, and put to death.

19. One of these Indians was a particular friend of Philip, who at once ordered his tribe to send all their women and children to the Narragansetts for safety. And soon the cry of "War! war!" went through the New England colonies. This was in June, 1675.

20. It is said that Philip wept when he heard that his father's treaty was broken, and that English blood had been shed by some of his tribe.

Preparatory Study.

(**2**) What pronoun does Massasoit use in the third line instead of his own name? What in the first line?

Write the following sentences, placing a pronoun in each blank space in place of your own name:—

—— *want* —— *lead-pencil.* *Give that book to* ——.

Write these sentences as you would if two of you owned the pencil and the book. What pronouns in the singular number have you used? What in the plural number? Write in one column all that are in the singular number, and in another all that are in the plural.

Nouns and pronouns that denote the *speaker* are said to be of the first person.

XVIII.—King Philip.

PART II.

1. Remembering what the Connecticut people had suffered, the Massachusetts colonists were filled with horror. They at once raised troops to fight the Pokanokets. Within a week after the war commenced, Philip was driven from his home at Mount Hope; and he hurried from one tribe to another, to engage them to fight on his side.

2. Town after town was attacked, houses were plundered, and many of them set on fire. There was no rest for the settlers, day or night. If the farmer went out to feed his cattle, there was no certainty that he would ever return. Even the mother with her little babes was not safe, and she fled in terror from one town to another.

3. At first, the Narragansetts promised to join the English. But, after several months of hard fighting, Philip, having lost a great number of his warriors, became nearly destitute. In this condition he went to the Narragansetts for safety and help. Canonchet, their chief, received him with open arms.

4. The settlers determined to strike a blow that should ruin both chiefs at once, and put an end to the war. A large body of soldiers was raised, and sent into the Narragansett country. It was mid-winter, and the swamps being frozen and leafless, the Indians could not escape the English so readily as in summer.

5. Canonchet, fearful of an attack, had sent the greater part of his stores, together with the women, the

old men, and the children of his tribe, to an island in the middle of a swamp. Here the two chiefs had gathered their warriors, and had carefully built a kind of fortress, to hide the wigwams.

6. The English, guided by a native who had turned traitor to Philip, plunged through the snow-drifts, took the Indians by surprise, and set fire to the fort and to all the wigwams. Most of the old men, women, and children perished in the flames.

7. When Philip and Canonchet saw the flames, and heard the cries of their helpless ones, they filled the woods with yells of rage and despair.

8. It is said that the colonists, seeing the terrible suffering they had caused, felt troubled, and some asked themselves whether it was right, in any case, to treat the Indians so cruelly.

9. The few natives that had not been killed, hid themselves in a cedar swamp, with nothing but evergreen boughs to shelter them from the cold. They had no food but nuts and acorns dug out of the snow. Weakness and hunger soon wasted this remnant of a brave people, and thus perished the tribe of the Narragansetts.

10. Canonchet would not give up, even after his terrible losses. "We will fight to the last man," he said, "rather than become slaves of the English!"

11. Being pursued by the colonists, he was finally taken prisoner; and when told that he was condemned to die, he said: "I like it well! I shall die before my heart is soft, and before I say anything unworthy of myself!"

12. Philip was discouraged and almost heart-broken by the death of Canonchet, for they had been true friends. But he was not quite desolate: his wife and little son were still with him.

13. After the defeat of the Narragansetts, he longed to look once more upon his native land. So, with his loved ones and a few warriors, he visited Mount Hope. But O, how changed was the home of his boyhood! only ruin and desolation everywhere.

14. There was no rest for him even here; for the settlers could not feel safe while the king of the Pokanokets lived. Early one morning he was surprised by the English, and his wife and son were made prisoners. The broken-hearted chief and a few followers fled to a dreary swamp, where they were hidden from sight by low shrubs.

15. As they were cut off from all the necessaries of life, one of his followers said to Philip, "It is of no use to fight any more. Why not give up to the English?" "Give up? Never!" said Philip; and he shot the coward warrior dead at his feet.

16. A brother of the Indian that was killed, enraged at the deed, ran over to the English and told where Philip was. A party of the settlers soon surrounded the swamp. Philip fought till every follower was slain; then, turning to fly, he was shot dead.

17. It was never known what became of Philip's wife after she was taken prisoner; but Philip's only son—the little prince who, by right, should have been king of the Pokanokets—was sold into slavery.

18. The settlers suffered greatly through the war. For fifteen months they had been exposed to constant attacks from the Indians, and they had lost six hundred men. Eleven towns had been partly destroyed, and thirteen had been burned to the ground. They were also largely in debt from the expenses of the war.

Preparatory Study.

(**11**) Whom does **I** represent? Fill out the following blanks:—

—— *shall die before* —— *heart is soft.*

They shall never take —— *alive.*

(**10**) Whom does **we** represent? Fill out the following:—

The Indians said: —— *will fight for* —— *homes.*

The English shall never rule over ——.

Make a list of the pronouns you have used, and tell the number of each.

XIX.—Wrongs of the Indians.

1. Think of the country for which the Indians fought! Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his home on Mount Hope, and beheld the lovely scene which spread beneath, at a summer sunset,—the distant hill-tops blazing with gold, the slanting sunbeams streaming along the waters, the island groups, the majestic forest,—could he be blamed if his heart burned within him to see it all passing from under his control into the hands of the stranger?

2. Can we not imagine the feelings that stirred his proud spirit and provoked the bitter cry: "White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! Only in

death will I quit the land of my fathers! In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

3. "Stranger, the land is mine. I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, for a few baubles, these broad regions were purchased of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs: they could sell no more. How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

4. "The stranger came, a timid suppliant, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of ground to raise corn for his women and children; now that he has grown strong and mighty and bold, he spreads out his parchment over the whole land, and says, 'It is mine.'

5. "Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup: the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

6. "If I leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west, the fierce Mohawk—the man-eater—is my foe. Shall I fly to the east, the great water is before me. No, stranger: here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

7. "Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction: for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps: the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest.

8. "Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn—till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between thee and me!"

Preparatory Study.

I. This eloquent defence of the Indian was written by Edward Everett. He describes in bold, glowing words the wrongs and the revenge of the red man.

II. (5) What does the Indian mean by saying, "There is poison in the white man's cup"? Has it proved to be true?

(8) Did the Indians do what is here promised? Our government has established schools for the Indians for the purpose of educating them and helping them to earn a living. Why is this better than fighting them, or paying them for being peaceable?

XX.—Short Quotations.

1. To err is human; to forgive, divine.

2. A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

3. High endeavors are an inward light,
That make the path before us always bright.

4. Whosoever quarrels with his fate, does not understand it.

5. Sorrow shows us truths, as night brings out stars.

6. There 's not a wind that blows, but bears with it some rainbow's promise.

7. Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

8. Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Straightway the heart of God takes in.

9. Only what thou art in thyself, determines thy value, not what thou hast.

10. Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Let each member of the class choose a selection to copy on his slate, commit to memory for recitation.

XXI.—The Eagle's Nest.

1. "Aleck, we must reach that nest," said Donald.

"It is easy enough to say that," replied Aleck, "but how are you going to do it?"

2. The two boys were lying on the green grass, looking across the lake to a nest six hundred feet above the water, in which the golden eagles, year after year, reared their young.

3. Donald had borrowed a good spy-glass, and he and his friend were spending the afternoon in studying carefully every chink and crevice of the steep precipice, on the side of which was a narrow shelf where the eagles' nest was built.

4. "I believe we could go down that gully to the right, and pick our way along the side of the bluff to the nest," said Donald. "Don't you see that the rocks jut out a little all the way round there?"

5. "You would find it pretty hard to go along that narrow place," said cautious Aleck, "with nothing above to hold on by, but the steep, slippery ledge, which would not shine so if it were not as smooth as glass."

6. "That is true, I suppose," said Donald, whose sturdy common sense always ruled his impulsive nature.

7. "Aleck," he continued, after studying the precipice a while longer, "I still believe we can get that nest."

8. "What have you thought of now?" asked Aleck.

"Do you see the break in the face of the bluff a little way above that shelf on which the nest is built? It

looks as if the side of the mountain had been cut or broken away as far down as that."

9. "I dare say it was," answered Aleck. "You know our teacher told us that ledges, and even mountains, are often cleft and broken by volcanoes and earthquakes."

10. "There seems to be plenty of room to walk along without holding on by any thing," said Donald, too eager in pursuing his new idea to care how the precipice had been formed.

11. "What good would that do? You would be thirty or forty feet above the nest, with no way of getting to it but by sliding down the ledge, which is as nearly straight up and down as it can be."

12. "We could carry up a long rope and fasten it to the tree that grows at the end of the gully; then I could clamber down to that part of the ledge which is on a level with the nest. The ledge looks steep just there, but I can hold on to the rope, and you can let it out as I need it. When I get down you must untie the rope, and go along the upper bluff, while I cling to it and pick my way round to the nest."

13. The next day the boys climbed to the top of the mountain by the comparatively easy ascent on the other side. Coming down the gully, they found the upper shelf of the precipice nearly level, and about ten feet wide.

14. To steady-headed lads, used all their lives to mountain climbing, this shelf afforded a safe path around the face of the bluff. The tree to which they proposed tying the rope, was found firmly rooted among the broken rocks, and it seemed an easy task to reach the lower break in the smooth wall of the precipice.

15. A few days later, the two boys, taking with them a stout rope, again went up the mountain. Donald descended to the narrow ledge, and, shouting to Aleck to untie the rope and go ahead, he soon reached the nest, and eagerly grasped one of the young birds.

16. So intent was the impulsive boy on securing his prize, that he forgot to fasten his end of the rope, and it slipped from his hand.

What was his horror, on looking up, to see it swinging in the air, not less than six feet away from him, and quite beyond his reach!

17. All at once he heard Aleck calling: "The eagle is coming! the eagle is coming!" He shrank back as

far as he could, but how was he to stand on the narrow shelf and protect himself against that powerful bird? O, if he had only tied the rope about his waist!

18. As the eagle flew toward him, her powerful wings caught in the heavy rope. Fettered in this strange fashion, she settled on a jutting rock, so near that Donald was enabled to catch the rope, but he dared not even think of escaping with the eaglet in his possession.

19. He hastily restored it to the nest, and the mother-bird, content with the safety of her brood, as if that were her only concern, left the bold intruder to himself. Shouting to Aleck to go back, Donald retraced his perilous way around the ledge, and soon rejoined his friend at the tree from which they had started.

Preparatory Study.

I. Which of these boys has a fearless, daring disposition? Do such boys pronounce words strongly or feebly?

Pronouncing words strongly is called speaking with emphasis. The most important words are spoken with greatest emphasis.

(1) What is the emphatic word in the first line? What two words are made emphatic by contrast in second and third lines? Read them as you think Aleck said them.

(17) Speak the words "The eagle is coming!" as you would in calling to a person below you. Imagine you hear some one calling to you from above, and repeat the words as his voice sounds.

II. (1) To whom is Aleck talking? What pronoun in third line denotes this person? (4) Who is talking here? What pronoun does he use in third line, instead of Aleck's name?

Nouns and pronouns which denote the *person spoken to* are said to be of the second person.

XXII.—A Mother's Song.

1.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and tall.
Here are two bonny boys, and mother's own lasses
Eager to gather them all.

2.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain:
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but [narrow"—
Sing once, and sing it again.

3.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And, haply, one musing doth stand at her prow.
O, bonny brown sons, and O, sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks of you now!

4.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure, smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!

This poem should be read with happy, laughing tones, as a cheerful mother would talk to her children when they were out playing among the flowers. It cannot be read well with a sad or even sober countenance, but must have the accompaniment of a smiling face and a merry heart.

XXIII.—A Hero of the Floods.

PART I.

1. Upon a broad and well-cultivated farm on the Nebraska side of the Missouri, lived a family named Wilson. Their house stood in a grove of large trees near the bank of the river.

2. Cultivated fields and well-fenced pastures extended back across the intervales. The land lay but little above high-water mark, on which account the spring freshets always caused Mr. Wilson much uneasiness.

3. The oldest settlers thereabouts, however, had never known this tract to be entirely covered; and their assurances, together with Mr. Wilson's own experience, had, as the years went by, served to lessen his anxiety. Therefore, the great flood of 1881 found Mr. Wilson wholly unprepared for it, and, at the time of its coming, both he and his wife were absent from home.

4. Mrs. Wilson had taken her youngest child with her; and there remained at home Henry, a lad of fifteen, and two little daughters aged ten and six years, with the hired man, Rudolph.

5. Rudolph had relatives living two or three miles back from the river, and, when the work was done at night, he left the house, telling Henry that he was going over to see his "folks," and would be back at ten o'clock.

6. The boy and his sisters were used to staying alone in the evening. They were not afraid, and went to bed by nine o'clock, to sleep soundly, as most children will.

7. When Henry awoke the next morning, he found

the sun peeping in at his window, and, leaping out of bed, he called to Rudolph, as his father was in the habit of doing. But he received no answer.

8. "Rudolph must be up and at work," thought Henry; and then, speaking aloud, he said, "What a tremendous roaring the river makes this morning! It sounds as if it were all around us."

"I believe it is," he added, after listening a moment; and then he ran to his window to look.

9. Stouter hearts than his might have quailed at the scene which met his eyes. Water, water everywhere—a turbid, tumultuous stream—dashing against the trunks of the trees, and flooding the stock-yards so that the fences were completely out of sight.

10. Logs, boards, great cold-looking cakes of white ice, and even the bodies of dead cattle, were swept furiously on. The heads—only the heads and horns—of some of their own cattle could be seen here and there, as the poor creatures swam feebly to and fro.

11. Looking from the open window, Henry saw that the current had already reached the foundation of the house, which stood much higher than the cattle-yards, and that the doorsteps were under water.

12. As the danger of the situation became apparent to him, the lad's fear increased. Again and again he shouted to Rudolph; but there was no response save the rush and roar of the river.

13. Then he ran to the room of little Jennie and Edith, who had already been awakened by his shouts. With frightened sobs the children clung to their brother,

scarcely daring to look out upon the fearful scene about them. "Where is Rudolph? Where is Rudolph?" they asked in pitiful tones, broken by tears.

14. Henry did his best to soothe them, then, leaving them at the head of the stairway, he went below to see how high the water had risen.

15. He found that the kitchen-floor was already covered, and that the muddy water was pouring in through the cracks about the door. It was rising fast—had risen several inches since he first looked out upon it.

16. For a few moments the boy's courage almost deserted him; he trembled violently, and the tears came into his eyes. "O father! mother! why are you not here?" he cried out. Then the crash of a huge ice-cake against the door aroused him.

17. Young as he was, he realized that the house must soon be swept away if the water continued to rise; and, almost fiercely wiping away his tears, he tried to think of some means by which he might save his little sisters and himself.

18. Through the kitchen-window he saw the trunk of the great elm that stood only a few feet from the broad doorstep—a huge tree, four or five feet in diameter. The waters were dashing against its massive trunk. That, at least, seemed proof against their utmost strength.

19. "The old elm! The old elm!" he cried. "If we could only get up among the big limbs!" And then he formed his heroic plan and proceeded to put it into execution.

20. The elm had great outstretching branches, and one of them extended across a corner of the kitchen-roof, which was nearly flat, and easy of access from a window in the second story of the house.

21. Henry had often climbed out there and mounted the branch, from which he could ascend nearly to the top of the tree. "The flood can't dig the old elm out," he thought. "It has stood there too long."

22. But little Edith and Jennie! he feared for them. It was no easy task for him to climb the tree; and he was afraid that the little girls would grow dizzy, and fall into the rushing waters beneath. The brave boy thought of all this, and accomplished the task in a manner that speaks well both for his courage and for his invention.

Preparatory Study.

I. (**13**) Imagine yourself in the place of these little girls, and say "Where is Rudolph?" as if you tried to keep back your tears while saying it. (**16, 21**) What does Henry say when he is frightened and almost hopeless? What when he is full of courage? Pronounce the cries with these different feelings.

II. Where does the Missouri river rise? With what must these mountains and most of the land near the river be covered in winter? Would freshets on this river be more dangerous in spring or in fall? Why? What other large river is affected by freshets in the Missouri? Why? How are cities on the banks of these rivers protected from freshets?

III. (**8**) What pronoun of the first person? (**16**) What pronoun of the second person?

(**18**) What does **its** represent? **Their?** (**29**) What does **his** represent? **It?** (**29**) What does **it** represent?

XXIV.—A Hero of the Floods.

PART II.

1. Wading through the water on the kitchen-floor, Henry reached the woodshed, and there found his mother's clothes-line, also a coil of larger rope, and an old door, besides a number of loose boards which stood in a corner. Carrying these up-stairs, he put them out on the kitchen-roof. His little sisters ran to him, sobbing and calling for "papa and mamma."

2. "Stop crying, girls," he exclaimed, cheerily; "stop crying. Father and mother will be here as soon as they can get a boat, and I 'll take care of you till they come. We are going to climb into the big elm, and build a house there, and have something to eat. The water will never sweep that old tree away, and we can live there like squirrels."

3. It did not take the energetic lad long to prepare for removal to that strange abode. Even little Jennie, the younger sister, caught something of his courage; and both girls helped as much as they could.

4. Several loaves of bread, a bucket of doughnuts, a smoked ham, and some woollen blankets, were carried to the kitchen-roof. Then Henry bound the clothes-line about his waist, climbed to the great branch, and thence to the large limbs above—a height of nearly twenty feet above the rushing waters.

5. Selecting a part of the tree where two limbs branched off horizontally and nearly parallel with each other, he lowered one end of his rope to the roof, and told his sisters to tie it around the old door and boards, which he soon hauled up and securely fastened

to the limbs, thus making a small floor or platform, large enough for the three children to sit or lie on.

6. Then the food and blankets were drawn up; but there still remained the harder and more perilous task of hoisting the little girls to the airy platform.

7. Having looped the stronger rope over a limb, and let the ends fall to the roof, he descended and tied one end firmly beneath the arms of Edith; then he secured Jennie in like manner.

8. To climb back to his old position gave Henry very little trouble: the hardest work was still to come. Edith was a heavy little girl, and Jennie, though not so old, was still heavier. They were frightened, but they trusted to their brother, and he hauled them up safely to the platform, one after the other.

9. Meanwhile, the waters were steadily rising, and had nearly reached the kitchen window-sills. The great cakes of ice were driving among the trees; occasionally one hit the elm, or struck the walls of the house with a force that made the timbers crack.

10. The little girls trembled with fear, now that the excitement of climbing into the tree was over. In vain Henry tried to quiet them. In spite of their childish efforts to be brave, great sobs bore witness to their terror.

11. Fearing to trust his little sisters upon the frail platform without some safeguard, he tied them securely to limbs above, leaving the ropes slack enough to let the children move about. Once, for a moment, he almost made them smile by calling them his "little ponies picketed out to grass." He even tried to tell them stories.

12. Thus the hours wore on. The waters crept higher and higher, till at noon the river ran nearly even with the upper windows of the house. Still the tree stood firm; and the children felt almost safe.

13. As evening came on, the little girls cried themselves to sleep, pillowing their heads in Henry's lap; and thus, through all that tedious night, they lay, while their brother, anxious and sleepless, sat and held them.

14. Soon after dark, Henry heard a terrific crash, and saw the house disappear in the mad waters; and when at last day dawned, there was not a familiar landmark to be seen save the trees. It was a bitter awakening for Edith and Jennie; and Henry found it almost useless to try to comfort them.

15. But help came shortly after daybreak. Even before hunger had made the children think of breakfast, cheery voices were heard. The neighbors had espied them on their platform among the leafless branches.

16. Cold and hungry, but safe and happy, the brave boy and his little charges were taken on board a boat manned by Rudolph and other young men, who had vainly endeavored to reach the children the day before.

17. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson having been delayed longer than they had expected, returned some hours after the rescue, and knew nothing of the danger to which their children had been exposed, till they saw them safe at the house of a kind neighbor.

Preparatory Study.

I. What traits of character did Henry possess? Write a list of them. In what ways were these traits shown?

II. **Ing,** telling of present, and **ed,** telling of past action, are among the most common suffixes. Thus, in **wading** and **reached,** (1) **wade** and **reach** are the roots, **ing** and **ed** are the suffixes.

Dividing words into roots and suffixes or prefixes is called analysis.

(2) Find ten words to which you can add **ing.**

(7) Analyze five words. (14–17) What words have both suffix and prefix?

XXV.—The Intelligence of Horses.

1. "Did you enjoy seeing the trained horses last night, Doctor?" said Mrs. Carter, one morning, as we were sitting at the breakfast-table.

2. "I must say that I was disappointed," was Dr. Webb's reply. "I expected performances more wonderful than anything I had ever seen."

3. "Perhaps you expected too much."

"Very likely. I have been in the habit of observing horses all my life, and I know how intelligent they are. The horses of our fire-department are as well trained as these performing animals."

4. "I have heard that their intelligence is marvelous," remarked Miss Kimball.

"For instance," continued the doctor, "they will not move a step when the bells strike twenty-two, which is the signal for one session in the public schools."

5. "There is no fire-bell that strikes twenty-two, I suppose?" said Mrs. Carter.

"No; the numbers eleven, twenty-two, thirty-three, and so on, are not used at all, as they would be likely to cause mistakes. Many of the horses seem to recognize at once the numbers of the fire-alarm, but how they can distinguish them nobody knows.

6. "They enjoy the excitement of going to a fire as well as the firemen do. When an alarm is given in their own district, they are all on the alert; and in about twenty seconds they are harnessed, hitched to the engines, and off, in that strong, steady run which we know so well."

7. "Did you ever hear the story of the fireman's horse?" asked Mrs. Bean.

"No; what is it?"

8. "This horse, when he was too old to do duty in the fire-department, was sold to a milkman. One morning he was waiting for his master to deliver milk to a customer, when, close at hand, rang out the familiar summons. No thought of present duties remained in his head; but, all alive with the old spirit, he started off on a keen run, dropping the cans as he went.

9. "'Whoa! whoa, there! whoa!' shouted his master; but on went the old horse, leaving behind him a second milky way, and never stopping until he had found his station in front of the engine."

10. "That reminds me of my old Ned," said the doctor.

"Who was old Ned?"

"He was the horse that I rode in the army," was the reply. "That horse knew more about military tactics than half the men.

11. "He knew his division, brigade, and regiment as well as I did. When the order was given to mount, he would, after being saddled, present himself at my tent, and then, if I was not ready, he would go out and take his place in the ranks.

12. "The enemy sometimes stole horses from our camp, but they never could keep old Ned. Once he was missing for three days, but back he came, found his regiment, and, when I next saw him, he was stepping along as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

13. "At another time they stole him with nothing on but a bridle; and, when he returned, he had saddle, bridle, holsters, and blanket, all complete."

14. "I suppose you were just wicked enough to praise him for stealing them?" said Mrs. Carter.

15. "Yes," said the doctor, with one of his ringing laughs, "I praised him well then, I tell you.

"What a memory that horse had! When the war was over, I gave him to a farmer in one of the country towns, on condition that he should be kindly treated, and only worked enough to give him proper exercise.

16. "Five years afterward, I came to Boston, and went out to the farm to see the old horse. I was told that the farmer's son had taken him to the ice-house for a load of milk.

17. "I walked along quietly, and was within easy hailing distance of Ned before I spoke to him. He was at least thirty years old at this time. When I came in sight, he was standing with head and ears drooping, and with every other mark of the steady-going farm-horse.

18. "'Ned!' I called. 'Come here, Ned!'

"Up went his head, and the old fire shone in his eyes as he looked eagerly round to see whence had come the familiar tones.

"'Come here, old fellow! come here, Ned!' said I, again.

19. "Regardless of milk-cans and their contents, forgetful of everything but the days when he bore me

proudly to the sound of drum and fife, the old horse came cantering up, and, by everything but speech, expressed his joy at seeing me once more.

20. "I borrowed a saddle; and when I had mounted the old war-horse, he seemed to forget his age and infirmities, and to be, for a time, as young and strong as ever.

21. "If you will let me talk a little more about myself," continued the doctor, with a laugh, "I will tell you what old Don, Ned's successor in my service, once did for his stubborn master. I had been riding hard all day in the rain, and was glad enough when the time came to turn towards home, though I knew I could not get there before midnight.

22. "It was very dark, and the rain was pouring in torrents. When I came to the bridge over Rapid River, a swift-running stream, my horse suddenly stopped.

23. "'What is it, Don?' said I. 'Go along, old fellow!' For the first time in his life, old Don refused to obey my voice, and stood trembling as if with ague. Cold and wet as I was, I grew impatient at the delay, and struck him a sharp blow.

24. "Still trembling, he moved forward, and bore me across the bridge in what seemed to me a most singular and careful manner.

"When, a little later, I rode up to my door, my wife and son seemed almost as surprised as if I had come from another world.

25. "'How did you cross the river?' asked they.

"'Cross the river,' I repeated,—'I came over on the bridge as I always do.'

"'On the bridge! Why, it was carried away by the flood two hours before dark!' they exclaimed.

26. "I could not believe them until I had taken a lantern and gone back and seen for myself the bare stringers, over which that noble horse had picked his way in the intense darkness. 'Poor old Don! and I struck you!' I said to him when, a few minutes later, I went into the stable to pet him and soothe his injured feelings.

27. "He has never been struck since; and though he often carries me on my visits,—for I believe he would feel slighted if he could not sometimes go with me—the hard work is done by another horse; and Don is cared for as if he were a member of the family."

Preparatory Study.

(9) Give this call as if the horse were only a few steps away. Again, as if he were across the street. Again, as if he were still farther away.

Let all the class try these tones, giving the various calls so that they may indicate properly the supposed distance.

(18) Call the horse as a man who felt cross would call him, then as you think the doctor did, and wave your hand to the horse at the same time. (Try different ways, and decide which a large, strong man would use.)

(26) How does this man feel when he speaks to his horse? Why? Speak the words as you think he did, and remember that he is trying to hold back his feelings.

XXVI.—The Polar Bear.

1. The polar bear is an animal of great strength and fierceness. The farther north he dwells, the stronger and fiercer he seems to grow. His rich, soft fur is of a yellowish-white color. He has a long, flat head, long neck and legs, and a powerful body.

2. It is curious to observe how admirably his feet are adapted to the mode of travel necessary in the frozen zone. The sole is provided with a kind of thick fleece, enabling the animal to walk on the rough ice as on a carpet; while the toes are connected by a membrane, or web, so that the feet serve as paddles when he takes to the water.

3. He is not often found on the land. As he feeds chiefly upon fish, seals, and the carcasses of whales from which the whalers have cut out the blubber, he prowls about on the floating fields of ice in search of food.

4. When he catches sight of a seal basking in the sunshine on a distant piece of ice, he quietly drops into the water and swims until he is to leeward of his intended victim, which otherwise would scent his approach.

5. Then, by short but frequent dives, he silently continues to advance, and so arranges his movements that, after the last dive, he comes up very near the spot upon which the seal is peacefully reclining.

6. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he finds himself in the bear's terrible grasp; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his enemy

makes one powerful leap, kills him on the ice, and proceeds to devour him.

7. The polar bear is a great traveler, and, by means of the floating masses of ice in his arctic home, goes from one island to another. In this way he occasionally gets as far south as Iceland. Here, at times, parties of bears have landed, and done great damage by attacking and devouring the flocks.

8. A recent traveler in Iceland states that, in 1859, vast masses of ice were swept down to the coast of the island, carrying with them, to the terror of the inhabitants, thirteen polar bears. Fortunately for the Icelanders, these unwelcome visitors were so weak and emaciated from want of food, that it was easy work to kill them.

9. "One of these brutes," says the traveler, "made his entrance into a peasant's hut on the northwest coast in a very unceremonious manner. The snow was deep, and Bruin, prowling about in quest of food, found himself upon the roof of the humble dwelling.

10. "Attracted by the savory odor from within, he began to paw the snow under his feet, and eventually went headlong into the hut, scaring the whole family. The poor beast was speedily killed and eaten — a fate that befalls every animal the natives can lay hands on during the winter months."

11. The polar bear is also a great swimmer, powerful and daring. One of these animals was seen making his way from the north to the south shore of Barrow Strait, a distance of forty miles.

12. The strength of the polar bear may be inferred from his size. He generally measures six feet in length, and about three feet in height to the top of the shoulder; but bears of nine to ten feet in length are sometimes found.

13. He is not an unsociable animal, and the bears of a family usually remain together until the young are well grown. Parents and offspring are united by bonds of the most devoted affection, and the vigilant care with which the female watches over her cubs has been remarked by many travelers.

Preparatory Study.

(1) What pronoun is used in place of the noun "bear" in the second sentence? What one in the third sentence is used in place of the possessive form of the same noun?

Supply the correct pronouns in the following sentences:—

The polar bear lives near the North Pole; and —— has a coat of fur over —— body, which keeps —— very warm.

The female bear is not seen in winter. In spring —— comes from —— den with —— young.

Polar bears show that —— love —— young very dearly by the great care they take of ——.

In what number are the pronouns in the first sentence? Why? Write them in a vertical column, and place over them the word that denotes their number. Write under them the pronouns in the second sentence.

Write those in the third sentence in the same way, and at the right of the others. Commit the list to memory.

Nouns and pronouns that denote the *person or thing spoken of* are said to be of the third person.

XXVII.—Bird-Song.

Sweet! sweet! sweet! sweet!
Sing we in the morning.
Sending up to heaven's blue our happy waking song;
Daily, gaily, our tiny home adorning,
Working all so merrily the whole day long.

2.

Sweet! sweet! sweet! sweet!
Sing we in the noontide;
Half the day is over now, half our work is done;
Neatly, featly, the moss and twigs are blended,
Feather, flower, leaf, and stems, all added one by one.

3.

Sweet! sweet! sweet! sweet!
Sing we in the evening;
The happy day is past, and the happy night begun;
Wooing, cooing, we nestle 'mid the branches,
Sinking down to rest with the sinking of the sun.

4.

Soft, soft, soft, soft,
Sleep we through the still night;
Tiny head 'neath tiny wing comfortably curled,
Singing, springing, with the breath of morning,
Waking up once more to all the wonder of the world.

XXVIII.—Benjamin Franklin.

PART I.

1. Just so surely as the needed rain and sunshine come to gladden the growing trees in spring-time, so surely, in the hour of need, appear the men who seem by nature born and fitted to help an oppressed and struggling country.

2. Such a man was Benjamin Franklin, born in Boston in the year 1706. In his early childhood, he might have been seen running about the streets—a little ragged fellow, as unconcerned as if making mud-pies and sailing toy boats by the sea-shore were all that he was born for.

3. The family were poor, and the boy went into his father's shop to work at candle-making, when he was only ten years old. This business was very distasteful to Benjamin; but his father kindly gave him some time for play.

4. He was very fond of amusing himself by fishing for minnows in a creek not far from the house; but his mother complained bitterly of the muddy boots and trousers that the little fisherman brought home at night.

5. One day young Ben said to his comrades, "Boys, this mud is a nuisance; and I know how we can get rid of it."

"How? how?" said the boys.

6. "Don't you see that big pile of stones the workmen have heaped up in the next lot? Come to-night after dark, and we will bring them all over here and make a wharf."

7. "Hurrah! We'll do it! we'll do it!" said the boys, and when night came, they went to work like so many little ants, tugging away, at their self-imposed task, until the wharf was finished.

8. The next morning, when the stone-masons came to work at their cellar, they were surprised and very angry at what had been done. Having learned the names of the boys, they complained to the parents.

9. At first Franklin could not see that he was at all to blame. "The wharf is very useful," he said. His father talked the matter over with him seriously; and, after a while, Franklin was led to see that "*that which is not honest cannot be truly useful.*"

10. When Franklin was twelve years old, his brother James opened a printing-office, and took the lad as an apprentice: the father knew that Benjamin would like this business better than making candles.

11. When our hero was about fifteen years old, he wrote several articles for a newspaper that James Franklin published. Doubtful of their success, Benjamin carefully concealed the authorship of his earliest efforts.

12. "If I let James know who wrote them," he said, "he will think them not worth noticing. I will disguise my handwriting, and put them under the door after dark."

13. When James found the writings, he showed them to his friends; and Franklin heard them all wonder who could be their author. They decided it must be a certain citizen, naming a man of great learning, and

Benjamin was very much encouraged. He went on writing for the paper, and kept his secret for a long time; but when he told what he had been doing, James was more envious than pleased.

14. After a while, some of Benjamin's writings got his brother into trouble. Even at that age, Franklin was much interested in public meetings; and if anything happened that he thought unjust to the people, he at once spoke of it in the paper. Some of his articles were aimed at the unjust and oppressive conduct of the government officers.

15. Finally the colonial assembly felt themselves so much insulted, that they had James arrested and sent to prison for a month; and they would not allow him to continue the publication of the paper.

16. It was published for a while in Benjamin's name; but the whole affair caused James to treat his brother with so much unkindness, that Benjamin ran away to New York. Not finding employment there, he went to Philadelphia.

17. Here is his own account of himself on his arrival in that city:—

"I was in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings. Fatigued with walking and rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave the boatman for my passage."

18. He went into a baker's shop and asked for a threepenny loaf. "The baker gave me," says Franklin, "three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took them, however, and having no room in my pockets, I walked on, with a roll under each arm, eating the third. In this manner I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, and thought with reason that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance."

19. A boy willing as he was to make himself useful is seldom out of employment. He soon found a situation in a printing-office, and happened to board with the father of the young lady who had laughed at his awkward looks.

20. Franklin first came into public notice when he was twenty-one years of age. The colony of New Jersey was about to issue paper money; and the printing of the bills fell to Franklin's employer. The work had to be done in New Jersey, so that it might be carefully overlooked by the government officers.

21. They soon learned that it was Franklin who invented ornamental designs for the bills, and contrived the copper-plate press. "This young fellow knows more about printing than his master," said they. "He is more kind and obliging, too. He will get all the work into his own hands before long."

22. And this proved true. He was soon in business for himself, and became printer for the Pennsylvania colony; at the same time he published a newspaper, in which he discussed public matters very freely. This

paper was much more attractive than any that had before appeared in the colonies, and it soon had a long list of subscribers.

Preparatory Study.

(1) Of what two words is **sunshine** composed? **spring-time**? (2) **sea-shore**? (3) **candle-making**? (10) **printing-office**?

These are called compound words.

Which of these words have the two parts connected by a short, straight mark? This little mark is called a ***hyphen.*** When compound words are in very common use, the hyphen is omitted.

A hyphen is used to connect the parts of a compound word. It is also placed at the end of a line when one or more syllables of a word must come on the line below. A word of one syllable must never be thus divided.

(18) Find examples of the hyphen at end of lines.

XXIX.—Benjamin Franklin.

PART II.

1. Franklin succeeded in everything that he undertook. People wondered at this. They did not see that he prospered because he was industrious, prudent, and obliging; and because he did everything thoroughly and well.

2. As he grew older and saw that many failed in their undertakings, he was anxious that others should try his plan; and he published an almanac called "Poor Richard's Almanac." Every number contained wise sayings which people could easily remember, and which would lead them to be prudent and kindly.

3. He published the almanac annually for twenty-five years; then he collected the proverbs into one book, which he called "The Way to Wealth." The wise sayings in this book were so highly valued that they were copied into all the newspapers of the colonies, and were afterwards reprinted in England and France.

4. By the time Franklin was thirty years old, his business was in so prosperous a condition that he could afford to give a large share of his time to the public good. First, he thought of his own city. To wake people up to the improvement of their minds, he started a club. This club lasted forty years, and then became the "American Philosophical Society," of which Franklin was the first president.

5. He also influenced the people of Philadelphia to have the city paved and lighted; to organize an orderly fire-department; to establish a public library; and to institute good schools and colleges. So much can one willing, energetic man accomplish.

6. Franklin held many public offices of trust in the course of his life. The first was that of clerk to the Colonial Assembly. Afterwards he became postmaster. Whenever any public improvement was thought of, he was one of the first to be consulted. People said, "If we can get Franklin interested in it, it will succeed."

7. He never engaged in any public undertaking unless he thought it a benefit to the people; knowing this, every one had confidence in him. One of his mottoes was, "A man's truest good can be found in doing all that he can for others."

8. With all his public and private business, he still found time for study. He learned the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, and afterwards the Latin.

9. After he had started many improvements in Philadelphia, he thought of the colony at large. Many members of the government belonged to the Society of Friends—or Quakers, as they were called—and did not believe in war; therefore, nothing had been done to train soldiers, although Pennsylvania was liable to be attacked by foreign invaders as well as by Indians.

10. Franklin determined to raise a military force, and went to work, with his usual spirit, to show people the need of it. Then he encouraged them to enlist, and before long a large body of soldiers was ready for service, and a fort was built on the river below the city.

11. His energy and common sense in the affair called forth the praise and thanks of the governor and council; and after this they consulted him in every affair of public importance.

12. It was about this time that Franklin made his great discoveries in electricity. Thinking that lightning might be the same as electricity, he, one day, sent up a kite pointed with wire into a thunder-cloud. And, sure enough! down came the lightning to the ground.

13. From this experiment, he was led to invent lightning-rods, which have saved so many houses from destruction. This and other discoveries made him famous all over the world; and many colleges of Europe gave the philosopher honored and learned titles.

14. The next public service of Franklin was a benefit to the whole country. The post-offices had cost the government a great deal of money; and yet they were so poorly arranged that news traveled very slowly. Franklin was made postmaster-general of all the colonies; and, in a few years, all the expenses of the department were met, and there was a fair surplus in the treasury.

15. When the thirteen colonies determined to throw off the yoke which bound them to England, Franklin was one of the ablest and most zealous of patriots. He signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and from that time his country's interests became his own.

16. He was sent to England as the man best fitted to speak in the interest of the colonies. And afterwards he went to Paris to ask the French king to send help to the American people. He did not ask in vain.

17. Franklin died in 1790, at the age of eighty-four. Wise with his counsel in times of danger, always ready to aid in whatever pertained to the public good, he was one of the most useful men that our country has ever known.

Preparatory Study.

I. Was Franklin the son of a rich or of a poor man? Who are most likely to make active men, rich or poor boys? What advantages or helps do rich boys have? What do poor ones have? What disadvantages have rich boys? What do poor boys have?

II. (15) The thirteen original colonies were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

XXX.—About the Fairies.

1.

First Voice.

Pray, where are the charming bluebells gone,
That lately bloomed in the wood?

Second Voice.

Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
And put it on for a hood.

2.

First Voice.

And where are the pretty grass-stalks gone,
That waved in the summer breeze?

Second Voice.

Oh, the fairies have taken them every one,
To plant in their gardens like trees.

3.

First Voice.

And where are the great bluebottles gone,
That buzzed in their busy pride?

Second Voice.

Oh, the fairies have caught them, every one,
And have broken them in, to ride.

4.

Third Voice.

And they 've taken the glow-worms to light their halls,
And the cricket to sing them a song,
And the great, red rose-leaves to paper their walls,
And they 're feasting the whole night long.

5.

Fourth Voice.

But when spring comes back, with its soft, mild ray,
And the ripple of gentle rain,
The fairies bring back what they 've taken away,
And give it to us again.

Preparatory Study.

Write complete lists of all the pronouns you have learned (pages 86, 93, 98, 110). Name those that are of the first person and plural number; second person and plural number; first person and singular number; third person and singular number.

These are called personal pronouns, because they show by their form, of what person they are.

Find all the personal pronouns in this poem, and give the person and number of each.

XXXI.—The First of April.

1. "What is it, Fred?" asked Mrs. Preston, brushing back the dark, curly hair from her boy's forehead, and looking into the brown eyes, bright with fun and mischief. "Making plans for to-morrow, I suppose?"

2. "Yes, mother. I have a good stock of jokes ready for the boys; and I shall get up early, and hide Katy's kindling-wood, and then help her to look for it. Won't she scold! And I have a present for Annie. How she 'll jump! It will not hurt her," he added, as he saw a cloud flit over his mother's face. She did not like to have her little girl frightened.

3. "It is only a mouse—a live mouse. What fun!" And the boy leaned back, laughing and clapping his hands at the prospect.

4. Mrs. Preston smiled a little in spite of herself, and asked, "But how will you get a live mouse, Fred, supposing I let you carry out your plan?"

5. "O, he is already caught!" Fred answered, laughing again. "I found one in the corn-crib when I went to feed Charlie, and I clapped a sieve over him just for the fun of it. Then it popped into my head what day was coming; and I thought I would play a good joke on Annie. And O, mother, I want you to help me about two or three others!"

6. "And take my pay in tricks played on myself, I suppose?" Mrs. Preston answered.

Fred laughed.

"All is fair in—April, is n't it, mother?"

7. "All innocent fun is fair, Fred," she answered, earnestly; "but some April-fooling is far from being innocent. A joke that carries a falsehood with it, or one that gives real pain of mind or body to some poor, unsuspecting victim, is really wicked. Keep clear of such amusement, my boy; and you are welcome to all the fun that you can get."

8. Fred's face wore a thoughtful, half-regretful look for a moment. Then his brow cleared, and he said, cheerfully: "I shall have to alter some of my plans, mother; but I will do it. And I think I shall have just as good a time."

9. "Hallo, Katy!" shouted Fred, at the kitchen stairs, next morning; "you need n't hurry down, your fire is made."

10. "Ah! yes, that 's a likely story, Master Fred," replied Katy, rubbing her sleepy eyes, and putting on her clothes with all possible speed. "I have overslept myself, that 's a fact; but I have n't forgotten what day it is. Fred make the fire, indeed!" the good-natured girl repeated, as she hurried down stairs. But she stopped short when she reached the kitchen. The fire was blazing, the kettle filled and almost boiling.

11. "Well, well, if this is n't a new kind of April-fooling!" said Katy, heartily. "I shall have time now to make the breakfast-cakes that Fred likes so much, and the oven is just right to give them a good baking."

12. Fred's call to Katy had roused his little sister Annie. She did not linger long in bed, for it was a lovely spring morning, and she longed to be out of doors. The sunshine streamed through the white window-curtains; and, in the elm near the house, the bluebirds were twittering.

13. Her merino stockings were quickly drawn on, and she reached out for a dainty pair of boots that her father had brought home the night before, but she darted back as her hand touched something soft and furry.

14. "O! A mouse, I declare! How did he get there, I wonder. There is no mouse-hole in this room, surely. Well, it 's funny he should climb into my boot. And why does n't he go?" she added, as she looked again. "What makes him sit there?"

15. She could just see his tiny head and black, bead-like eyes. Although she was not a timid child, and would have scorned to scream or to run away at sight of a mouse, yet she did not want him to scamper over her foot or to hide in her sleeve. She jumped into bed, and, leaning over the side, tried to frighten him away.

16. "Shoo! shoo!" cried Annie, but mousie would not stir. She threw her hair-brush at him, but he did not care. "I won't be afraid of a mouse," she said to herself, and, jumping out of bed, she caught up the boot, and shook the little creature out. Off came his head, and a shower of caraway sugar-plums rolled across the floor.

17. Annie laughed and clapped her hands.

"A toy mouse! Why did n't I think? It is the first of April, and that is Fred's joke. I knew he was planning tricks all last evening, and mother was in the secret, in part of it, at any rate. Well, I can't complain of my share of the fun."

18. And she picked up the mouse, really a pretty toy, replaced his head, and set him on the mantel. "I 'll see whether I can catch Fred before dinner-time. I won't do what I meant to, though. I would not play a rude trick on him, after this nice one."

19. At breakfast, a covered dish was passed to Fred, containing nothing at all; but, a moment later, Katy appeared in the door, with the nice, golden-brown cakes, "done to a turn," as she said. "I 'll forgive you, Katy, for the empty dish," said Fred, laughing; "I never tasted better muffins."

20. Various little jokes flew hither and thither across the breakfast-table, and even papa soberly helped his son to a china egg. But Fred was trying this spring to raise a flock of chickens on his own account; and the china egg was very acceptable, just what he wanted.

21. On his way to school, a poor old German woman, crossing the street with a heavy basket on her arm, hesitated a moment at Fred's offer of help, but when she looked in his kind, honest eyes, she trusted him: the boyish face was pleasant to look upon.

22. "I can believe you," she said. "You are not the boy to play tricks on a poor body like me." And she was right. He helped her over the muddy crossing, and left her with a heart lightened by his little act of thoughtful kindness.

23. Later in the day, he saw a feeble old man stop and speak to two boys, as if inquiring his way. Fred did not know the boys; but he did not like the looks that passed between them while they seemed eager to direct the old man.

24. One stepped forward, pointing with his hand; and the old man went slowly on, while the boys stood watching him, and talking and laughing together as if they had played a very good trick upon the poor, helpless wayfarer.

25. "Too bad!" said Fred to himself; "they have sent that tired old man out of his way, or I am more mistaken than ever I was. I will hurry along, and ask him where he wishes to go."

26. "Were you inquiring your way, sir?" he asked, in a respectful tone.

"Yes," was answered. "I want to find Mr. James Earle, a baker."

"O, I know where he lives. I will walk along with you, for I am going that way. It is not more than a quarter of a mile."

27. Fred was well repaid by the change in the old man's face, the sudden lighting of his dim blue eyes, and the hearty tone of his "Thank'ee, thank'ee kindly."

After leaving the old man at the baker's door, a brisk walk of ten minutes brought Fred home, just as tea was ready.

28. "I declare, I wish I had a new pair of slippers," he said, as he drew off his boots. "Mine are so shabby; and they are too loose, besides."

29. "Try mine," said his father. "I have an extra pair, as I bought new ones to-day."

Fred laughed.

"O father, I'm not quite April-fool enough to be caught by such a joke as that. A chicken-coop is almost too easy to see through, even for me."

30. "Why? Will they not answer?" said his father, soberly. "I really bought a pair to-day, and they are a trifle small for me."

And he tossed a brown paper parcel to Fred, who opened it, half in doubt, half in wonder. It contained a pair of slippers, just his number.

31. "The nicest pair I ever had!" he exclaimed, as he tried them on; "and, take it all together, I never spent a better April-fool's day."

Preparatory Study.

I. (10) Does Katy say this to herself, to Fred, or a part to each? Read it as you think it was said. (11) How does Katy feel when she finds her fire made?

(14) Pronounce "O!" as Annie said it. Was she really frightened? What other feelings did she have?

II. (13) What pronouns are used instead of Annie's name?

Fill the following blanks with pronouns:—

Annie thought —— would play a joke on Fred, in return for the one he had played on ——.

The girls said —— would teach —— friends to play tricks on ——.

Write these pronouns in two lists, as you did those on page 110. Of what person are these pronouns? Why?

XXXII.—The Little Drummer-Boy.

1. One cold December morning, about the beginning of this century, a French army was crossing the Alps. The men looked thin and heavy-eyed, from want of food and sleep; and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at almost every step.

2. But there was one in that army who seemed to enjoy the rough marching, and who tramped along through the deep snow and cold gray mist as merrily as if he were going to a picnic.

3. He was a little drummer-boy, ten years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers.

When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face, he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and awoke the echoes with the lively rattle of his drum till it seemed that the huge black rocks around were all ringing in chorus.

4. "Bravo, little drummer!" cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak. This officer was marching at the head of the line with a long pole in his hand, which he struck into the snow every now and then, to see how deep it was. "Bravo, Pierre, my boy! With such music as that, one could march all the way to Moscow!"

5. The boy smiled, and raised his hand to his cap in salute; for this rough-looking man was no other than the general himself,—"Fighting Macdonald," as he was called,—one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment.

6. "Long live our general!" shouted a hoarse voice; and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the snow-clad Alpine heights like a peal of distant thunder.

7. Its echo had hardly died away when the silence was broken by another sound, of a very different kind —a strange, unearthly sound, far away up the great white mountain-side. Every moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

"On your faces, lads!" shouted the general. "An avalanche is coming!"

8. Before his men had time to obey, the ruin was on them. Down thundered the tremendous mass of snow, sweeping like a waterfall along the narrow ledge-path; and, crashing along with it, came heaps of stones and gravel and loose earth, and uprooted bushes, and great blocks of ice.

9. For a moment all was dark as night; and, when the avalanche had passed, many of the brave fellows

who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried over the precipice, and were either killed, or buried alive in the snow.

10. When there was a chance to look around, one cry arose from nearly every mouth: "Where is our drummer? Where is our little drummer-boy?"

11. Where, indeed? Search which way they would, nothing could be seen of the merry-hearted boy; and when they shouted his name, no answer was heard but the echo of their voices.

12. Then they began to fear that he was lost; and many a hardy old soldier, who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start into his eyes at the thought that Pierre's bright face would never again be seen in the ranks.

13. But all at once, far below them, out of the dark, unknown gulf that lay between those frowning rocks, arose the faint roll of a drum, beating the charge! The soldiers started, and bent eagerly forward to listen. Then up went a shout that shook the air!

14. "He is alive, comrades! our Pierre is alive, after all! He is beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the very last!

"But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"

15. "He shall be!" broke in a deep voice; and the general himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.

"No, no, general!" cried the grenadiers, with one voice; "you must not run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all of ours put together!"

16. "My soldiers are my children," answered Macdonald, quietly, "and no father grudges his own life to save his son. Quick now, boys! cast loose the drag-rope of that cannon, loop it under my arms, and let me down."

17. The soldiers obeyed in silence; and the next moment their dauntless, tender-hearted general was swinging in mid-air, down, down, till he vanished into the cold, black depth below.

18. Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his re-appearance; for they well knew that he would not come back without the boy, and that the chances were terribly against him.

19. Meanwhile Macdonald, having landed safely at the foot of the precipice, was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and, in that awful silence, there was nothing to guide the brave general.

"Pierre!" he shouted, as loudly as he could; "where are you, my boy?"

"Here, general!" answered a weak voice—so faint that it could scarcely be heard.

20. And sure enough, there was the little fellow, half buried in a huge mound of soft snow. Macdonald went towards him at once, and, although he sunk waist-deep at every step, at last reached the spot.

21. "All right now, my brave boy!" said the general, cheerily. "Put your arms round my neck, and hold on tightly; we'll have you out of this in a minute!"

22. The boy tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers had lost all their strength. What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing cold of that dismal place would make the rescuer as powerless as the child that he had come to rescue.

23. But General Macdonald was not a man to be easily discouraged. Tearing off his sash, and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other end, and then gave the signal to draw up.

24. When the two came swinging up once more into the daylight, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unhurt, cheer upon cheer rang out, rolling far back along the line, till the very mountains themselves seemed to be rejoicing.

25. "We've been under fire and under snow together," said Macdonald, chafing the boy's cold hands tenderly; "and nothing shall part us after this, so long as we both live."

26. And the general kept his word. Years later, when the great wars were all over, there might have been seen, walking in the garden of a quiet country house in the south of France, a stooping, white-haired old man, who was no other than the famous Marshal Macdonald; and the tall, soldier-like fellow upon whose arm he leaned for support had once been little Pierre, the drummer.

Preparatory Study.

(4) With what feelings does the General regard this bright boy, who does so much to cheer the soldiers on their weary march? Pronounce General Macdonald's words in as strong and hearty a tone as possible.

(7) Give the General's words in the strong tones of military command, and imagine them sent a distance of at least half a mile. (13) With what feelings do the soldiers hear Pierre's drum? When you read, imagine yourself to be one of these soldiers. (16) Speak these words with strong, suppressed feeling; be careful to have more feeling than voice.

(19) Give the General's call as your father would shout to you in such a place. Does little Pierre answer in a crying tone or a brave one? Why? (21) Does the General answer him in a sad or a hopeful tone? Why?

XXXIII.—Little Soldiers.

1. Much has been written about soldiers—their exploits and manœuvers, the victories they gain, the wonderful skill they display; but I am going to tell you about some little folks, lower down in the scale of creation, whose military tactics are, in a measure, superior to those of their larger brethren.

2. These little soldiers are a sort of second cousins to the bees. They seem designed for warriors, since Nature has given them two weapons, which may be used either as pincers, scissors, pickax, or sword. They have three times as many legs as men-soldiers, and each leg is armed with a spur, and fringed with short hairs that serve as brushes.

3. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that these little folks are the common ants which you may sometimes have trodden under foot. But listen to what the books say about them.

4. To begin with, they are the wariest little people in the world. At short distances from their nests they post sentinels, whose duty it is, when an enemy appears, to fall back and spread the alarm. They tap with their tiny horns every ant they meet; then follows a general commotion, and thousands of these little soldiers sally forth to conquer or to die.

5. In some nests there are masked doors, guarded by sentinels. Certain species hollow out covered galleries, which they reserve for emergencies, either as a means of escape, or as a prison for invaders. Ant-hills are, in fact, fortresses, defended in the most ingenious manner. In many of them the cells are so numerous and even, that the whole structure is a marvel.

6. But ants are not simply home-guards. A more industrious race of warriors never lived. They besiege cities, dispute ground with their neighbors, and undertake expeditions for the sole purpose of carrying off prisoners of war. Of these they make slaves, compelling them to do all sorts of work.

7. They have various modes of warfare. The Russets, the most ferocious of their kind, begin their expeditions in June, during the hottest hours of the day. They march eight or ten abreast, each file headed by a scout; and, when ready, start on a run, without feeling their way.

8. Those who are in front do not remain there. After a time they go double-quick to the rear, and are replaced by those behind. This movement continues till they reach the place of attack, when they halt and gather into one close mass. The assault is speedily made, the fortress is demolished in the twinkling of an eye, and the victors turn homeward with their booty.

9. A great man, well acquainted with the ant family, once witnessed such an assault. He saw the army leaving camp, and, knowing well that the warrior-insects were in quest of adventures, he followed the marching troop, curious to see what their designs were.

10. Just across the road was a nest of Black Ants, and here they paused. The sentinels immediately gave the alarm, and out rushed the fierce inmates. Upon these the invaders advanced with great fury, and knocked them heels over head.

11. "The argument was very convincing," says Huber, and, after a short combat, the Black Ants scampered back into the nest. Then up the sides climbed the enemy, some entering by the deserted doors, others, more valiant, forcing a breach; till, finally, the whole army was in the besieged city. Soon they came out, each bearing a captive ant, and walked leisurely home.

12. The Mining Ants are less timid than the Black. They defend themselves so bravely that frequently there are deadly combats. The Miners follow the pillagers, and snatch the plunder from them; but the Russets generally drive back the pursuing force, and recapture the spoils.

13. The Red Ants go forth in smaller companies, and begin by tormenting the enemy's scouts. Couriers ply backward and forward constantly, seeking reinforcements. When the troop feels itself strong enough, it sets out somewhat on the plan of the Russets.

14. It seems to be the object of the Red Ants to secure a new home; for, if possible, they turn out the inhabitants, and immediately bring their own families to the nest. Ruthless little soldiers, these Red Ants!

15. The Termites, sometimes called White Ants, have a standing army to protect the realm. Its warriors are exempt from all other duties, and are highly honored in ant society.

16. Strange to say, these creatures are different from the rest of their kind. In some cases they are twice as long, and have large heads, armed with pincers. They are dangerous enemies, not only to their own kind, but also to the vegetable world.

17. Even man is not safe from their attacks, and in some countries negroes cannot be induced to approach them unarmed. Altogether, these little soldiers are curious folks.

Preparatory Study.

(15) What pronoun is used instead of the noun **army**? **It** has only two singular forms, **it** and **its**.

Write in a vertical column the three singular forms of **he** (see page 110), the two forms of **she**, and the two forms of **it**. Enclose them by a brace }, and write their plural forms at the right.

XXXIV.—The King's Daughters.

1.

The King's three little daughters, 'neath the palace window straying,
Had fallen into earnest talk that put an end to playing,
And the weary King smiled once again to hear what they were saying.

2.

"It is I who love our father best!" the eldest daughter said;
"I am the oldest Princess!" and her pretty face grew red.
"What is there none can do without? I love him more than bread!"

3.

Then said the second Princess, with her bright blue eyes aflame,
"Than bread? A common thing like bread! Thou hast not any shame!
Glad am I it is I, not thou, called by our mother's name.

4.

"I love him with a better love than one so tame as thine—
More than—oh, what then shall I say that is both bright and fine,
And is not common? Yes, I know—I love him more than wine!"

5.

Then the little youngest daughter, whose speech would sometimes halt
For her dreamy way of thinking, said, "You are both in fault,
'Tis I who love our father best—I love him more than salt."

6.

Shrill little shrieks of laughter greeted her latest word,
As the two joined hands, exclaiming, "But this is most absurd."
And the King, no longer smiling, was grieved that he had heard.

7.

For the little youngest daughter, with her eyes of steadfast gray,
Could always move his tenderness, and charm his care away.
"She grows more like her mother dead," he whispered, "day by day.

8.

"But she is very little, and I will find no fault
That, while her sisters strive to see who most shall me exalt,
She holds me nothing dearer than a common thing like salt."

9.

The portly cook was standing in the courtyard by the spring;
He winked and nodded to himself, "That little quiet thing
Knows more than both the others, as I will show the King."

10.

That afternoon, at dinner, there was nothing fit to eat;
The King turned, frowning angrily, from soup and fish and meat,
And he found a cloying sweetness in the dishes that were sweet.

11.

"And yet," he muttered, musing, "I cannot find the fault;
Not a thing has tasted like itself but this honest cup of malt."
Said the youngest Princess, shyly, "Dear father, they want salt."

12.

A sudden look of tenderness shone on the King's dark face,
As he set his little daughter in the dead Queen's vacant place;
And he thought, "She has her mother's heart—aye, and her mother's grace.

13.

"Great love through smallest channels will find its surest way;
It waits not state occasions, which may not come, or may;
It comforts and it blesses, hour by hour and day by day."

Write this story in prose.

XXXV.—A Bear Hunt.

1. "So you want me to tell you a story about a great man?" said old Commodore Spanker, of the British Navy, as his little nephew and niece came up to his easy chair after dinner. "Well, I will tell you about a great man whom my father knew; and perhaps, before the story is done, you can tell me who he was.

2. "When my father made his first cruise, he was a midshipman on board the old Race-horse, one of the ships that the English government sent to explore the northern seas.

3. "A rough apprenticeship it was for him, I can tell you. Masts and yards were sheeted with ice till the whole vessel looked like a ship of glass; and the decks were so slippery that one could hardly take a step without tumbling down. It was so cold, that, whenever a man went on deck, he felt just as if somebody laid a frozen hand on his face and pushed him backward.

4. "At night it was worse still; for then the men could hardly keep on deck; and it was, of course, just the time when the lookouts were most needed to watch for the masses of floating ice.

5. "Very often, right out of the darkness, there would come the bluish-white gleam of an iceberg; and just as the helmsman was trying his best to avoid it, up would come another from the opposite direction, straight toward the ship.

6. "Then the cry would be, 'Port your helm! Starboard your helm!' for half an hour or more, nobody knowing at what moment the ship might be crushed like a nut between these two floating mountains.

7. "But neither darkness, nor cold, nor the awful loneliness of the unknown seas, nor death staring them in the face night and day, could damp the spirits of the midshipmen. They were as daring a set of lads as ever walked a deck, and the bravest of all was the captain's own nephew.

8. "Whatever was to be done, let the danger be what it might, he was always first; and this was so well known that the sailors, who were all very fond of him, nicknamed him 'Reckless Raty.'"

9. "What a funny name!" cried Lizzie.

"He must have been a fine fellow, though," said Harry, with sparkling eyes.

10. "One day the ship was close to the edge of a floe—as they call those great fields of ice that float about in the northern seas. As provisions were getting scarce, the captain sent out a party of men, among whom were my father and Reckless Raty, to see whether they could find a stray seal, or some other fresh meat.

11. "Away they went across the ice, shouting, laughing, and cracking off their guns at everything that came near, when all at once somebody cried out:

"'Hollo! Where is Raty?'

"Where, indeed? Every one was scared, for to stray away in such a place was little short of certain death.

12. "But just then a shot was heard far away to the left; and, running in the direction of the sound, they saw Raty fighting with a huge white bear.

"A spot of blood on the bear's side showed that Raty's shot had told; but, instead of weakening the brute, it only made him more ferocious.

13. "Luckily for the young midshipman, there lay between him and his enemy a deep crack in the ice, so broad as to be passable only by a jump.

"As often as the bear tried to leap it, he was sent staggering back by a blow from Raty's clubbed musket, which fell like a sledge-hammer on the animal's head.

14. "The moment the men saw what was going on, they came running up as if for their lives. Reckless Raty was such a favorite with the whole crew, that there was not a man among them who would not have run almost any risk rather than let a hair of the lad's head be harmed.

15. "But quick as they were, they came almost too late. Striking a tremendous blow at the bear, the young midshipman slipped and fell at full length, while his gun flew out of his hands.

"Before he could rise again, the savage beast leaped across the chasm and stood over him, with his terrible paw lifted in the air.

16. "Had that stroke fallen, the whole history of Europe might have been changed; but, in a flash, one of the men, who, luckily, had not discharged his musket, fired, and hit the bear in the foreleg.

17. "Although the bullet did not break the limb, it wounded the bear severely; and what with the pain and the sight of so many men running and shouting at him, he was glad enough to get away.

18. "When Raty returned, a half an hour later, to the vessel, the captain, who had seen the whole affair through his glass, cried out: 'You young dog! do you suppose that, because you are my nephew, you can do anything you like? What on earth did you want with that bear?'

19. "'I wanted the skin to give to my father,' answered Raty, simply.

"The old captain's grim face softened—for Raty's father was his favorite brother—and his stern voice trembled somewhat, as he said:—

20. "'Well, you are a brave lad, and I won't be too hard upon you; but I think your father would rather have you safe than get the finest bearskin on earth. Mind that, Master Horatio!'"

21. "I thought so!" cried Lizzie, clapping her hands. "I know who he was, and all about him."

22. "I dare say you do," said the old commodore, laughing.

Reckless Raty is well known in history as the brave Admiral Nelson.

Preparatory Study.

I. (6) Give these orders as if you were captain of the ship Now give them as they sound to you when heard at a little distance. Which is the correct way? Why? (18) Does the captain feel as cross as he seems? Why does he appear in this way? Does his face wear a smile or a scowl? If you really feel cross, your face will show it; when necessary, a cross look will help you to give the correct expression in reading.

II. (1) What pronouns in the first line are of the second person? Are they used to denote one person or more? What is their possessive form?

XXXVI.—What Happened to an English General.

1. At one time England claimed the greater part of North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But as all her settlements were along the eastern coast,—not extending into the interior—the French said to themselves, "The English really own only what they occupy; we will explore the western country for ourselves."

2. La Salle, a bold and daring Frenchman, sailed down the Mississippi to its mouth, and, in the name of the king of France, took possession of all the country watered by that great river and its branches.

3. One of the English governors sent word home that if the French were allowed to go on, "the kings of England would not have lands a hundred miles away from the sea anywhere."

4. At first England did not take much notice of this; and the French went on planning and working, till they had built a chain of forts, sixty in number, reaching from Quebec to New Orleans. This was to show that all the interior of the country belonged to them.

5. In 1749, a number of men in Virginia and Maryland obtained, by the aid of a wealthy London merchant, a very large grant of land from King George II. This land was in the Ohio valley; and these men called themselves the Ohio Company. Their purpose was to form settlements at once, and to open a fur trade with the Indians.

6. This Company sent out parties to survey the country, and to give the English a foothold west of the Alleghanies. But the French in the Ohio valley said that Englishmen had no right there.

7. Upon this, the governor of Virginia sent George Washington, then a young man of twenty-one, to say to the French commander that George II. had given the Ohio Company the right to settle the land. The message was disregarded; the surveyors were driven away, and some of the English traders were made prisoners.

8. As the troubles were, at this time, confined to the Ohio valley, it was thought that two thousand English soldiers could easily rout the French; and, in 1755, England sent over General Braddock with two regiments.

9. General Braddock marched to Fort Cumberland, Maryland, where he waited to collect wagons for carrying his stores of war. Franklin was sent to him to say that Pennsylvania was ready to help him in case of need. Just then Braddock learned that he could get only twenty-five wagons, some of them very poor.

10. "Twenty-five wagons!" exclaimed Braddock; "we need a hundred and fifty, at least. What miserable business it was to send us over to this country, that is too poor to furnish us a few wagons!"

"You should have sent to Pennsylvania," said Franklin, quietly; "there nearly every farmer keeps a wagon."

11. "You are known all through the colony," said Braddock; "why can you not get us the wagons?"

"Very well," said Franklin; "write down what you need, and what you are willing to pay, and I will try to serve you."

12. In a few days, one hundred and fifty wagons and twenty-one hundred horses arrived at the English camp. Besides these came a lot of supplies—a present from the Pennsylvania government. Afterwards, a number of soldiers from the colonies joined Braddock, George Washington serving as his aid.

13. One would think that with so much help General Braddock should have succeeded. But the English general had too much confidence in himself.

One day, when talking of his plans to Franklin, he said: "The taking of Fort du Quesne will cost us only three or four days; then I shall march to Niagara, and, after taking that, I shall go to Frontenac."

14. To this Franklin modestly replied: "To be sure, sir, if you arrive at Fort du Quesne with all these fine troops! In my mind, your chief danger will be from the Indians, who never fight openly. If large numbers of them hide behind the trees, I am afraid they will surprise your long line of soldiers, and cut it into pieces like a thread."

15. Braddock smiled confidently, and said: "These savages may indeed be terrible to your American militia; but it is impossible they should do any harm to the king's finely trained soldiers." How could the proud British officer take the advice or the warning of an unskilled provincial?

16. The English were soon on their march; but before they even saw the enemy, they were fired upon from the forests. Seven hundred British soldiers soon lay dead on the field; and Braddock, after having three horses shot under him, was mortally wounded.

17. The English troops were so surprised by the yells and fighting of the Indians, that they fled in dismay and confusion. But young Colonel Washington came to the rescue. He rallied the raw militia, and saved the army from total destruction.

18. An Indian chief singled him out to kill him, and told his warriors to do the same. Two horses were shot under him, and four bullets pierced his coat, but he was unharmed. He showed such bravery that an English officer afterwards said of him, "He acted as if he really loved the whistling bullets."

19. Braddock was silent all day, after being carried from the battlefield; and at night he said, "Who would

have thought it?" The next day he said, "We shall know better how to deal with them another time!"—and died.

20. Upon his death, Colonel Dunbar took command of the army. He had been left a few miles back with the provisions, and a large body of soldiers in reserve.

21. When the runaways from the battle reached the camp, they so terrified Colonel Dunbar and his men that they likewise fled, making no pause until they were safe within the walls of Fort Cumberland. Soon afterward, Colonel Dunbar, leaving a small force at the fort, retired with the rest of his army to Philadelphia.

22. Franklin afterwards said that it taught the colonists a good lesson, which was, that they must not think too highly of the bravery of English troops.

Preparatory Study.

I. The great war of which these events were the beginning is called the "French and Indian War," and in European history the "Seven Years' War." It lasted from 1756 to 1763. What was the cause of the war?

(**22**) What lesson did Franklin say the colonists learned? In what great war did they need to remember this lesson?

II. (**18**) What word in the fourth line has both suffix and prefix? What is its root? A root is also called a primitive word, from the Latin word *primus*, meaning first.

Words made from a primitive are called derivatives.

(**1**) What derivative is in the third line? From what primitive word is it formed? Make as many derivatives as you can from the same word. (**19**) What compound word do you find? Of what two words is it made?

XXXVII.—If I were a Boy again.

1. If I were a boy again, I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give up a thing because it was hard or inconvenient. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics, I blush at the recollection of my boyish indolence and lack of ambition.

2. That was a capital lesson which Professor Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture-room, after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall, and, by accident, some small article dropped on the floor from the Professor's hand. He groped for it carefully, trifling as it was.

3. "Never mind," said the student; "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or not."

"That is true," replied the Professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my determination to find it."

4. Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says an Eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail."

5. If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once.

6. The habit of attention becomes part of our life, if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up

people say, "I could not fix my attention on the sermon, or book, although I wished to do so;" and the reason is, the habit was not formed in youth.

7. If I were to live my life over again, I would pay more attention to the cultivation of the memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means, and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately; but memory soon helps itself, and gives very little trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a power.

8. If I were a boy again, I would cultivate courage as one of the essential qualities in the character. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing so cruel and vindictive as cowardice," says the wise author of a late essay on conduct. Nothing is so credulous as fear.

9. In America, we are too prone to borrow trouble, and anticipate evils that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." Abraham Lincoln once said he never crossed Fox River, no matter how high the stream was, until he came to it.

10. Dangers will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate, and there is no harm to be feared. Achilles, you remember, was said to be invulnerable; but he never went into battle without being completely armed.

11. If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything, for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror: if you smile upon it, it smiles back upon you; but if you

frown and look doubtful on it, you will get a similar look in return.

12. I once heard a man speak of a grumbling, unthankful person in these words: "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life."

13. Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but of all that come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out from love."

14. If I were a boy again, I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a young man can stand erect, and decline doing an unworthy act because it is unworthy.

15. The whole subject is so admirably treated by dear old President Walker, who was once at the head of Harvard College, that I beg you to get his volume of discourses, and read what he has to tell you about saying "No" on every proper occasion.

16. If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more courtesy towards my companions and friends, and, indeed, towards strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

17. Finally, instead of trying hard to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

XXXVIII.—The Bedouin's Rebuke.

1.

A Bedouin of true honor, good Nebar,
Possessed a horse whose fame was spread afar;
No other horse was half so proud and strong;
His feet-like to the north wind swept along;
In his curved neck, and in his flashing eye,
You saw the harbingers of victory.

2.

So, many came to Nabar day by day,
And longed to take his noble horse away;
Large sums they offered, and with grace besought.
But all in vain; the horse could not be bought.

3.

With these came Daher, of another tribe,
To see if he might not the owner bribe;
Yet purposeless,—no money, skill, nor breath
Could part the owner from his horse till death.

4.

Then Daher, who was subtle, mean, and sly,
Concluded, next, some stratagem to try;
So, clothed in rags, and masked in form and face,
He as a beggar walked with limping pace,
And, meeting Nebar with the horse one day,
He fell, and prostrate on the desert lay.

5.

The ruse succeeded; for, when Nebar found
A helpless man in sorrow on the ground,
He took him up, and on the noble steed
Gave him a place; but what a thankless deed!
For Daher shouted, laughed, and, giving rein,
Said, "You will never see your horse again!"

6.

"Take him," said Nebar; "but, for Mercy's sake,
Tell no man in what way you choose to take,
Lest others, seeing what has happened me,
Omit to do some needed charity."

7.

Pierced by these words, the robber's keen remorse
Thwarted his plan, and he returned the horse,
Shamefaced and sorrowful; then slunk away
As if he feared the very light of day!

Write this story in prose.

XXXIX.—The Two Friends.

1. Did you ever see a coffee-stall, such as they have in England—the coffee smoking, the customers sipping the pleasant beverage, and chatting about their work or the news of the day?

2. The stalls rarely open for business before five o'clock in the morning, when a few laborers on their way to work appear in the streets. Soon after, crowds of artisans follow, and the postmen who have to attend to the mails that come in from the country, ready for the morning delivery.

3. Perhaps the wagoner, who has been trudging some hours in the cold, may stop to treat himself to a thick slice of bread and butter while he rests his horses. Thus does the stall-keeper afford wholesome cheer to an industrious class of people, and, at the same time, earn a comfortable living.

4. James Corbett kept a coffee-stall in the suburbs of London. James was a kind-hearted man, and never drove away the sparrows that swarmed about to gather up the crumbs when the customers had departed. And he was well rewarded, for a pretty sparrow became his best friend.

5. He loved this sparrow quite as much as it loved him; and they soon became so well acquainted that, as soon as the shop was opened, Pet, as the stall-keeper called the bird, was the very first customer, paying nothing, yet expecting extra attention, eating bread from his hand and sipping from his cup of coffee.

6. One morning the sparrow-friend brought with her a brood of little ones to be fed; and from this time James had to feed the whole family. But he was well repaid by the pleasure it afforded him to see them learn to fly.

7. They had scarcely grown to full sparrowhood, and taken their own places in the great lime-tree, when Pet came with another lot of little downy things, all beak and wool, making one wonder how, when they once got out of the nest, they could ever fly back to it. Well, to tell the truth, they did not always fly back, as one day's experience proved.

8. Once Pet came down with three very small sparrows to partake of James's hospitality; and, of course, they were welcome. But to make a visit complete and pleasant to all parties, we must not only come, but we must also go. Now, one of the little birds was too weak to go: it could not rise upon the wing.

9. James, in pure kindness, put it into a basket and fed it; and at night he carried it home and fed it again. But next morning the poor little thing was dead.

10. Pet soon came to demand her little one, and James had no bird to give her. O, if he could only have made the sad little mother understand! She thought he had robbed her, and—she left him.

11. Which was more to be pitied, James, or his well-loved friend? Neither was to blame; yet one was filled with suspicion, the other was misjudged.

12. James never ceased to regret his friend, nor did she forget him; and, in three months' time, to his great joy, Pet again appeared, blithe as ever, with a troop of youngsters. Thus the friendship lasted four years, during which time Pet had shown James no less than sixty of her little ones.

13. James Corbett has gone to his rest; it may be that Pet is alive still. It is just possible that she remembers him, and regrets that she should ever have entertained a suspicion against one so kind and true.

Preparatory Study.

I. (**5**) Why are **it** and **him** to be emphasized? What is meant by emphasis? Give an original illustration, and explain it. (**7**) What words in the third, fifth, and sixth lines are emphatic? Why? (**12**) Before **and**, what words are emphatic? Why?

II. (**4**) Write this paragraph, using synonyms instead of the words **swarmed, gather, departed,** and **rewarded.**

Write synonyms of **scarcely, suspicion, blithe, regret, entertained, possible, ceased,** and **lasted.**

III. (**1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7**) What compound words do you find? What words are derivatives? Give the primitive words from which they are derived.

(**11**) What word has a prefix? What does this prefix mean? What does the whole word mean? Give five other words having this prefix.

(**1**) How many words in this paragraph have suffixes. Give the primitive of each word having a suffix. Give other illustrations of these suffixes. Define prefix and suffix.

XL.—The Ants' Monday Dinner.

1. How did I know what the ants had for dinner last Monday? It was odd that I should know, but I'll tell you how it happened.

2. I was sitting under a pine-tree, high up on a hill-side. The hill-side was more than seven thousand feet above the sea, higher than many famous mountains that travelers love to talk about. But this was in Colorado, so there was nothing wonderful in its being up so high.

3. Suddenly I saw a tiny yellow caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along in a very strange way. In a second more an ant laid hold of him and began to drag him off. The caterpillar was three times as long as his captor, and his body was more than twice as large as the ant's body.

4. "Ho! ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you need not think you are strong enough to drag that fellow very far."

5. Why, it was about the same thing as if you or I should drag off a heifer, which was kicking and struggling for dear life all the time; only that the heifer has not half so many legs as the caterpillar had.

6. Poor caterpillar! how he did try to get away! But the ant never gave him a second's time to take a good grip of anything, and was cunning enough, too, to drag him on his side, so that he could not use his legs very well.

7. Up and down, and under and over stones and sticks; in and out of tufts of grass; over gravel and

sand; across bridges of pine-needles from stone to stone; backward all the way, ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him.

Presently he darted up a pine-tree.

"Dear me!" said I, "ants do not live in trees! What does this mean?"

8. The bark of the tree was all broken and jagged, and full of seams twenty times as deep as the height of the ant's body. They must have been awful chasms to him, and to the poor caterpillar, too, for their sharp edges caught and tore his skin, and doubled him up a dozen ways in a minute. But the ant went up and down that pine-tree as if the rugged bark had been the best race-course in the world.

9. He did not once stop or go more slowly. I had to watch very closely, not to lose sight of him altogether. I began to think that he was merely trying to kill the caterpillar; and that, perhaps, he did not mean to eat him, after all.

10. How did I know but that some ants might hunt caterpillars, just as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they need food?

11. If I had been sure of this, I would have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport for him very soon, you may be sure, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I had never thought that an ant could be cruel; and if it were really to get dinner for his family that this little creature was working so hard, he should be helped, not hindered.

12. Just then my attention was diverted from him by a sharp cry overhead. A hawk also was out trying

to do some marketing for his dinner; he had his eye on some little birds in their nest near by; but there were the parent birds keeping him off.

13. You would not have believed that these tiny creatures could drive off so big a bird as the hawk, but they did. They buzzed round him like flies round a horse's head; and at last he gave up and vanished in the blue sky, while the two birds came skimming home again into the wood.

14. "Well, well," said I, "the little people are stronger than the big ones, after all! Where has my ant gone?"

Where, indeed? I had been watching the hawk for about two minutes,—no longer,—but in those two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared.

15. At last I found them—where do you think? In a fold of the water-proof cloak on which I was sitting! The ant had let go his hold of the caterpillar, and was running around him, perfectly bewildered; and the caterpillar was unable to stir: he seemed to be half dead.

16. I shook the fold out, and, as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers on the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever. I suppose if I had understood the language of ants' features, I should have seen plainly written on his curious little face, "Dear me! what sort of country was that I tumbled into, so frightfully black and smooth?"

17. By this time the caterpillar was so helpless that there was no fear of his getting away; so the ant had a stop now and then to rest.

18. He would spring on the caterpillar's back and stretch himself out there; or he would stand still at the side of the poor prisoner and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head.

19. All this time, though, the ant was working steadily in one direction; he was on his way home, I felt very certain. None of the ants that he met took any notice of him; they all went on their own way, without giving the caterpillar even a look.

20. At first, this astonished me; but pretty soon I said to myself: "You stupid woman, not to suppose that ants can be as well-behaved as people! When you met Mr. Jones yesterday, you did not peep into his market-basket, or touch the cabbage that he had under his arm."

21. Presently, the ant dropped the caterpillar, and ran on a few steps—I mean inches—to join another ant that was coming toward him. They put their heads close together for a second; I could not hear what they said, but I could easily imagine, for they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar; then one took him by the head, and the other by the tail, and so they lugged him along finely.

22. It was not very far, however, to the ant's house. At the door—which was nothing but a hole in the ground, about as large as the end of my little finger—several ants were standing, watching the two friends who were bringing home a good Monday dinner for the hungry little colony.

23. They all took hold as soon as the caterpillar was on the doorstep—door-edge, I should say—and, in a

second, they had tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground, and that was the last I saw of him.

24. Can any one tell me how the ants knew that it was time to come home to their caterpillar meal? I doubt if any dinner-bell was rung; but, in less than a minute, I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole.

25. I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick, and see what had become of the caterpillar. But I thought that it was not quite fair to take the roof off a man's house to find out how he cooked his meat for dinner.

26. So I sat still awhile, and wondered whether they would lay their victim out straight on the floor, and then stand in rows each side of him and nibble across. Would they leave any for Tuesday? I went home to my own dinner, still debating the question.

Preparatory Study.

I. Which story do you like better, "The Ants' Monday Dinner," or "Little Soldiers"? Give your reasons for the preference.

II. (**2**) "That travelers love to talk about" is a descriptive clause *relating* to the noun "mountains;" hence, the pronoun **that** is called a **relative pronoun.** What is its number? Why?

A relative pronoun relates to a preceding noun or pronoun, and connects it with the succeeding clause.

The relative pronouns are who, which, what, that, and their compounds.

(**3**) What succeeding clause relates to the noun **caterpillar**? What part of speech, then, is **which**? What is its number? Why? (**22**) What clause describes **friends**? What part of speech, then, is **who**? What is its number? Why?

XLI.—Incidents in the Life of Washington.

1. Washington was born in Virginia, in 1732. His father died when he was eleven years old, leaving quite a large property, of which the mother was to have the management till the five children came of age, when it was to be divided among them.

2. The mother was a very wise and energetic woman; and she taught her children to be prudent, economical, and industrious, as she herself was.

3. There were very few schools in the South at that time; hence, Washington had not the means of getting so good an education as most boys have in our day.

4. His book-learning did not go beyond reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, and surveying; but whatever he undertook was done thoroughly; and some of his school-books show how carefully he wrote, and how exact he was in keeping his accounts.

5. He was fond of the study of surveying, and made rapid progress in mathematics and engineering, exhibiting great skill in making and drawing plans. He enjoyed out-door sports, and took every sort of exercise that would increase his strength.

6. Once, it is said, he threw a stone across the Rappahannock River, opposite to his father's house, a feat that no one else was ever known to perform. One of his favorite amusements was playing soldier; and, as he seemed to know much more about the art of war than the other boys, they always made him captain.

7. He was very fond of horses; and one day he undertook to tame a fierce animal that had never before been ridden. The horse was a valuable one, belonging to his mother. Washington nearly broke his own neck; but he did not give up. Finally, the proud animal burst a blood-vessel, and fell dead beneath his young rider.

8. The mother was very sorry to lose so valuable a horse; but she forgot her loss in the pleasure she felt when her son came to her at once to tell her what had happened.

9. Love of truth was one of the prominent traits of Washington's character; and if he said a thing, he meant it, or if he made a promise, he would keep it: every one of his schoolmates was sure of that.

10. His oldest brother, Laurence, a captain in the English navy, gave such glowing accounts of his adventures that George was seized with a longing to enter the navy and go to sea. Laurence encouraged this; and finally his mother very reluctantly gave her consent.

11. A situation was procured for George, and his clothes were packed and sent on board the ship; but, at the last moment, his mother, feeling that he must not go, begged him to give up all thought of it.

12. Washington so dearly loved her, that the thought of giving her pain was harder to bear than any sacrifice that he could make. He gave up his longing for the sea, and stayed at home.

13. When he was sixteen, an English nobleman, who had extensive possessions in America, was visiting

at a neighboring mansion. He became much interested in our young hero, and employed him to survey his lands.

14. This occupied Washington for over three years, and was a great advantage to him in many ways. Not only was he well paid, but he became thoroughly acquainted with the country that Braddock's army afterward had to pass through.

15. Washington loved to encounter hardships; and his early experience in surveying was probably the best training he could have, to fit him for the soldier's life that he was afterward to lead.

16. Washington was never ashamed to work; and when he became commander-in-chief, he was willing to share the lot of the humblest soldier, if necessary.

17. During the American War, a corporal was giving orders to those under him, about a heavy beam that they were trying to raise to the top of some military works.

18. It was no easy task to raise such a weight, and the voice of the corporal was often heard shouting, "Heave away! There it goes! Heave, ho!"

19. A stranger, not in military costume, who was riding by, asked the man why he did not render a little aid. The petty officer, astonished, turned round with all the pomp of an emperor, and said, "Sir, I am a corporal!"

20. "You are, are you?" replied the other. "I was not aware of that;" and, taking off his hat, he bowed, saying, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

21. Upon this he dismounted, and pulled till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. Then, turning to the little great man, he said,—

22. "Mr. Corporal, when you have another job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-chief, and I will come again to help you." The corporal was thunder-struck. It was Washington!

23. When Washington was President of the United States, he fulfilled every duty of his position with the utmost promptitude; yet he was never in a hurry. The secret of it all lay in his punctuality.

24. When he fixed a time for any business, he would never wait a minute beyond the hour appointed. If he promised to meet Congress at noon, he would be at the door before the clock had finished striking twelve.

25. In his own household he was just as punctual. When at home, he dined at four o'clock each day; and he never permitted the carelessness of others to disturb this arrangement: the dinner was served on the moment, without respect to tardy guests.

26. One day a man who had two very fine horses, hearing that Washington wished to purchase a pair, immediately called upon him, hoping to make an advantageous sale. "They are the best horses in the country," said the owner. "Would you like to see them?"

27. "Bring them to-morrow morning at five o'clock," replied Washington. "If I like them, I will buy them."

Just as the clock was striking five, he came out of his house into the grounds to keep his appointment. The horses were not to be seen; the stranger was late.

28. At a quarter past five, however, the man drove into the yard, but Washington was not there. The chance of selling the horses was lost; for Washington could not afterward be induced to deal with the man who had been a quarter of an hour late.

29. When Washington was not in public service, he lived quietly with his family at his beautiful home on the Potomac, known as Mount Vernon. He was fond of agriculture, and did much to beautify and enrich his lands. Dearly loved by all, and well-named the Father of his Country, he died in 1799, having been twice elected President.

Preparatory Study.

(1) Name all the personal pronouns, stating the person and number of each. What relative pronoun do you find? For what noun does it stand? What, then, are its person and number?

The noun or the pronoun for which a relative pronoun stands is called its antecedent.

(5) Name the relative pronoun. What are the person and the number of its antecedent? What, then, are the person and the number of the pronoun? (**7, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19**) Find other relative pronouns, and give the person and the number of each.

XLII.—Naming the Baby.

1. Mrs. Periwinkle's baby never had a name—that is, what you could call a real name—until he was five years old. He was so small and so active that his father used to call him Lively; and before he had

arrived at the dignity of short clothes, everybody called him Lively, so there was really no use for any other name.

2. Of course, all babies are wonderful, and everybody's baby is more wonderful than any other baby; but this little fellow had a most surprising way of doing things. When he found out that he had feet and toes,—and he made this discovery very early in life,—he would make a hoop of his small body; and it was not long before he managed, in one of these gymnastic feats, to roll out of the cradle.

3. Fortunately, he was so wrapped up that he was not hurt; but, to prevent further accident, his father, who had been a sailor, added to the cradle what he called "rolling tackle," that is, light boards on the sides; and these were too high to let Lively amuse himself by climbing over them.

4. Now Lively had a sister, named Polly, one of those happy, sunny little girls whom all people love; and the neighbors were always giving her pets. She had chickens, and a dog, and birds, and rabbits, and a guinea-pig.

5. Her chief treasure came to her when Lively was five years old. This was a white kitten, a fat, fluffy little thing, which used to coil up in her lap, looking more like a ball of cotton than a mischievous pussy.

6. This kitten was named Sambo, though why a white kitten should be so called no one but Polly could tell. Perhaps she liked, at times, to deal in contraries.

7. Sambo was very fond of traveling, but he was so careless that his journeyings frequently ended in disaster. He could not see a moth without planning an

attack upon it, and this fancy of his was indirectly the means of giving Lively a name.

8. One day, when the little boy was feeding his chickens, Sambo saw a moth flit past, which he immediately started to pursue. Lively turned to look at the chase, and there was the white tail just vanishing behind an apple-tree at the end of the orchard! Hastily dropping the dish and the chickens' dinner, he ran after the kitten into the wood beyond. Through this wood flowed a merry brook, whose banks were covered with wild flowers.

9. It cannot be said of Sambo that he was one of those wise kittens that "look before they leap." He ran on until he came to a steep place, where wild roses drooped over the water. The moth alighted on a rose, and Sambo, thinking "Now I have him!" leaped to catch—not the moth, but a ducking.

10. Polly had often said to her little brother, as she started for school, "Be careful of Sambo, and do not let him be lost or hurt;" so, as soon as Lively saw the kitten in the brook, he jumped in after him. The water was quite deep here, and ran swiftly; and it tumbled Lively down, and rolled him over.

11. But he did not think of himself; he scrambled to his feet and hurried on. A pole standing in the water stopped Sambo a moment, and Lively caught him. The water was nearly up to the boy's shoulders, and ran too swiftly for him to go back, so he was in a sad plight. But he held on to the kitten; and, in a little time, reached a place that the children called "the island."

12. This was formed of two rocks lying near each other, on which a light soil supported a little grass and a few bushes. The sun shone in among the trees, and soon the little playmates, warmed and dried by the glowing beams, were playing merrily.

13. Dinner-time came, and, just as the men entered the house, Lively's mother started out to find her boy. She went to the yard in which the chickens were kept, and there she found the empty dish, but no little boy.

14. "I will go to the woods," said his father. "Perhaps he went there to play, and has grown tired and has fallen asleep somewhere." He soon found the child, safely perched on the island, and, wading in, he brought both Sambo and Lively home. After dinner, he asked the little fellow how he had got on the rocks.

15. Then Lively told of Sambo's chase after the moth, and of his chase after Sambo; of Sambo's jump into the water, and all that followed. The childish story delighted his sailor-father, who said, with a laugh: "The boy was not born to be drowned, but is a regular young Neptune. We will name him Neptune."

16. But Lively said he must keep his old name, too. So they called him Neptune Lively Periwinkle, and he proved himself to be a veritable Periwinkle by tumbling into the brook so often that his father declared he had measured it from end to end.

Preparatory Study.

I. According to the mythology, or religious fables, of the Romans, Neptune was the god of the sea, fountains, and rivers. Why was Lively like Neptune?

II. (3) For what noun does **who** stand? What, then, are the person and the number of **who**? (4) For what noun does **whom** stand? What are its person and number? (8) For what noun does **whose** stand? What are its person and number?

Write five sentences, three of which shall contain **whom**; let the other two contain **who** or **whose**.

XLIII.—Children.

1.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

2.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That looks toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

3.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

4.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

5.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

6.

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

7.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

8.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

9.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

XLIV.—Perseverance Wins.

1. About thirty years ago, I stepped into a book-store in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a ragged little boy, not over twelve years of age, came in to ask whether they had "geographies" to sell.

2. "Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know that they were so dear."

3. He turned to go out, and even opened the door,

but closed it again and came back. "I have only sixty-two cents," said he; "will you let me have the book, and wait a while for the rest of the money?"

4. How eagerly the lad looked for an answer; and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man refused his request. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

5. "And what now?" I asked.

"I shall try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"O, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

6. Four different stores I entered with him, and four times I saw the childish face cloud at a harsh refusal.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

7. We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

8. "Do you want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Why do you want it so much?"

9. "To study, sir. I can not go to school, but, when I have time, I study at home. All the boys have geographies, and they will be ahead of me if I do not get

one. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to know something about the places that he used to go to."

10. "Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," replied the boy, softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir; if I live."

11. "Well, my lad, I shall tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can; or, I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and is it just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes; it is as good as the new ones."

12. "It will do just as well, then; and I shall have twelve cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad that they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

13. The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and, when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

14. "A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir; you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverley, sir."

15. "Do you want any more books?" I now asked, earnestly regarding the serious little face.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the volumes that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank-note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"May I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad; whatever you want."

16. "Then I will buy a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you."

He asked my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him. Many years passed before I saw him again.

17. Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage; but, toward the end, there came a terrible storm, and the ship would have sunk, with all on board, had it not been for the captain.

18. Every mast was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak was filling the ship with water. The crew were strong and willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class.

19. But, after pumping for one whole night, with the water still gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though

they might have known that no small boat could live in such a wind and sea.

20. The captain, who had been below examining his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

21. It was surprising to see those men bow before his strong will, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to look for the leak. As he passed me, I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel.

22. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers,—who had crowded around to hear the reply,—and said, rebukingly: "Yes, sir; so long as one inch of this deck remains above water, there is hope. When that fails, I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Everything shall be done to save the ship, and, if we fail, it will not be our fault. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

23. Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

24. And he did land us safe, but the vessel sunk soon after she was moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking ship, receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers as they hurried down the gang-plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand, and said: "Judge Preston, do you not recognize me?"

25. I told him that I did not; I was not aware that I had ever seen him before I stepped on board his ship.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography, some thirty years ago, in Cincinnati? He owes you a debt of gratitude for your encouragement and kindness to him."

26. "I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Haverley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you!"

"And may God bless you, too, Captain Haverley," I said. "The perseverance that, thirty years ago, secured you that geography, has to-day saved our lives."

Preparatory Study.

I. Why could not this boy get a geography at the first store? How many times did he try before he succeeded? Why do you think Judge Preston did not give him the money at first? What happened on the voyage to Europe? What noted men, in the early history of our country, were distinguished for their perseverance? How did it help them?

II. (**17**) What word describes the year? The vessel? The weather? The storm? Words thus describing persons or things are called **adjectives.**

An adjective is a word used to limit or qualify the meaning of a noun or a pronoun.

(**6, 18**) Select all the adjectives, and tell what they qualify.

In English grammar, all the words of the language are divided into nine classes, or kinds, called parts of speech.

What parts of speech have you already studied?

XLV.—Short Quotations.

1. Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.

---

2. Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

---

3. The very law that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

---

4. So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must."
The youth replies, "I can."

---

5. A wonderful thing is a seed;
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses, and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

XLVI.—An Old-Fashioned Party.

PART I.

1. It would have been something worth while to follow Hazel Winkley as she went her rounds, asking quietly at each house to see Mrs. This or That, "as she had a message;" and being shown, like a little representative of an almost extinct period, up into the parlor or the dressing-room of each lady.

2. "I am Hazel Winkley," she would say, "and my mother sends her compliments, and would like to have Lilian come at four o'clock to-day, to spend the afternoon and take tea. I'm to have a little party such as mother used to have; and nobody is to be much dressed up, and we are only to play games."

3. "Why, that is charming!" cried Mrs. Ashburne; for the feeling of her own early days came over her as she heard the words. "Give my kind compliments to your mother, and tell her that Lilian will be very happy to go;" and Mrs. Ashburne stooped and kissed Hazel as she went away.

4. She stood in the deep, carved stone entrance-way to Mrs. Geoffrey's house, in the same fearless, Red Riding Hood fashion, just as she would have waited in any little country porch.

5. Not a whit dismayed was she, either, when the tall man-servant admitted her to the marble-paved hall, out of which great doors opened into rooms rich with noble adorning and soft shading,—where pictures made magic upon the walls, and books were piled from floor to ceiling; and where she hesitated to take a seat,

lest she should be quite hidden in some great arm-chair or sofa corner.

6. So, as the lady entered, there she was, upright and waiting, just within the library doors, with her face turned toward the staircase.

7. "I am Hazel Winkley," she began, as if she had said, I am Pease-blossom or Mustard-seed; "I go to school with Ada,"—and went on, then, with her compliments and her party. And at the end she said, very simply, "Miss Craydocke is coming, and she knows the games."

8. "Miss Craydocke of Orchard Street? And where do you live?"

"In Aspen Street, close by, in Uncle Titus's house. We have not lived there very long,—only this winter; before that we lived in Homesworth."

9. "And Homesworth is in the country? Don't you miss that?"

"Yes; but Aspen Street is very pleasant: we have a garden. Besides, we like streets and neighbors." Then she added, "Would n't Mr. Geoffrey come for Ada in the evening?"

10. "I have n't the least doubt he would!" said Mrs. Geoffrey, her face all alive with kindly amusement, and catching the spirit of the thing from the inimitable simplicity before her, such as never had walked into anybody's house before, in this place and generation, and was no more to be snubbed than a flower, or a breeze, or an angel.

11. "I've found the real folks, mother, and they are all coming!" Hazel cried, joyfully, running in, an hour later, where Mrs. Winkley was setting little vases and baskets about on shelf and table, between the white, plain, muslin draperies of the long parlor windows.

12. Inside the wide, open fireplace, behind the high brass fender and the shining andirons, was a "chimney flower-pot," country fashion, of green lilac boughs and woodbine sprays and crimson and white tulips. The room was fair and fragrant, and the windows were wide open upon vines and grass.

"It looks like you, mother," said Hazel, "just as Mrs. Geoffrey's house looks like her. Houses *should* look like people, I think."

13. After dinner, Miss Craydocke came, and at three o'clock, Uncle Titus walked in with his coat-pockets full of candies: it was a pure mercy to unload him, so that he might be able to sit down.

14. There were large, beautiful shells, rose-colored and white, holding little slips of tinted paper on which were pretty rhymes and couplets from real poets; and there were toys and other devices in sugar,—flowers and animals, hats, bonnets, and boots, apples and cucumbers, such as Hazel had never seen before.

15. "It is not quite fair!" said good Miss Craydocke. "We were to go back to the old, simple fashions; and here you are beginning over again with sumptuous inventions."

16. "No!" said Uncle Titus, stoutly. "It is only old and new,—the self-same good old notions brought to a little modern perfection. They are made of pure sugar, and are as innocent as they look: good, honest mint and spice, checkerberry, lemon, and rose. I know the man who made them."

Preparatory Study.

I. (1) What word qualifies **house**? **Representative**? **Period**? **Lady**? What part of speech is each of these qualifying words? Why? (4) Select all the adjectives, and tell what they qualify.

A, an, and the are called articles.

(10) Select all the articles in this paragraph.

Write the possessive form, singular and plural, of **lady, mother, uncle, neighbor, man.**

(1) Of what pronoun is **her** the possessive form?

XLVII.—An Old-Fashioned Party.

PART II.

1. The tea-room extended into the garden, and was shaded at the back by the deep leafiness of grape-vines. Inside were the tall, old-fashioned sideboard and the equally old-fashioned table, on which were plates of the thinnest and sweetest bread and butter, a tall glass pitcher of milk, early strawberries in a white basket lined with leaves, and round, frosted cakes in a silver basket with a network rim.

2. Mrs. Winkley and Lucy waited on their guests; and, after tea, the company went out into the garden, where, under the shady horse-chestnuts, they found a swing; then there were balls, with which Hazel showed them how to play "Class."

3. It was only Miss Craydocke's "Thread-the-Needle" that got them in again; and, after that, she showed them another simple old dancing game, the "Winding Circle," from which they all merrily and mysteriously untwisted themselves, with Miss Craydocke's bright little face and fluttering cap-ribbons leading them off.

4. In the midst of it all, the door opened, and the grand Mr. Geoffrey walked in —the man who could manage State Street, and whom rich people were anxious to have at their dinners, or to dignify an evening drawing-room for the last half-hour.

5. Mrs. Winkley was simply glad to see him; so she was to see Kenneth Kincaid, who entered a few minutes later, just as Lucy came in with the sweetmeats.

6. The beautiful shells and their rhymes brought the guests around the large table, for the eating and the reading, while Mr. Geoffrey and Uncle Titus sat a little aside talking European politics.

7. The sugar-plums lasted a good while, with the chatter over them; and then, before the company quite knew what it was all for, they had slips of paper and lead-pencils before them, and there was to be a round of "Crambo" to wind up.

8. "O, I don't know how!" and "I never can!" were the first words, when the game was explained; but Miss Craydocke assured them that "everybody could;" and Hazel said that "nobody expected real poetry; it need not be more than two lines, and those might be blank verse, if they were very hard, but jingles were better!"

9. Then the questions and the words were written and folded, and the papers were shuffled, and opened amid outcries of "O, this is awful!" "What a word to get in!" "Why, they have n't the least thing to do with each other!"

10. "That is the beauty of it," said Miss Craydocke— "to make them have; and it is funny how much things have to do with each other when they once happen to meet."

11. Then there were knit brows, and desperate scratchings, and such silence, that Mr. Geoffrey and Uncle Titus stopped short and looked around to see what had happened. Presently Dorris called out in distress, real or pretended,—

12. "Kenneth, here is something you must really take off my hands! I have n't the least idea what to do with it."

And then came a cry from Hazel,—

"Not fair! We are all just as badly off, and there is not one of us that has a brother to turn to. Here is another question for Mr. Kincaid."

13. "There are plenty more. Come, Mr. Oldways and Mr. Geoffrey, won't you try 'Crambo'?"

"We 'll come and see what it is," said Mr. Geoffrey; and so the chairs were drawn up, and the gray, grave heads looked on over the young ones.

14. "Why, Hazel's got through!" said Louise, scratching violently at her paper.

"O, I did n't bother, you see! I just stuck the word right in, like a pin into a pin-cushion, and let it go. There was n't anything else to do with it."

15. "I shall have to make my pin-cushion," said Dorris.

"I should think you would! Look at her! She is writing her paper all over! O, dear; she must have done it before!"

16. "See mother and Mr. Geoffrey, too! We shall have to publish a book," said Diana, biting the end of her pencil, and taking it easy.

"Uncle Titus and Lilian are folding their papers," said Hazel.

Soon all had finished, and they had great fun in listening to the different rhymes.

17. "I never saw such bright people in my life," said Ada Geoffrey, as they were preparing to go home. "But the worst of all is papa! I'll never get over it, see if I do! Such a cheat! Why, it's like playing dumb all your life, and then speaking up suddenly, in a quiet way, some day, as if it were nothing in particular and nobody cared."

18. "How was it, Aleck?" Mrs. Geoffrey asked of her husband, as they sat together in her dressing-room.

"Brightest people I have been among for a long time—and nicest," said the banker, concisely. "A real, fresh little home, with a mother in it. Good place for Ada to visit, and good girls for her to know—like the ones I fell in love with, a hundred years ago."

19. "That rhymed oracle—to say nothing of the fraction of a compliment—should settle it," said Mrs. Geoffrey, laughing.

"Rhymes have been the order of the evening. I expect to talk in verse for a week at least!"

And then he told her about "Crambo."

Preparatory Study.

I. What is there in Hazel's character that makes people love her? Name as many points as you can. This story is taken from a book called "Real Folks;" if any of the pupils have read it, let them tell the class more about Hazel and her mother.

II. (1) Write a list of the compound words in which a hyphen is used. Write a list of those in which it is omitted. Why is it omitted in these? (See page 116.) What is the rule for using a hyphen when a part of the word must be written on the line below? (See page 116.) What is the rule for words of one syllable?

Where should the word **table** be divided? The word **basket?**

XLVIII.—The Sloth.

1. During my stay in South America, I kept a sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out and put him on the ground, that I might observe his motions. Over rough places, he pulled himself forward quite rapidly by means of his forelegs; and he always moved directly toward the nearest tree; but upon smooth, well-trodden parts of the road, he appeared to be in distress.

2. In-doors, he would remain for hours hanging from the topmost part of the back of a chair: indeed, this seemed to be his favorite position. It must be said, in justice to the odd creature, that his inactivity was not, like the indolence of many animals, a matter of choice: he was slow and dull from necessity, for nature had made him so.

3. Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth; the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies; and the monkey and the squirrel to live among the trees. Still, these may change their relative situations without suffering much inconvenience; but the sloth, in his wild state, is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and, what is more remarkable, not upon the branches, but under them.

4. He moves, rests, and sleeps hanging from the branch. His formation differs from that of any other known quadruped, and is peculiarly adapted to the way in which he suspends himself from trees. He does not hang head downward, like the vampire when asleep, but attaches himself by all four of his limbs to

a branch parallel to the earth. In this position he seems perfectly at rest.

5. The hair of the sloth is of a very peculiar nature: it is thick and coarse at the extremity, and gradually tapers to the root, where it becomes as fine as a spider's web. In color it so closely resembles dried grass or moss that, when at rest, the animal seems to be part of the vegetable growth upon the tree.

6. The Indians say that the sloth begins to travel when the wind blows. In calm weather he remains quiet, probably not daring to trust his weight to the extremities of the branches in passing from one tree to another; but, as soon as the wind rises, and the branches of the neighboring trees are blown within reach, the sloth seizes them and pursues his journey in safety.

7. As his home is in the region of the trade-wind, which generally sets in here about ten o'clock in the morning, there are very few days that hinder the slow creature from traveling. He moves off at a fair pace, passing from tree to tree as if he did not deserve the name by which he is known.

8. One day, as we were crossing the Essequibo, I saw a large two-toed sloth on the river-bank. How he came there no one could tell. The Indian guide said that he had never before seen a sloth in such a situation. Above and below the place, the heavy branches touched the water, affording to a thirsty animal an easy means of reaching the water without descending from the tree. Why, then, had the sloth dropped upon the earth, contrary to his usual fashion?

9. Though the trees were not more than twenty yards from him, he could not make his way through the sand fast enough to escape before we landed. As soon as we reached him, he threw himself on his back and defended himself in gallant style with his forelegs.

10. "Come, poor fellow," said I, "if thou hast got into a hobble to-day, thou shalt not suffer for it. I'll take no advantage of thy misfortune. The forest is large enough for both thee and me. Go thy ways above, and enjoy thyself in the endless wilds. It is more than probable thou wilt never have another interview with man. So, fare thee well!"

11. On saying this, I took a long stick, held it for him to grasp, and carried him to a stately mora. He ascended with wonderful rapidity, and in a minute was almost at the top of the tree. He went off in a side direction, caught hold of the branch of a neighboring tree, and I soon lost sight of him in the dense foliage.

Preparatory Study.

I. (1) Write synonyms of **observe, rapidly, distress.**

II. (6) What word in the second line expresses the action of the wind? In the sixth line? What two words in the seventh line express the action of the sloth? These words are called **verbs.**

Words that express action, being, or condition, are called verbs; as, (1) **pulled, moved,** (2) **would remain,** (5) **becomes,** (6) **are blown.**

Name the parts of speech used in the following sentences:—

The sloth climbs the trees.
He eats the young green leaves.

XLIX.—The Two Church-Builders.

1.

A famous king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand;
And, that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

2.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

3.

Now, when the king, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come,
—A halo round his head,—
Erase the royal name, and write
Another in its stead.

4.

What could it mean? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead,
In letters all aflame.

5.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne

To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

6.

The king, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman, trembling sore,
He said, "'T is very clear
That you have broken my command;
Now let the truth appear!"

7.

"Your majesty," the widow said,
"I can't deny the truth;
I love the Lord,—my Lord and yours,—
And so, in simple sooth,
I broke your majesty's command
(I crave your royal ruth.)

8.

"And since I had no money, sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your majesty;
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay."

9.

"Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed--
"Self-glory was my aim;
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame.
'T is my command the tablet bear
The pious widow's name."

L.—A Novel Bridge.

1. "They are coming, and will most likely cross the river by the rocks yonder," said the Spaniard.

"How, swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"

"O, no; monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they can not leap the stream, they will bridge it."

2. "Bridge it! and how will they do that?"

"Stop a moment, Captain, and you shall see."

The half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot upon which we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers.

3. One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement among the troops. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several monkeys—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides.

4. At length they all collected around a tall cottonwood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and a number of the largest and strongest of the troop scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost monkey ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, dropped and hung head downward.

5. The next monkey on the limb slipped down the body of the first, and, whipping his tail tightly around the neck and forearm of his suspended companion, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated the manœuver upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his forepaws upon the ground.

6. The living chain then commenced to swing backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he reached it. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

7. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb with his long, thin forearms, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the right time to save the intermediate links from the violence of too sudden a jerk.

8. The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension-bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expressions of the countenances along that living chain.

9. The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly, number one must unwind his tail from the tree. Then, as the other side was much lower, this

monkey, with half a dozen of his neighbors, would be soused into the water or dashed upon the opposite bank of the river.

10. Would the lives of a few be sacrificed for the good of the majority? Or would the engineers display still further genius, and devise a plan by which the monkeys forming the bridge could safely cross the river? Here was a problem; but it was soon solved.

11. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and, running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

12. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The whole troop then scampered off into the forest and disappeared.

13. The extraordinary performance had been so ludicrous, that it amused even the grave South American Indian who waited upon our host. The children of our party laughed aloud at the mischievous tricks of the bridge-makers, who, whenever the humor seized them, bit the passenger-monkeys until the latter screamed at this objectionable toll-taking. At last our host's little daughter cried out, "O, I believe that I have no laugh left!" That ridiculous monkey-bridge had brought tears into her lovely Spanish eyes.

Preparatory Study.

I. (**4**) Give the primitive words or roots of all words having suffixes. (**6**) Analyze **backward, forward** (see Appendix, page 306), (**8**) **rapidity,** (**11**) **powerful,** (**12**) **formation, disappeared.**

II. Write the possessive singular and the possessive plural of **Spaniard, monkey, soldier, fellow,** and **chieftain.**

(**2**) Select the pronouns, and state the person and the number of each. Name the articles and the adjectives, and tell what word each one limits or qualifies. (**11**) Name the verbs.

LI.—The Battle of Lexington; or, the Beginning of the American Revolution.

PART I.

1. While the colonies in America remained small, England took little notice of them; but when they increased so that each had a trade of its own, the English government began to be jealous, and said "The colonies go on choosing their own governors and extending their trade, as if they had forgotten that they belong to us."

2. After a while the charters which had given the colonies a right to govern themselves were taken away, and the king appointed the governors. But the people in America had not endured the sufferings of the earlier times in the new country, without learning to resent injustice.

3. "Our fathers earned for us, through toil and suffering, the right to vote," said they; "and shall we calmly submit to have that right taken from us?"

4. The next vexation to the colonies came in 1763, soon after the close of the French and Indian war, which had cost England a great deal of money. "As this war was partly on account of the colonies," said the mother-country, "they ought to help us to pay off our great debt."

5. But the colonies had suffered much through the war; and they, as well as England, owed a great deal of money on account of it. They felt it to be unjust, therefore, that they should be obliged to pay England's debt in addition to their own.

6. The king planned to get this money from his American colonies by making them pay for the privilege of receiving goods from the English markets. He also sent over officers to search the ships coming into our ports, lest his American subjects should receive goods without paying the duties imposed upon them.

7. When the people heard of this, they were surprised and vexed. They said, "Do not the colonies belong to the king? And shall a man pay for eating bread in his own house? We will have no more goods from England! We will spin and weave for ourselves! And we will eat no more mutton, for fear we shall not have wool enough for our winter clothes!"

8. Then came another grievance, still worse. The colonists had been very industrious. Factories had sprung up along the rivers; and in many of the little towns the busy hum of labor could be heard. Every year, quantities of linen and woolen cloths, hats, paper, shoes, furniture, and farming-tools were made.

9. England said, "This manufacturing by the colonists is hurting our trade. They must close their factories and buy of us."

10. And for fear they should continue to make things for themselves, England said, "The Americans shall pay us duties on all goods carried from one colony to another."

11. The next injustice that they had to bear came through the Stamp Act. No American could buy a newspaper or use a legal document of any description unless it had a stamp on it. These stamps cost more

or less, according to the business in which they were used; and all the money paid for them was to be sent to England.

12. On the passage of this Act, the people were again very indignant. "Does England wish to make slaves of us?" they asked. "Shall we give up all our rights as Englishmen? Never!"

13. There was a young lawyer in Boston, named James Otis, who was a very fine speaker; and when the people met to talk about the Stamp Act, he spoke so grandly and fearlessly that all Boston was on fire with a determination to resist the injustice; and the citizens said, "We will never be taxed by England! We will not buy a stamp!"

14. After this, Otis and other noted men sent letters to the different colonies, begging them never to submit to taxation. This was hardly necessary, for they were all very angry at England.

In Virginia another eloquent man, named Patrick Henry, roused the people in the same way.

15. Some of Otis's writings were sent to England; and the king said, "The man is mad! Do not the colonies belong to us? Have we not a right to do by them as we choose?"

16. Then a large body of soldiers, under General Gage, was sent over, to keep the people in awe. Orders also came that these troops were to be housed and fed by the colonists. The English soldiers were very insulting to the citizens, who became more and more alarmed for their rights. Even the children found reason to complain.

17. Finally, it was decided that the American citizens should form themselves into military companies, and be ready to take up arms at a minute's warning. On this account they were called minute-men.

18. General Gage was much displeased when he learned that the Americans were raising companies of soldiers to maintain their rights, and to enable them to resist the encroachments of the English government. He determined to destroy their military stores wherever he could find them.

19. The colonists suspected this. They had a quantity of powder and muskets at Concord, about sixteen miles from Boston. As it was feared that General Gage might find it out, there was an understanding that certain citizens should watch the enemy's movements; and if, at any time, English troops should march from Boston, there was to be a signal given from the belfry of the old North Church.

Preparatory Study.

I. (**6**) How did England first plan to tax the colonies? (**7**) What did the colonists say to this? (**10**) What was the second plan of taxation? How many colonies were there at this time? What were their names? (See note on page 119.) (**11**) What was the Stamp Act?

The colonists adopted as a principle: "No taxation without representation." What did they mean by this?

Why should people who pay taxes have a chance to say how much they shall pay and how the taxes shall be spent? Give two reasons at least. (**16**) How did the English government try to force the colonists to pay the taxes? What was the result of all this?

LII.—The Battle of Lexington.

PART II.

1. One night, in April, 1775, a thrill of alarm filled a little band of patriots in Charlestown, as they saw a light appear in the belfry. Paul Revere, who had been chosen to carry the news to Concord, quickly mounted a horse; with almost lightning speed he galloped to Medford. Here he stopped at a house in which Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping.

2. "Do not make so much noise!" said a man on guard before the house.

"Noise!" said Paul Revere. "You 'll have noise enough before long! The red-coats are marching to Concord!" And on he rode, giving the alarm at the house of every sleeping farmer on the way.

3. As soon as the Concord people were roused, they began to remove the military stores into the woods.

In the mean time, eight hundred English troops, under command of Major Pitcairn, were on the road.

4. They had hoped to get possession of the powder and muskets, before morning, and without disturbance. But as they passed along, and heard the ringing of bells, and saw the hurrying to and fro of the people, they knew that their plans had been found out. So they sent back for more troops.

5. Major Pitcairn reached Lexington, a town east of Concord, at four o'clock in the morning. Here were seventy minute-men in arms, collected on the green.

6. "You villains! you rebels!" cried he; "disperse! Lay down your arms and disperse!"

As there was no response, the British soldiers fired, and eighteen of the Lexington men were killed or wounded. Then the red-coats, giving three "hurrahs," marched on toward Concord.

7. On that same morning,—April 19, 1775,—about four hundred and fifty minute-men had assembled on a hill overlooking Concord. They could see the English destroying their military stores and provisions, but they knew that it was useless to attack so large a number.

8. The British soldiers who were guarding a bridge at the entrance of the town, were soon driven from their position. The minute-men marched down the hill, and fired upon these red-coats, who fled in great confusion, having one man killed and several wounded.

9. When the English had destroyed all the military stores they could find, they set out to return to Boston, carrying their wounded with them. But they were not to go back so easily as they had come.

10. The whole country was roused, and men came hurrying from all directions. Most of them were in their shirt-sleeves, but they had guns in their hands and powder in their flasks. There was scarcely a tree or a wall that did not shelter minute-men. The English said, "It seemed as if men dropped from the clouds."

11. In their march back, the British lost many men. Their ammunition failed, and they began to run in disorder. The soldiers from Boston who came to their aid formed a hollow square, into which their comrades ran, throwing themselves on the ground in sheer exhaustion.

12. The British were glad to get back to Boston. under the protection of General Gage. If they had not been re-enforced, they would have been obliged to surrender. As it was, they lost two hundred and seventy-three men; while the Americans lost only eighty-eight.

13. England was astonished to hear that the regulars, as the king's troops were called, had run away from American farmers. When Samuel Adams heard the guns at Lexington, he exclaimed, "What a glorious morning is this!" The time had come when men must rise up and fight for their freedom.

Preparatory Study.

(2) What is the first verb? Fill the following blanks with correct forms of this verb:—

I —— it now. I —— it yesterday. I have —— it before.

What is the second verb? Fill the same blanks with its correct forms.

These three forms of a verb are called its principal parts.

(7) Write the principal parts of the verbs **assemble, see, destroy,** and **knew.** Which of these forms refers to present time? Which to past time? Place the word **present** over the form used with now; **past** over the form used with yesterday; and **past participle** over the form used with have.

Which of the verbs, to express past action, have added **ed** to the present? Which have used a different word? Which seems the easier and more regular way of making the past forms, to add **ed** or to use another word? Then which shall you call regular verbs? What shall the other verbs be called? Write a definition of a regular verb.

LIII.—Speech of James Otis.

1. England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

2. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

3. We are two millions—one-fifth, fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and never can be extorted.

4. Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust?

5. True, the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the

mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

6. We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population.

7. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother-country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

8. But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king—and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.

9. Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

10. In every instance, those who take are to judge for those who pay; if this system is to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament, otherwise, they would soon be taxed and dried.

11. But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America.

12. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

Preparatory Study.

I. Who is the author of this speech? What did you learn of him in Lesson LI.? (**1**) What strong comparison does he use to show how impossible it is for England to carry out her plans? Of what principle does he speak as if it were a living creature? Why does he speak of Scotland and Switzerland in connection with Freedom?

(**2**) Charles I., king of England, had lost his head since the Pilgrims came to America; and James II. had lost his crown. What is meant by "arbitrary principles"? (**3**) What does he say the colonies are willing to do for England?

II. (**2**) Why are **one another** and **third** emphatic? (**3**) Why is **unforced** emphatic? (**4**) What two words are used in contrast? Why is **implies** emphatic? (**5**) Why is **shadow** emphatic? (**9**) Why is **frequency** emphatic? What two words are used in contrast?

III. In pronouncing **injustice**, which syllable has greatest force? This stress upon a syllable is called accent, and is indicated by the acute (′) mark. Mark the accent in **remember, freedom, sentimental,** and **arbitrary.**

LIV.—The Parson's Daughter.

1.

"Ho! ho!" he cried, as up and down
He rode through the streets of Windham town.
"Ho! ho! for the day of peace is done,
And the day of wrath too well begun!
Bring forth the grain from your barns and mills;
Drive down the cattle from off your hills;
For Boston lieth in sore distress,
Pallid with hunger and long duress:
Her children starve, while she hears the beat
And the tramp of the red-coats in every street!"

2.

"What ho! what ho!" Like a storm unspent,
Over the hills he came and went;
And Parson White, from his open door
Leaning bare-headed that August day,
While the sun beat down on his temples gray,
Watched him until he could see no more.
Then straight he strode to the church, and flung
His whole soul into the peal he rung;
Pulling the bell-rope till the tower
Seemed to rock in the sudden shower.

3.

The shower of sound the farmers heard,
Rending the air like a living word!
Then swift they gathered, with right good will,
From field, and anvil, and shop, and mill,
To hear what the parson had to say
That would not keep till the Sabbath-day.
For only the women and children knew
The tale of the horseman galloping through—
The message he bore, as up and down
He rode through the streets of Windham town.

4.

That night, as the parson sat at his ease
In the porch, with his Bible on his knees,—
Thanking God that at break of day
Frederic Manning would take his way,
With cattle and sheep from off the hills,
And a load of grain from the barns and mills,
To the starving city where General Gage
Waited unholy war to wage—
His little daughter beside him stood,
Hiding her face in her muslin hood.

5.

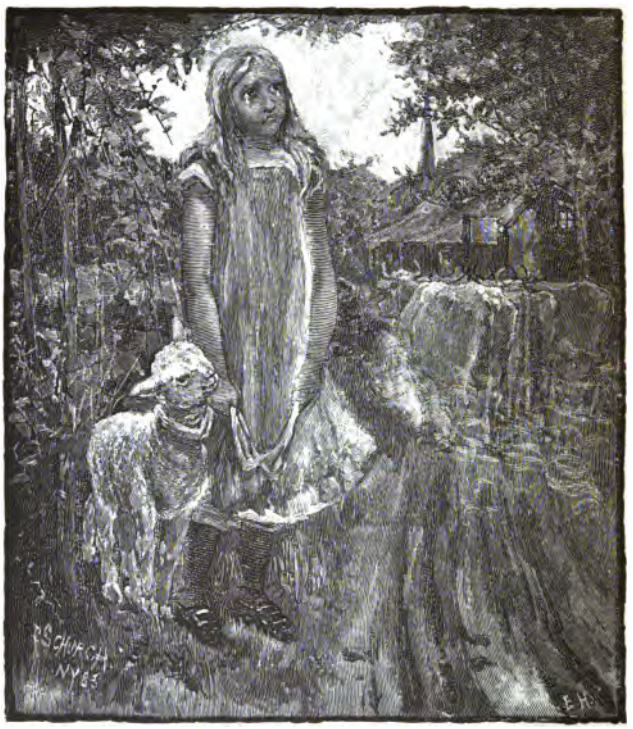
In her arms her own pet lamb she bore,
As it struggled down to the oaken floor:
"It must go; I must give my lamb," she said,
"To the children that cry for meat and bread."
Then lifted to his her holy eyes,
Wet with the tears of sacrifice.
"Nay, nay," he answered, "there is no need
That the hearts of babes should ache and bleed;
Run away to your bed, and to-morrow play,
You and your pet, through the livelong day."

6.

He laid his hand on her shining hair,
And smiled as he blessed her, standing there,
With kerchief folded across her breast,
And her small brown hands together pressed,
A quaint little maiden, shy and sweet,
With her lambkin crouched at her dainty feet.
Away to its place the lamb she led,
Then climbed the stairs to her own white bed,
While the moon rose up, and the stars looked down
On the silent streets of Windham town.

7.

But when the heralds of morning came,
Flushing the east with rosy flame,
With low of cattle and scurry of feet,
Driving his herd down the village street,



Young Manning heard from a low stone wall
A child's voice clearly yet softly call,
And saw, in the gray dusk standing there,
A little maiden with shining hair,
While crowding close to her tender side
Was a snow-white lamb to her apron tied.

8.

"O, wait!" she cried; "for my lamb must go
To the children crying in want and woe.
It is all I have." And her tears fell fast
As she gave it one eager kiss—the last.
"The road will be long to its feet. I pray
Let your arms be its bed a part of the way;
And give it cool water and tender grass
Whenever a wayside brook you pass."
Then away she flew like a startled deer,
Nor waited the bleat of her lamb to hear.

9.

Young Manning lifted his steel-blue eyes
One moment up to the morning skies,
Then, raising the lamb to his breast, he strode
Sturdily down the lengthening road.
"Now God be my helper," he cried, "and lead
Me safe with my charge to the souls in need!
Through fire and flood, through dearth and dole,
Though foes assail me and war-clouds roll,
To the city in want and woe that lies
I will bear this lamb as a sacrifice."

Preparatory Study.

I. (1) How far could this young man's voice be heard? Imagine you hear him, and throw out your tones as he did, but use less voice. (2) What did Parson White do? Practice the motion with which he rings the bell; all strong free movements like this are an excellent preparation for gesture.

(6) What pictures must you see in the last six lines, if you wish to read them with expression? (8) Why did the little girl send the lamb she loved so well, when her father had told her that she need not? When was Boston occupied by the English troops? About what year must the events which this story relates have taken place?

LV.—The Boy Archæologist.

1. "There comes the archæ—what do you call him?" It was Fred that tried the big word and failed. Perhaps he thought two syllables of it enough, when he looked at the little owner of the unpronounceable name.

2. "Archæologist, you simpleton! Don't you know anything?" said Tom, sharply, as if he knew everything.

"And what is that?" asked Lewis.

"Don't know what an archæologist is! Well, I'll tell you. He is a—a—I think your schooling has not helped you much," was Tom's evasive answer.

3. "You don't know yourself! Does he, Fred?" said Lewis; and Fred muttered something about people who thought they knew everything, and were not so very wise after all.

4. "I don't know, eh? Well, you just listen. If a fellow likes new things, he is nobody; but when things are old, and buried, and all rusty or rotten, why, then, if he digs them up and goes crazy over them, he is an archæologist—that is what he is. Hallo! what is this?" and he stooped to pick up something that had caught his eye.

5. The boys were in a field, one of those prairie-like intervales,—not rare along the banks of Western rivers,—bright with sunshine and the emerald of the fresh-springing grass. They were trudging along a steaming furrow, just in the wake of a plow, ankle-deep in the black loam.

6. The furrow ran straight as an arrow, save where it rose over some embankment, strangely even and regular, or crept to the top of some gentle hill, equally even and regular, looking as if it did not belong there. At the foot of one of these mounds the boys had stopped, dropped the archæologist problem, and began to wonder what Tom had found.

7. "I say, Tom; have you found anything?" came in ringing tones from a bright, chubby-faced boy, who was on the opposite side of the field.

"It is only an arrow-head," said Tom. "Johnny will want it, of course. I don't see what it is good for."

8. "Sell it to Johnny, and let us spend the money," suggested Lewis.

"What is it?" asked Johnny, as he came up, red and panting, and elbowed his way into the group. "O, what a beauty! Just a perfect shape! Best one yet!" It was no wonder that Johnny asked, and even begged for it.

9. "Give it to you!" said Tom. "Not I! I am going to start a collection of my own. I will mark it number one, arrow-head made expressly for Tecumseh. I will get some more, and charge a cent to see them."

10. Johnny was a little disturbed. He had heard his father, Mr. Wise, tell that a race of men had lived in that Western country centuries ago; that they had built earthworks and mounds, and worked in stone and made pottery. He knew that no record of their doings had been kept, but that some folks were trying hard to learn their history, and to discover their origin.

11. He also knew that the settlers, in clearing forests, making roads, plowing fields, and building houses, were every year destroying the traces of this extinct people, and thus baffling the inquiry of men interested in the history of the nations of antiquity.

12. Johnny believed that the relics of a lost race were too precious to be destroyed or cast aside; and, young as he was, he had a decided taste for the study of ancient things—rubbish-hunting, his comrades called it. If he could not carry off the mounds and box them up until they should become scarce, he would, at least, save some of their treasures, the arrow-heads and ornaments.

13. He often followed the plow in the spring-time, hoping to find, in the newly-turned earth, some remnant of the labors of a long-forgotten people. His companions, too, felt an interest in the pursuit, though they had no thought of the meaning or of the value of what they found: they "dug" with Johnny, and for him, and they would have hunted for mushrooms or tadpoles, or sawed wood for Johnny, or for any one else, with equal spirit.

14. "I must have that arrow-head," thought Johnny, to himself. "I will give you a cent for it," he said to Tom, whereupon all the boys laughed in derision. Finally, Johnny paid five cents and got the relic, while the others posted off to the nearest candy-store.

15. "What a goose he is!" cried one boy. "He has gone wild over these old chips. Does he think they are a gold mine?"

16. But Johnny had a plan, and he stuck to it. By-

and-by he went to work in a store, but he did not give up collecting. His bureau-drawers were at length filled, the window-sills of his room were covered, and scores of paper boxes were bursting open with their heavy contents. When, in time, his father gave him cases, and set apart for them a corner of the front room, Johnny was a happy boy.

17. "Johnny Wise knows a thing or two," said one.

"He is a smart boy," said another.

"He will make something out of it yet," remarked a third.

18. As the years rolled on, Johnny's reputation increased. Somehow, all the relics of that region worked their way into his museum. If there was a dispute over a stone implement, as to whether it was used for cutting, or scraping, or grinding, Johnny's views were pretty sure to settle it.

19. One day, Johnny was seen in his best clothes, his face beaming, in company with two learned-looking gentlemen with gold-bowed spectacles. They did not seem to care much for stores or farms, and the villagers were all curious to know who they were.

20. "Rich uncles, perhaps," said one.

"School-committee after a teacher," guessed a second.

"A pair of those crazy archæologists," shouted Tom, who saw them leaning over a fence and making gestures at a mound off in a corn-field.

21. And Tom was right; for, a little later, the men were examining Johnny's museum, and praising his specimens, many of which were of great value. Some

they bought at good prices, and they authorized him to expend large sums of money for further collections. The business was a delight to him, and interfered but little with his daily work at the store.

22. It is not easy to say when Johnny ceased to be known as Johnny, and was, as Mr. John Wise, the well-known archæologist, elected to membership in learned societies, and cited as authority in their reports. Besides, he received half the pamphlets and books sent to the village post-office.

23. The boys generally had wit enough to see that arrow-heads meant something, after all. Johnny was now too far up in the world to be ridiculed; but his head was not turned by the honors he received, or by the more brilliant ones in store for him. The country continued to be more to him than so many fences and corn-fields.

24. Back of the white man now in possession, back of the Indian that the white man so ruthlessly dispossessed, was that old race, whose dying memory he still sought to save with an ardor as simple, as glowing, and as practical, as any that ever warmed his boyish heart.

Preparatory Study.

Who were—so far as we know—the first inhabitants of this country? What are our only means of learning about them? Why was Johnny so anxious to preserve all the relics that he could find? Was it their age alone that made these relics valuable? Did Tom give a good definition of archæologist? Read the story carefully, and write what seems to you the true meaning of the word. Learn from your histories, or other books, the location of some of the mounds referred to.

LVI.—Success in Life.

1. In the third year of my residence with Mr. Simpson, he engaged to do a large amount of work for a publishing house in the city. There had been no hurry and no need of extra effort. But one evening, when the specified time had nearly expired, the publisher suddenly appeared in the office.

2. He and Mr. Simpson were together some time. When the office was closed for the evening, Mr. Simpson told Thomas and me that the work must be finished within three days, and that we must bestir ourselves early in the morning. It was my duty to open the office and prepare it for work.

3. "Thomas," said Mr. Simpson, "I want you to get up and do Robert's work to-morrow morning. He looks sick to-night, and he must not come into the office till after breakfast." I had taken a severe cold. The stranger saw and marked us both, and heard Mr. Simpson's directions.

4. "Robert, you must lie in bed in the morning; and, Thomas, by all means be up by four. Here, take my alarm-watch and hang it up by your bedside. Be up, sir, in good season."

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, annoyed at the request.

5. When we went to bed a severe snow-storm was beginning to rage and howl without. The cold was extreme, and the wind a furious north-easter. I fell asleep in peace, with the agreeable expectation of lying as long as I chose in the morning. In an incredibly

short time, as it seemed, Thomas and I were aroused by the alarm-watch—one—two—three—four! Could it be morning?

6. "It 's time to get up, Tom," said I, shaking his arm.

"Get up, then," he growled roughly.

"But I am sick, and you remember what Mr. Simpson said."

7. But Thomas was not to be roused. He was not going to get up so early on a cold, stormy morning, not he! He would not do it for Mr. Simpson, or for me, or for anybody else! He was determined to finish his sleep, if he never did any more work!

8. Now, it was evident that somebody must get up, and it must certainly be one of us. I felt that I had the right to sleep the night out that time. Besides, I feared that it might be hazardous to go out early, for I was in a profuse perspiration, and the storm was raging violently. But my persuasions had no more effect upon my bed-fellow than his master's command had.

9. "Well, it must be done; make up your mind to do it courageously," thought I. Out of bed I jumped, and dressed quickly, without suffering myself to regret the snug, warm quarters I had left.

10. In spite of headache, sore throat, and cough, I went bravely on. I plowed my way to the office through the drifting snow, built the fire, and had everything in readiness for the workmen long before they began to appear. Then tying the lantern before me, to see the way, I fought with the snow till I had shoveled a path from the house to the office

11. Some one besides myself was up in the house. Several times he appeared at the window, watching my progress. While I was alone in the office a heavy step ascended the stairs. Not John's, or Thomas's, or Mr. Farley's, or Mr. Simpson's. No, the publisher himself entered! He—so rich a man— up and seeing about his business so early! I was amazed.

12. "I thought you were the boy who was not to get up this morning, Robert? A stormy morning, this, and tough work you have had of it," said he, eying me keenly.

13. "My father always told me, sir, when I had any work to do, to go forward and do it, without minding about the weather, or anything else."

14. "Right! right!" exclaimed the publisher, with spirit. "You have had a training that is worth more to begin life with than thousands of dollars. The great fault with young men nowadays is, they are afraid of work. They want to live at ease, while the fact is, we can not get any thing worth having without working for it. I must keep my eye on you, young man."

15. It was well for me that the publisher and I chanced to meet, just as we did, at half-past four on a stormy winter's morning, in Mr. Simpson's printing-office; because from that time he became my fast friend.

16. At twenty-one, I was free, with a good trade thoroughly learned. At twenty-two, I had saved two hundred and ninety dollars. The next year, when a newspaper and printing establishment was for sale, the publisher, who had again come into the office on

"business," said to me, "How much money did you save last year, Robert?"

"Two hundred and ninety dollars, sir."

17. "I am glad of it," he replied, quietly. "I have bought the Weekly Journal, and am going to set you up in business. I see that you can take care of your own interests, therefore I can safely trust you with mine. You are not afraid of difficulties, and I feel sure that this arrangement will prove to be a good one for both of us."

18. It did prove to be of great advantage to me. Was our meeting, on that snowy morning, only a chance event? No; it was the natural consequence of the business habits formed in boyhood. When poor, shiftless Thomas Smith, on beholding my comfortable home and pleasant lands the other day, called me a "lucky dog," and "one of fortune's favorites," I said to him, as I say to you:—

19. "Success in life can come only from a firm, unflinching resolution to work—to do one's duty thoroughly; and honest, industrious habits must be formed in youth, or they will never be formed at all."

Preparatory Study.

What traits of character influenced Thomas when he suffered Robert to go out in his place?

What motive induced Robert to act as he did?

Was Robert's success due to luck or to his character?

Write a list of traits of character that will help a person to be truly successful in life.

LVII.—Jacko.

1. Many years ago, when stationed at an outpost on the eastern frontier of South Africa, I received a present of a little baboon, which was so young when captured that he had to be brought up by hand.

2. From the first I petted him, and he became very much attached to me. The pole to which Jacko was chained was set up near my quarters, so that I could watch his amusing pranks from my window.

3. It was the custom, in barracks, for the pioneers to go around and sweep the square. One morning, I saw a man set down a wheelbarrow full of rubbish near Jacko's pole. The baboon was seated on his high perch, apparently taking no notice of the affair. Presently the man disappeared around a corner.

4. Jacko ran down like lightning, capsized the barrow, and, with his long, powerful arms, scattered the contents in all directions. When the man came back, Jacko was on his perch once more, gazing upward with a face of most ludicrous innocence, indifferent to any object nearer than the skies above him.

5. One day, seeing Jacko come very demurely from his perch to the ground, slacken his chain, and lie down as if basking in the sun, I felt sure that mischief was brewing. Presently, I saw a fat little puppy appear on the scene; in an instant Master Jacko fixed his sleepy-looking eye upon the new-comer.

6. When the puppy strayed within reach, Jacko seized it, and, clasping it in his arms, clambered with

it to the top of the pole. For a short time it was carefully nursed and fondled as a woman would fondle a baby. All at once, a bright idea seemed to seize the fickle, mischievous Jacko.

7. Grasping the puppy by the tail and holding it out at arm's length, the baboon looked away with a demure expression, opened his hand, and dropped the animal to the ground. I ran out to help the poor little brute, and scolded Jacko vigorously for his cruelty. This, however, was quite useless, for he instantly seemed to be thinking intently, and to be very much interested in some object at a distance.

8. It was of no use to provide any place of refuge or shelter for him, as he at once made it his business to destroy it; so at night, a sack was suspended from the top of his pole, and in this he slept—or pretended to sleep—with great comfort.

9. When I went up to him he did not attempt to move, and always gave me an affectionate grunt of welcome; but if any one else came within a yard of the grotesque creature, he was out of his sack in an instant, screaming and preparing for battle.

10. Often, on cold, rainy nights, I carried him a bowlful of hot coffee; and, knowing there was sugar at the bottom, he could not resist the temptation of putting in his hand to get it, though the coffee was so hot as to make him cry out with pain.

11. I have frequently stood within thirty yards of Jacko and, taking deliberate aim, launched an arrow at him. He would invariably catch the arrow, hold it until I claimed it, and then give it to me; but if any

other person took the bow and shot at him, Jacko, on catching the arrow, always broke it in pieces. I need not say that, on these occasions, I gave my worst arrows to my friends.

12. Jacko was very partial to eggs, whether boiled or raw; and it was amusing to see him toss a hot egg from hand to hand, screaming all the while, but never dropping the cause of the disturbance.

13. One day my company was on the line of march to an outpost. My wife and I were riding a few yards in the rear of the men, while Jacko, as usual, was following us like a dog. We observed a native sitting on an ant-heap about thirty yards from the road. His wife was standing near him, holding in her hand a fine ear of Indian corn.

14. All at once, we saw Jacko walk up to the man and make friends with him—a most unusual procedure, as he never liked the natives. Suddenly he made a spring, seized the ear of corn from the woman, and, running for life, caught hold of my stirrup. In another moment he was seated on the pommel of my saddle. The man, who was much enraged, threw a large stone at him, and it was necessary to pacify the offended natives by giving them a little present.

15. The soldiers were very fond of Jacko, and in the evening they used to surround his pole and amuse themselves by playing with him. If he caught sight of me coming into the barrack square, he would bite a man, dash up on his perch, and scream frantically, as if trying to persuade me that he had been hurt and that he needed my protection.

16. If I wished to keep him on his pole, I had only to coil a dead snake at the foot of it, and no dainty could induce the baboon to come down. When I was absent, and the cry, "Jacko is loose!" sounded through the barracks, my wife would take a leopard's skin—one of my trophies—and place it in the doorway. The stuffed head and terrible form so frightened Jacko that the quarters were then perfectly safe from his intrusion.

Preparatory Study.

(7) What part of speech is **looked? scolded? dropped?** How did the man scold Jacko? When did Jacko seem to be thinking? How did he seem to be thinking? Words thus used with verbs to tell how, when, or where an action is performed, are called **adverbs.** Find other adverbs in the lesson.

An adverb is a word used to qualify a verb, an adjective, or another adverb; as, (7) away, (16) perfectly, (5) very.

LVIII.—Chestnuts.

1.

Down in the orchard, all the day,
The apples ripened and dropped away;
Tawny, and yellow, and red they fell,
Filling the air with a spicy smell.

2.

There were purple grapes on alders low,
But the jays had gathered them long ago;
And the merry children had plundered well
Hedge, and thicket, and hazel dell.

3.

But the sturdy chestnuts over the hill
Guarded their prickly caskets still,
And laughed in scorn at the wind and rain,
Beating their burly limbs in vain.

4.

'Hush!" said the frost. "If you 'll hold your breath
Till hill and valley are still as death,
I will whisper a spell that shall open wide
The caskets green where the treasures hide."

5.

The rain sank down, and the wind was still,
And the world was wrapped in the moonlight chill;
And a faint white mist, like a ghost, was seen
Creeping over the valley green.

6.

Over the roofs of the sleeping town,
Over the hillsides, bare and brown:
Field, and meadow, and wood were crossed
By the shining trail of the silver frost.

7.

Close at the door of each guarded cell
He breathed the words of his wonderful spell,
And the bristling lances turned aside,
And every portal flew open wide.

8.

Up sprang the wind with a loud "Ho! ho!"
And scattered the treasures to and fro;
And the children shouted, "Come away!
There is sport in the chestnut woods to-day."

LIX.—A Story of Michael Angelo.

1. When Michael Angelo was twelve years of age, although he had had no instruction in art, he produced a piece of work which greatly pleased a famous Florentine painter of that day. This artist at once declared that the lad must have a chance to develop the extraordinary genius that even then promised to astonish the world with its grandeur.

2. Michael had long wished to be a painter or a sculptor, but he had no hope that his father, who was a distinguished man in the state, and held art and artists in contempt, would listen to any suggestions on the subject. He had planned a great political career for his son, as the boy well knew.

3. Fortunately for Michael Angelo and for the world, the painter who sought to befriend the lad, was too enthusiastic to be easily baffled in any pursuit. He at once visited the father, and asked him to let Michael follow the profession best suited to the marvelous genius so early displayed.

4. The statesman was very angry, saying that he wished his son to become a prominent man in society and politics, not a dauber or a mason; but when he found that Michael was determined to be an artist or nothing, he gave way, though most ungraciously and reluctantly, not concealing his great disappointment.

5. He would not say that he consented to place his son in any studio; he would not admit that the study of art was study, or the work-room of an artist anything but a shop.

6. He said to Michael's patron: "I give up my son to you. He shall be your apprentice or your servant, as you please, for three years, and you must pay me twenty-four florins for his services."

7. In spite of the insulting words and the insulting terms, Michael Angelo consented to be hired out as a servant to the artist, who should have been paid by his father for teaching him.

8. Besides the anger and contempt of his father, who forbade him even to visit his house, and utterly disowned him, he had to endure the jealousy of his fellow-pupils. They ill-treated him constantly, one of them going so far as to break his nose with a blow.

9. When Michael Angelo had worked at his art about two years, he went one day to the Gardens of St. Mark, where the Prince Lorenzo de' Medici—the illustrious patron of art in Florence—had established a rich museum at great expense.

10. One of the workmen in the garden gave the boy permission to try his hand at copying some of the statues, and Michael, who had hitherto studied only painting, was glad of a chance to experiment with the chisel, preferring that to the brush.

11. He chose for his model an ancient figure of a faun, which was somewhat mutilated; the mouth of the marble image was entirely broken off. But the boy was very self-reliant, and trifles did not trouble him. He worked day after day with his chisel, creating for his faun a mouth of his own imagining,—the lips parted in laughter, and the teeth displayed.

12. When he had finished and was looking at his work, a man standing near asked whether he might offer a criticism.

"Yes," answered the boy, "if it is a just one."

"Of that you shall be the judge," said the man.

"Very well. What is it?"

13. "The forehead of your faun is old, but the mouth is young. See, it has a full set of perfect teeth. A faun so old as this one is would not have perfect teeth," said the stranger, looking very gravely into the face of the young sculptor.

14. The lad admitted the justice of the criticism, smiled at the thought of his blunder, and proceeded to remedy the defect by chipping away two or three of the teeth, and chiseling the gums so as to give them a shriveled appearance.

15. The next morning, when Michael went to remove his faun from the garden, it was gone. He searched everywhere for it, but without success. The workmen, who had been very much interested in the boy's labor, could not tell what had become of the statue. Finally, seeing the man who had made the suggestion about the teeth, Michael asked him where it was.

16. "If you will follow me," replied the man, "I will show you where it is."

"You must give it back to me! I made it, and have a right to it." And the bright eyes of Michael Angelo flashed with all the pride of ownership.

"O, if you must have it, you shall," was the reply.

17. Then the stranger led the way into the palace of the prince, and there, among the most precious works of art in the collection, stood the faun.

18. The young sculptor cried out in alarm, declaring that the Prince Lorenzo would never forgive the introduction of so rude a piece of work among his treasures of art. To his astonishment, the man declared that he was himself the Prince Lorenzo de' Medici, and that he set the highest value upon this new treasure.

19. "I am your protector and friend," he added. "Henceforth you shall be counted as my son, for you are destined to become one of the great masters of art."

20. This was overwhelming good fortune. Filled with joy, the lad went straightway to the house of his parents, and, forcing his way into his father's presence, told him what had happened. The father refused to believe the good news until Michael led him into Lorenzo's presence.

Preparatory Study.

I. Michael Angelo Buonarrotti (bwō'nar rot'te), the celebrated Italian painter and sculptor, was born in Tuscany. His ability as an artist and architect is strikingly displayed in St. Peter's Church, in Rome.

From what older nation did the Romans get many of their ideas of religion and art? What work did the Romans do for us and for all civilized people?

II. (8) Write synonyms of the words **endure, contempt, fellow-pupils.**

III. (1) Write the principal parts (present, past, and past participle) of the verbs **produced, pleased, declare,** and **have.**

Each verb has also a present participle, which is made from the present form of the verb by adding the suffix ing.

Write in another column the present participles of the verbs above mentioned.

LX.—Lake Tahoe.

1. Imagine, if you can, a lake six thousand feet above the sea, thirty miles long, sixteen miles wide, surrounded by snow-topped mountains, walled round by firs and pines, and framed in a mosaic of polished pebbles and brilliant flowers! Tell me, is it not enough to delight the heart of the lover of Nature?

2. And I have not yet said a word of the water, which is so blue that it seems impossible that it should not stain; and so clear that one can see fishes swimming more than a hundred feet down in the glassy depths; and so cold that ice could not further cool it. For its water alone it would be a wonder, whatever its surroundings might be.

3. To find Lake Tahoe, one must travel six days west from New York, or one day east from San Francisco, and leave the cars at Truckee. It is a three hours' journey from Truckee to Lake Tahoe, and the road is steadily up hill, so that you begin to wonder, long before you get there, why the waters of the lake do not overflow and pour down the slopes.

4. At last you turn a sharp corner, and there lies the lake, only a few rods off. Its color depends on the hour and the day. In the early morning it looks gray; then the mountains around it have the hue of pale onyx, and the sky overhead is of the same soft color as the lake below.

5. Afterward the waters change to a clouded sapphire, and the mountains to a pale, opaque blue. To this a brilliant, translucent, glittering sapphire will succeed when the sun reaches just the right height. While this peculiar blue is in the water, the mountains are of opal tints, shifting and changing as if caused by heat.

6. If at sunset the mountains take on rose or ruby tints, the water becomes like a sea of pink pearl and molten silver; and as this wonderful lake cools in the twilight wind, its color changes to blue, to green, to steel-gray and to black.

7. This is merely one day's variation of color, which I happened to note when, lying all day by a second-story window, I saw no interval of foreground at all—only the sky arching down to the lake, and the lake reaching, as it seemed, up to my window-sill. I felt as one might feel sailing in a hollow globe of sapphire or floating in a soap-bubble.

8. There are two tiny steamboats on Lake Tahoe. Every morning one lies at the little wharf opposite the hotel, and rings its miniature bell, and sounds its gentle whistle; but it will wait while the head waiter puts up more lunch, or the bridegroom runs back for the forgotten shawl. The twenty or thirty people who are going in the miniature boat know this, consequently, nobody hurries.

9. There are several small villages on the shore of the lake; there are hot springs very near; there is Carnelian Beach, where tiny red and yellow carnelians can be picked up by handfuls; and there is Emerald Bay, with its sharp cliffs many hundred feet high, and water of a miraculous green color.

10. It takes all day to go anywhere and come back in one of these lake steamboats, for the engines are about one tea-kettle power. The row-boats are better; and if you take one of these, Fred is the man to row you. Everybody at Lake Tahoe knows Fred.

11. Once we went out on the water very early in the day. Fred had assured us that on a still morning we could see the bottom of the lake where it was one hundred and fifteen feet deep. We doubted, but longed to believe.

12. The water was like glass. We rowed out toward the centre of the lake. The snow-covered mountains on the farther side were reflected in long, white, shimmering columns on the purple surface of the water.

13. "Thirty," "fifty," "sixty," "one hundred feet deep," Fred called out, from time to time, as he rowed steadily on. We could see the bottom of the lake as clearly as we could see the bottom of the boat. It was like a dusty field, with huge bowlders, resembling gigantic sponges, because of the soft, brown growth that covered them. Then there were great ledges of rock, and dark hollows of unknown depth.

14. "Here it is one hundred and fifteen feet clear," Fred called out at last, and lifted his oars, to let us rest awhile and view the glittering waters.

15. We could count even the small stones on the bed of the lake. They seemed so near that our fingers longed to touch them. Suddenly, a shining trout, apparently within easy reach, darted past like an arrow.

"How far down is he, Fred?" we called.

"Oh! I don't know. Maybe, fifty feet," he said. The trout were an old story to him.

16. When we turned to row back, the full wonder of that transparent water was revealed to us. The sun was behind us. As we looked over the bows into the glassy depths, we could see the shadow of our boat, of our heads, of the moving oars, all distinct on the bottom of the lake.

17. One shadow lay off to the left, a little ahead, gliding as we glided, pausing as we paused; then,

directly before us, gliding as we glided, pausing as we paused, went another double, equally distinct, but dark and shimmering on the surface. This was the reflection.

18. Over the edges of this phantom boat we seemed to be leaning with even more eagerness than over the edges of the one below. It was an uncanny sight. Every round stone, every small object on the bottom of the lake was surrounded by a narrow line of rainbow, adding to the unreality of the vision. These gave a fantastic gayety to the soft, amber-brown water, and, beautiful as they were, they seemed like part of a dream-world.

19. "You are just in time," called Fred. "In two minutes more you will see nothing. There will be wind." Sure enough! Already the ripple was in sight, coming rapidly toward us from the north. The air stirred faintly, our glass sea quivered and broke noiselessly under us, and the phantom boat disappeared.

Preparatory Study.

I. In what State is Lake Tahoe? What mountains surround it? Why are their tops covered with snow in summer? How high must a mountain be, in that latitude, to be covered with snow during the whole year?

II. (3) Write the nouns, placing proper and common in separate columns.

Write the possessive forms, singular and plural, of **lover, fish,** and **journey.** Write the present and past forms and the past participles of the verbs **surround, frame, delight,** and **tell.**

III. (8) Write all the common nouns, and classify them into primitives, derivatives, and compounds, placing each kind in a separate column.

LXI.—Short Quotations.

1. Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
And we mount to its summit round by round.

2. Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

3. The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

4. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

5. To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

6. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

LXII.—The Great Trees of California.

1. The giant trees of Mariposa are about thirty miles from the Yosemite Valley. Six hundred of these mammoths are scattered over an area of twelve hundred and eighty acres, among the noble pines of the Sierras. These pines, towering in many instances to the height of two hundred feet, might well claim to be kings of the forest, if it were not that their loftier neighbors make all rivalry impossible.

2. The great Mariposa trees were formerly classed among the redwoods, a kind of cedar abounding on the Pacific coast; but botanists have recently decided that they are sequoias. The Indians gave them this name in honor of Sequoyah, a famous Cherokee chief.

3. Some of these sequoias are giants even among their gigantic brethren of the grove, and, therefore, attract particular attention. The largest, called the Prostrate Monarch, now lying upon the ground leafless and branchless, is believed to have fallen fully one hundred and fifty years ago. Fire has consumed much of its trunk, but enough remains to show that, with the bark on, it must have been *forty feet* in thickness.

4. Figures give little idea of such dimensions. Measure up forty feet on a house-wall, then four hundred feet along the ground, and try to picture the diameter and height of the Prostrate Monarch as it stood a thousand years ago.

5. The tops of the largest trees are broken off, leaving their average height about two hundred and fifty

feet, though some range between three and four hundred feet. We saw one branch six feet in diameter, growing from the stem eighty feet above the ground.

6. Into a cavity burned in the side of another standing tree, fifteen of us rode together. Without crouching, we all sat upon our horses in that black, novel chamber, though it occupies less than half the thickness of the immense trunk.

7. The largest standing tree is the Grizzly Giant. If it were cut off smoothly, fifty horses could easily stand, or sixteen couples dance, upon the stump. If the trunk were hollowed to a shell, it would hold more freight than a man-of-war or an ocean steamer two hundred and fifty feet long. The bark of this great tree is nearly two feet thick.

8. One immense tree was cut down by boring with augers and sawing the spaces between. This work employed five men for twenty-five days. Even when it was cut through, the tree stubbornly continued to stand, only yielding at last to a mammoth wedge and a powerful battering-ram.

9. According to certain evidences, there are English yews more than a thousand years old. But the monster trees of California are of even greater antiquity. Some botanists claim that these patriarchs of the forest are older than the earliest historic records.

10. Perhaps their youth saw the awkward, thundering mastodon canter over the hills; and the hundred-feet-long reptile, of many legs and with a mouth like a volcano, crawl sluggishly through torrid swamps.

11. They were living when Homer, the father of poets, old, blind, and vagabond, sang his immortal song; when Socrates, the sage of Athens, "that most Christian heathen," calmly drank the hemlock; when the carpenter of Judea was "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

12. By an act of Congress, Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa groves have been set apart from the general domain, as pleasure-grounds for the people of the United States and their generations forever. This wise legislation secures to the proper national uses a large and magnificent park and the sublimest natural scenery in the whole world.

13. They are under the care of a commissioner, appointed by the Governor of California, for their preservation and protection, to render them accessible, to keep them safe from mutilation, and to see that no vandal hand attempts to improve upon the simplicity and grandeur of Nature.

Preparatory Study.

I. Locate the Yosemite Valley. For what is it noted? What are the Sierras? (The Spanish word sĭ ĕr′rá means a "saw.") What natural curiosities, besides the big trees, has California?

II. Who was the "father of poets"? He was a Greek poet, born about 700 B. C. His "immortal song" is called the Iliad.

Who was the "sage of Athens"? Where is Athens? Who was the "carpenter of Judea"?

What is Congress? Why is it wise legislation to keep these national parks from destruction? How are they preserved?

LXIII.—The Prince of the Vegetable World.

1. Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, calls the palm the prince of the vegetable world. In richness of foliage, beauty, and stateliness, it has no worthy rival; and, in point of usefulness, no race of plants can compare with it. Is it not, then, fairly entitled to the royal name bestowed upon it?

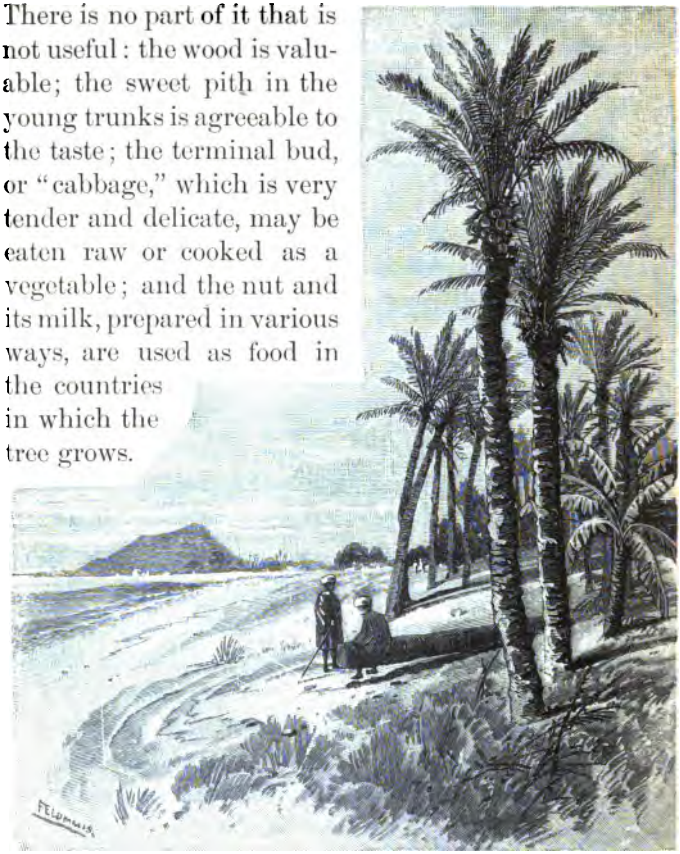
2. In all ages, the palm has been a theme for the poets, and an inspiration for the legend-writers of the East. It is a historical tree in every sense of the word, for its associations in sacred and in profane history give it a goodly record: as the symbol of grace and grandeur, of constancy and of victory, the palm is immortal in story and in song.

3. The family of palms is a very large one; there are nearly six hundred species known, and, perhaps, as many more not known or not properly classified. The trees are generally tall and slender, with a simple, naked stem, bearing at the top a graceful crown of shining leaves. These leaves vary in size, according to the species of the plant, some of them—on the fan-palm, for instance—being at least thirty feet long.

4. These immense leaves are strong, limber, and wonderfully made: one of them is enough to cover nineteen or twenty men, yet it will fold close like a lady's fan, and then it is no larger than a man's arm. Imagine a home-made vegetable umbrella of that particular description!

5. The cocoa-nut palm is, in the opinion of the botanist, one of the richest of Nature's gifts to man.

There is no part of it that is not useful: the wood is valuable; the sweet pith in the young trunks is agreeable to the taste; the terminal bud, or "cabbage," which is very tender and delicate, may be eaten raw or cooked as a vegetable; and the nut and its milk, prepared in various ways, are used as food in the countries in which the tree grows.



6. Besides, from palms of this species, the primitive people in tropical countries get materials for paper, thread, furniture, dishes, candles, soap, lye, mats, bags, brushes, cages for poultry, fuel, fencing, roofing, ropes, rigging and calking for ships. Add to this long list bread, oil, wine, wax, ink, medicinal preparations, clothing, fans, parasols, and torches for state occasions,

and you may be willing to give the cocoa-nut tree the first rank among palms.

7. The botanist may well say that "without this tree the islands of the Pacific would be uninhabitable, and the uncivilized natives of the tropics would be left to perish of hunger and thirst, without clothing and without shelter."

8. The date-palm furnishes an important article of food to the children of the desert in Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, and is, also, the source of a lucrative trade. Its fruit is wholesome; the stones, soaked in water, are given to cattle in districts destitute of grass, and are, besides, valuable for their medicinal virtues.

9. In loftiness, the date-tree is surpassed by the cocoa-nut, the latter rearing its graceful head from sixty to one hundred feet high, while the former is, as a rule, from forty to eighty feet in height. Comparing them as food-plants and with reference to their numerous products, the two species stand almost side by side: it would be hard to choose between them.

10. The date-palm flourishes in greatest abundance in the oases of the Sahara. It stands erect, green, and beautiful, even when the fierce light of the tropical sun has burned up every plant near it: its many strong roots, deep in the earth, draw nourishment from waters too far down for other roots to reach. The tempest in vain assails it, and it lives its long life in dignity, affording cool shade, delicious food, and refreshing drink to the weary, fainting traveler.

11. Perhaps the following story of the cocoa-nut tree may give a fair idea of the usefulness of certain

species of the royal palm family: A man was once journeying under a tropical sun, far away from any human habitation, as he thought. Hungry and weary, he was about to sink from exhaustion, when he beheld, at a distance, a hut surrounded by trees; yet the country around him was a desert.

12. Glad to see some green thing growing, he made another effort to continue his journey; and, after a while, he found himself under the roof of a kind-hearted native. He was immediately refreshed by a drink of pleasant flavor and served with various kinds of food, after which he was invited to partake of some delicious sweetmeats.

13. The traveler, in astonishment, asked his host how he procured all these delicacies in the midst of the desert. "I get them all from my cocoa-nut trees," was the reply. "The water that I gave you was drawn from the nut before it had ripened. This palatable nut is the fruit in its maturity; the milk, which you find so pleasant, is drawn from the same ripe fruit.

14. "This delicate salad comes from the leaf-buds of the tree; this wine is obtained from the cocoa-nut. Exposed to the sun, it changes to vinegar, from which we distil brandy. The juice furnished the sugar to prepare my sweetmeats, which, also, are, as you may have perceived, the product of my wonderful tree."

15. The stranger listened with wonder as his host proceeded. "All these dishes and utensils are made of the shells of the cocoa-nut. That is not all: my home, even, I owe to these invaluable trees. My cabin is built of their wood; their leaves, dried and interwoven,

make the roof; and these same leaves, made into an umbrella, protect me from the sun when I walk out.

16. "The clothes that I wear are woven from the fibers of the leaves. The sieves yonder were ready-made in the parts of the trees from which the leaves grow. Finally, the delicate oil with which many of the dishes before you are seasoned, and which is also burned in my lamp, is obtained by pressing the freshly-gathered fruit."

17. When the traveler was about to leave, the host asked him to carry a letter to town. While waiting for it, he discovered that the pen with which his host wrote, and the paper that he used, were products of the cocoa-nut tree; and even the ink was manufactured of sawdust from the wood.

18. "Can it be possible that all these comforts and luxuries come from a palm-tree, and in a desert, too?" exclaimed the traveler. "Then that tree is, indeed, the prince of palms!"

Preparatory Study.

I. What forms of nature did Linnæus study? Did he study from books, or from the objects themselves? Why is the palm-tree called the prince of the vegetable world? Why is the cocoa-nut tree called the prince of palms? What products of the palm-trees have you seen? What is the Sahara? What are the oases?

II. Write on your slate and commit to memory the common forms of the irregular verb **to be**, as follows: **am, are, be, been, being, is, was, were.** Which of these do you find in the first paragraph? Which in the second? Third? Fourth?

Write the principal parts of the verbs **give, eat, leave, stand, journey,** and **wear,** and use each part in a sentence.

LXIV.—The Palm-Tree.

1.

Is it the palm, the cocoa palm,
On the Indian sea, by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

2.

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

3.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibers of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

4.

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

5.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

6.

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

7.

In the cabin he sits on a palm mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft!

8.

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

9.

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him, of palm was made.

10.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one.

11.

To him the palm is a gift divine
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House, and raiment, and food, and wine!

12.

And in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lies at peace.

13.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!"

Preparatory Study.

What products of the palm-tree, not referred to in the prose, are mentioned in the poetry? Write a list of all those mentioned in the prose as well as in the poetical description.

(8) Mohammed is "the Prophet" spoken of. "Islam" is here used to signify Mohammedan believers. "Allah il Allah" means God, the true God.

LXV.—A Russian Hackman's Adventure.

1. Any one who has been in St. Petersburg, or indeed in any Russian town, must have seen the vehicles that the Russians call droskies—queer little carriages without roof or covering of any kind, looking just like two chairs one behind the other, the driver sitting on the front chair, and his passenger behind.

2. The common drosky is drawn by a stout little Ukraine horse, which goes at a great pace, jolting you terribly over the rough pavements; if you turn suddenly round a corner, you will very likely find yourself and your driver sprawling on the ground.

3. These droskies are the hack-carriages of Russia; and their drivers, with their low-crowned hats and long blue frocks, and their broad, sallow, heavy faces, half-buried in thick beards, look quite as outlandish as their vehicles.

4. In the summer-time one might think the drivers led a pleasant life, out in the open air all day long, rattling through the busy streets, with all the life and bustle of the town before them. But when the terrible Russian winter comes, and the snow works itself through the holes in their clothes and boots, and the icy wind cuts them through and through as they sit waiting for a fare, it is a very different thing.

5. So, doubtless, thought a St. Petersburg hackman who was driving home after a very poor day's work, late one bitter January night. The wind beat in his face as he went along, and his hands were so numbed that he could scarcely hold the reins.

6. He was just turning the corner of one of the principal streets, when he was suddenly hailed; and, looking round, he saw a man, who looked like an officer, standing on the sidewalk.

7. This stranger was so completely muffled, that nothing of his face could be seen beyond his mustache and the tip of his nose. But whoever he might be, he was a passenger, and the street he named was so far off as to make a very good fare.

8. They had not gone far before the passenger noticed that his driver was shivering with cold, as well he might; for he had no gloves, and his coat was so tattered that it looked like a parcel of holes sewed together.

9. "You do not seem very warmly dressed for this cold weather, my friend," said the officer, kindly.

"Your honor may say that," growled the man; "and there are many more as ragged as I am. Ah, if our father the Czar only knew how badly off we poor fellows are, he would keep some of his charity for his Russian children, instead of giving it all to the folks in France and Germany."

10. "Why, you do not grudge it to them, surely?"

"Not I; for, as the saying is, 'Every morsel you grudge your neighbor will stick in your own throat.' But they do not want it all, you know; and I only wish somebody would tell Father Alexander how much we want a little of it."

11. "Well, I think I could manage that for you," said the officer. "I am on duty at the Winter Palace,

and the Czar has spoken to me once or twice. If I get another chance, I shall be glad to mention your case to him."

"Will you? God bless your honor for it! and mind you tell him that we do not in the least think that he is not kind to us, only perhaps he does not quite know how poorly off we are."

12. "I will be sure to tell him," said the stranger, smiling. "And now, here we are at the corner of my street, and here is your money. Good-night, brother."

13. On the second morning after this adventure, a proclamation went abroad that all the hackmen of a certain quarter were to present themselves in front of the Winter Palace that evening at sunset, and those who needed good warm clothing would be supplied with it at once.

14. "That is my officer's doing!" cried a burly fellow, with a bristling red beard, who was just telling his adventure for the twentieth time to a knot of his admiring cronies. "He has kept his word, sure enough! Long life to him!"

"Long life to him!" echoed the others, as they started off in every direction to tell the good news to their comrades.

15. Fully half an hour before the appointed time, the space in front of the Winter Palace was thronged with a crowd of scarecrows such as had seldom been seen there. Hardly a good hat or whole coat was to be seen in the whole assemblage, while chapped hands and frost-bitten cheeks were the order of the day.

16. But with all this the poor fellows seemed merry enough, and there were far more jokes than complaints to be heard among them; for the common Russian is a good-natured soul, and takes all his troubles quite easily.

17. Luckily for them, the weather was not so sharp as usual that evening; but, even as it was, they found it cold work to wait, and before long there was such a rubbing of noses and stamping of feet going on all through the crowd, that it looked like a class in gymnastics.

18. Just as the last gleam of sunset faded over the leafless woods beyond the river, a small gate was seen to open in the side of the Palace, and an order to move forward was given.

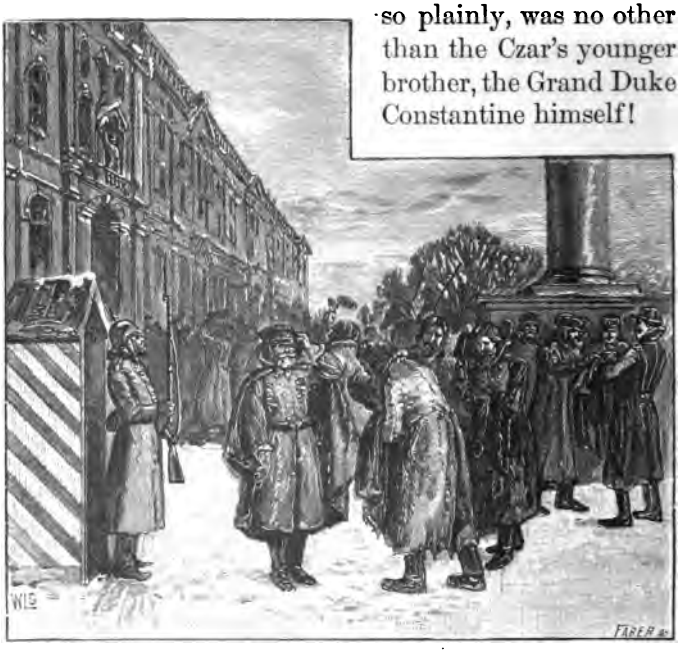
19. Then a number of men in the Imperial livery began to go briskly to and fro, serving out coats, boots, mufflers, and woollen gloves to the hackmen, as they came up one after another.

20. A little apart from the rest stood a short, square-built man, with long side-whiskers, in the uniform of an officer. Evidently, he directed the distribution of the clothing.

21. "That must be the officer that Stephen told us about," whispered one of the drivers to his neighbor; "the one he drove home the other night, you know. I wonder who he can be."

"God bless him, whoever he is!" said another, heartily; "for he has done us poor fellows a right good turn. I say, lads, we ought to give him a cheer, eh?"

22. At that moment, Stephen himself came up in his turn and stood near the officer. The latter spoke, and the hackman started as if he had been shot. But he started even more as the officer threw back his hood with a smile of recognition; for it then appeared that this unknown man, to whom he had spoken his mind so plainly, was no other than the Czar's younger brother, the Grand Duke Constantine himself!



23. "Pardon, pardon, your imperial highness!" stammered Stephen. "If I had known who you were, I should never have ventured to speak so freely."

"There is no harm done, my good fellow!" said the Grand Duke, laughing. "I am very glad you did speak so freely, for we rather need to be reminded of these things now and then. Here is a rouble" (seventy-

five cents) "for you, and I hope it will be a long while before this coat is as ragged as the other."

24. Stephen answered with a "Hurrah for Constantine!" that was echoed by the whole throng.

The shout had hardly died away, when a majestic figure appeared on the balcony overhead and waved its hat to them in salute. It was still light enough for every man there to recognize the Czar; and, as the crowd began to disperse, up into the still evening air went a deafening cheer.

Preparatory Study.

1. What kind of government has Russia? How does that form of government differ from our own in America?

The present Czar of Russia, Alexander III., was crowned in 1883. His father, Alexander II., was assassinated in 1881.

What waters would be crossed in going from Philadelphia to St. Petersburg?

LXVI.—Story of a Light-house.

PART I.

1. The father of Henry Bruce was the keeper of a light-house on the northern coast of England. This light-house stood on a rock two miles out at sea, but Henry lived with his mother and little sister in a cottage on the main-land.

2. There was not another house within sight, and not a boy within a day's travel. Men used to come up

the coast shooting and fishing, but no boys ever came; and Henry had never enjoyed a good hour's play with a lad of his own age.

3. There was another odd thing about the life here: at all light-houses in these times there are two or three men; so, if one is sick, there is another to take his place. But Mr. Bruce had no assistant, and did not ask for one, because he was afraid that the appointment of a second keeper would be followed by a reduction in wages; and, besides, he had planned that Henry, when he was old enough, should take the place.

4. In the meantime, as part of the boy's training, the father gave his son what he called the "emergency drill." This might have been applied to various difficulties, but it always began in the same way. The first question was, "What is the matter?" the second, "What shall I do first?" then, "Do I need help?" If the answer to the last question was "Yes," then "Where shall I get it?" was the next inquiry.

5. Henry often amused himself by playing that he was a general on a battle-field, or a king out hunting; and he imagined all sorts of troubles in which the drill would be of use.

6. One morning a fishing-boat came in, bound to the nearest town, a distance of twelve miles; and Mrs. Bruce asked the men to take her with them, that she might buy yarn for the children's stockings. They agreed, but told her that she would have to walk back. This she was very willing to do, since she would have been obliged to walk both ways, if the fishermen had refused to take her.

7. Everything went on well at the cottage until sunset, when the sky became cloudy, and little Lucy grew cross and sleepy, and cried for her mother. Henry gave her bread and milk, but still she fretted. She was too tired to play, and she would not go to sleep.

8. "O, dear!" cried Henry; "I would rather hunt lions than take care of you!" He then carried her to the door, and said, "Now we will watch for mamma."

The wind began to moan, and the birds flew screaming over the water; still the children waited to see their mother coming on the beach,—waited in vain, and Henry felt more lonely than ever.

9. He looked at the light-house, and it seemed to him that the time for lighting must surely have come. Suddenly a little flag appeared in the lantern. Henry sprang to his feet.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed, in real earnest.

"I do not know," was the reply.

"What shall I do first?"

"Go to the light-house."

10. But how was he to dispose of Lucy? He could not take her; he could not leave her.

"If you were only a horse," he hurriedly cried, "I could put you in the stable; if you were a cow, I should tie you to a stake; but what can I do with a baby?"

11. "Lucy can go," said the child.

"No, she can not," he answered; then he looked out again, but his mother was not in sight, and the red flag, which meant "Come at once," still beckoned to him.

12. He tied Lucy in her little chair, and wrote a note to his mother: —

"DEAR MOTHER:—*Father wanted me right away; the lamp is not lighted, and it is after sunset. I hope Lucy will not get into any trouble. Your son,*

"HENRY BRUCE."

Having put this note in front of the lamp, he hurried off.

13. He sprang into a boat that was always kept in readiness, and rowed off with energy. It was dark when he reached the light-house, and the rain had begun to fall. Having tied the boat to the little pier, he ran to the tower.

14. He opened a small, heavy, bronze door and entered a large, dimly-lighted room, in which were stored coal and wood for the lamp, and fresh water from the main-land. The stairs were in this room, and Henry ran up. The room above was the kitchen; over that was a bed-room, and from this a ladder led to the lantern.

Preparatory Study.

I. (3) Write synonyms of **odd, sick, reduction,** and **afraid.**

(5, 6) Classify into compounds, primitives, and derivatives the following words: **Playing, battle-field, hunting, drill, use, morning, fishing-boat, nearest, take, walk.**

Write as many derivatives as possible from the words **near, play, sleep, watch.**

II. (13) To what noun does **that** relate? What, then, are its number and person? (14) What are the number and person of **which?** Why?

LXVII.—Story of a Light-house.

PART II.

1. Henry called, but there was no answer. He went up into the lantern; all was dark and silent. He spoke again and again, still there was no sound. Then, hearing a groan, he rushed down the ladder, got the hand-lamp, and ran back.

2. His father lay on the floor; his eyes were closed, and blood ran from his temple. It was plain that he had fallen and was severely hurt. Henry did not at first know what to do; but soon he remembered that he must stop the flow of blood, and, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he bound up the wound.

3. Still his father neither spoke nor moved, and Henry cried, "O, if mother were only here!" Thinking that she must surely be at home by this time, he rushed down to the shore, untied his boat, and started for the main-land.

4. The rain fell heavily; the waves dashed on the rocks; and Henry, looking up, saw the dim outline of the light-house. His heart gave a great jump, and before his eyes seemed to flash the "charge to keepers," hung up in every light-house: "You are to light the lamps every evening at sunset, and keep them burning bright and clear until sunrise."

5. His father's faithfulness and the great importance of lighting the lamps rushed into Henry's mind, and again he repeated his "emergency drill."

"What is the matter? The lamps are not lighted."

"What shall I do first? Light them."

He turned his boat and rowed back a few rods; but was this the first thing to be done? It could not be! Must his father die for want of help? What was the boy's real duty in the case?

6. As he paused, he remembered how often his father had said that no wreck should ever be his fault. This decided the question, and Henry rowed back to the light-house, stumbled up the stairs, and climbed into the lantern. It took him but a moment to light the lamps, and, as the glow spread out on the sea, his father, aroused by the sudden brightness, opened his eyes.

7. "The lamps," he said.

"I have lighted them," Henry replied; "and now I am going to bring mother here."

"Stay," said his father, closing his eyes again.

Henry knew what his father meant. The lights would go out unless they received constant care, and the lad felt that he had no choice but to remain.

8. The storm that had been gathering since sunset now broke in fury: the wind howled; the house shook and swayed; the sea-birds dashed against the glass; the rain beat on the roof; all sorts of wild sounds were in the air; but, through the long, cheerless hours, Henry kept the light burning bright and clear.

9. It was nearly morning when he heard a knocking at the light-house door. He opened it. There stood two men and—his mother! Henry cried, then he laughed, as he clung round her neck, and—all in one breath—told her that his father was hurt, that he had kept the lights burning, and that he had to leave Lucy.

10. "I do not understand," said his mother. "Where is your father? and where is Lucy?"

"Father is here. I left a note for you at home."

"But I have not been at home. I have been all night on the sea. Our friends here told me that they would bring me back; so I waited. It grew dark early, and we had no idea where we were, for we could not see the light; then all at once it shone out, and the whole night long we have struggled toward it."

11. Henry little knew that his mother was in danger on that stormy sea when he turned back and kept the light burning!

The keeper had not received any permanent injury. The only trouble, therefore, was the thought of little Lucy; but when they reached home in the early morning they found her safe, and fast asleep in her chair.

12. As soon as Mr. Bruce recovered, he asked for an assistant. When the new keeper came, he brought with him his son,—a year younger than Henry,—and our hero felt that, like Robinson Crusoe, he had at last found his man Friday.

Preparatory Study.

II. (**8**) In the sentence, "the rain beat on the roof," the word "on" is placed before the noun "roof" to show the relation of the latter word to the verb "beat;" hence, "on" is called a preposition, which means, literally, something placed before.

A preposition is a word placed before a noun or a pronoun to show its relation to some other word.

(**6**) Explain the use of the prepositions **to, up, into,** and **on,** taking the explanation given above as a model.

LXVIII.—Calais Light.

1.

On Calais sands the breakers roar
  In fierce and foaming track;
The screaming sea-gulls dip and soar,
  White seen against the black;
And shuddering ship and furling sail
Are making ready for the gale.

2.

Ho, keeper of the Calais Light!
  See that your lamps burn free;
For, if they should go out to-night,
  There will be wrecks at sea.
Fill them and trim them with due care.
For there is tempest in the air.

3.

"Go out? My lamps go out, you say?
  What words are on your lips?
There, in the offing far away,
  Are sailing countless ships,
Beyond my ken, beyond my sight,—
But all are watching Calais Light.

4.

"If but a single lamp should fail,
  A single flame burn dim,
How could they ride the gathering gale,
  Or justly steer and trim?
To right, to left, would equal be,—
There are no road-marks in the sea.

5.

"I should not hear their drowning cry,
Or see the ship go down,
And weeks and months might pass us by,
Ere came to Calais town
The word—'A ship was lost one night,
And all for want of Calais Light.'

6.

"Here in my tower, my lamps in row,
I sit the long hours through;
There is no soul to mark or know
If I my duty do;
Yet oftentimes I seem to see
A world of eyes all bent on me!

7.

"Go out! My lamps go out! alas!
It were a woeful day
If ever it should come to pass
That I must live to say,
A ship went down in storm and night,
Because there failed it Calais Light."

8.

Ah, Christian, in your watch-tower set,
Fill all your lamps and trim;
For though there seem no watchers, yet
Far in the darkness dim,
Where souls are tossing out of view,
A hundred eyes are fixed on you!

Describe fully the scene which you imagine while reading the first stanza.

(2–7) Imagine the speakers to be several rods apart, and read in a well-projected tone as if you were listening to the speakers, and their tones were reflected through your voice. This quality of voice can be produced only through a right use of the imagination.

LXIX.—On Georges Bank in a Northeaster.

1. During my boyhood I often heard the old Gloucester men tell thrilling stories of their adventures at the "Banks" in the winter fishing; and a desire to try this wild life took strong hold upon me.

2. A few winters ago, I went to Gloucester, and early in February had the good fortune—such I thought it at the time—to get a berth on the schooner I. C. L., just sailing for Georges Bank.

3. This must not be confounded with the various banks that lie off the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Georges Bank is nearer home, lying off Cape Cod. It is a singular conformation of the ocean bottom, and offers both to the geologist and zoologist a fruitful field of study.

4. A quick run of thirty hours from port, brought us in sight of the fishing-fleet, seventy or eighty sail, riding at anchor on the "bank." As we drew near, we could see the men aboard the schooners actively employed, hauling in fish. Such a spectacle naturally inspired me with a longing to share the sport.

5. It was a proud moment when I hauled up my first halibut—an enormous fish. While I was still gazing at my trophy, the steward appeared with a mug of hot coffee and a pancake with plums in it. This, I now learned, was the standing reward for the lucky fellow who caught the first halibut.

6. Several days passed. The crew were jolly, the weather was fine, and the fish were plenty. Work and

pleasure were so combined that Georges Bank was like a play-ground. Besides, we had such success in our fishing that there seemed to be no drawback to our enjoyment.

7. "Another week like this, boys, and we 'll turn our schooner's head for Cape Ann," the skipper said, on the morning of the seventh day.

All that day we were taking fish — cod, and now and then an enormous halibut. But toward sundown there came a change in the weather.

8. Clouds gathered in great masses; a chilly, fitful wind arose, and the bright ocean began to take on a dull appearance. It was evident that a storm was at hand. We had a cold, dreary sunset, and the wind continued to rise.

9. The vessels of the fleet tossed restlessly at their anchors, and many of them were much nearer to us than we cared to have them. I noticed that Skipper Grant seemed uneasy, and watched the sky closely.

10. "We 'll have a tough blow out of this," one of the men said to me after supper. "I never saw a worse-looking sky. I 'm afraid you 'll see more of Georges than you 'll ever want to see again. There is a big storm coming, depend on that."

11. By nine o'clock the heavens were as black as ink. The wind had come round into the northeast, and was rising steadily. Snow began to fall, and nothing could be seen save the crests of the breaking waves, with here and there the glimmering, dancing lights on other vessels. Our own light had been hung at sunset.

12. All the spare cable was now paid out, and the skipper advised those who wanted any sleep that night to go below. "For there won't be much sleeping three hours from now, I assure ye," he concluded. I crawled into my bunk, but sleep did not come, for the situation was novel, the peril imminent. At the end of an hour, I went on deck again.

13. It was now nearly eleven o'clock. The wind was blowing fearfully. The snow drove along in mighty gusts; and the great seas rose round us, higher than my fancy had ever pictured them. At times they tossed the schooner as if in spite. Then down they would plunge her into unknown and terrible depths.

14. I wondered that the anchor held the schooner against the power of those mighty surges. The stories that I had heard of "northeasters on the banks" no longer seemed unreasonable. It was impossible to stand above the bulwarks; and the rush and shrieking of the wind in the rigging was terrific.

15. My fellow-fishermen were all on the alert. Everybody was keeping a sharp lookout ahead.

"If we don't break adrift, and if some other vessel does n't part her cable and run into us, we may ride it out," one hardy fellow shouted in my ear.

16. These were our greatest dangers; for, if the cable parted, we should drift against some other vessel, or, if another schooner ran into us, then good-by to both crafts, and to all on board. In such a gale, there would not be, in case of collision, the slightest chance of escape for either vessel.

17. In order that we might not endure the horror of such a disaster, the captain had an axe placed near the windlass, and by it he stationed an old sailor, called "Uncle Cal," with orders to cut the cable at the word of command.

18. The hours dragged heavily on. About two o'clock, a large vessel passed us within a cable's length. We saw her lights for an instant, and the lofty outline of her masts and yards. In a moment or two she was swept past at terrific speed on the wings of the storm. It made me shudder to think what our fate would have been had she struck our little schooner!

19. At last a faint gray belt appeared in the east. Morning was coming,—a terrible morning,—disclosing a white, raging ocean. Over the towering waves we could see other vessels of the fleet. Three were quite near us, and about nine o'clock the men forward suddenly cried out, "Schooner adrift right ahead!"

20. Then for the first time our bold skipper showed signs of excitement. "Stand by to cut the cable!" he shouted to the man at the windlass. "But don't cut till I give the word!"

21. This was a matter of life and death. All eyes were bent on the drifting vessel. On she came!—first high on a foaming surge, then buried out of sight, save her topmasts. Shall I ever forget those moments of awful suspense?

22. Glancing at the faces around me, I saw the stern, pale look that, in the hour of deadly peril, bespeaks of the resolute heart. Every man stood at his post—each determined to do his best in that struggle for life.

23. The drifting schooner seemed to be bearing down directly upon us. Captain Grant stood with his eyes riveted on her—his hand half raised to give the signal to cut the cable.

An instant more and he must give it, I thought, and then a rapid race, and the horrors of the breakers.

24. The next moment, with the swiftness of a gull on the wing, the luckless craft swept past our starboard rail, so near that she nearly grazed us! I could almost have leaped on board of her as she swept by.

25. "Thank God!" we breathed; but we felt a sudden pang as we marked the hopeless, terror-stricken faces of the crew on the doomed schooner. A few cables' lengths astern, we saw her strike another of the fleet; and in an instant vessels and crews disappeared like bubbles.

26. But we had little time to think of others. Our own anchors began to drag. Nearly every wave bore us back before it. The schooner yawed fearfully. For half a mile we were lurching wildly. The danger was extreme. But fortunately, the anchors again held, and stayed our perilous course.

27. All day the gale blew hard. Again were we endangered by vessels adrift; but none came so near as the first that had passed us—like the shadow of death—in the early morning.

28. Toward sunset the wind lulled, and during the evening and night the sea became calmer. The next morning many vessels of our fleet were missing. Alas! in the terrible tempest that brave old town on Cape Ann lost some of her hardiest sons.

29. With the storm still fresh in my mind, I was not a little surprised that morning to see the schooner's crew preparing bait and tackle to resume their fishing. They smoked, and talked of getting another "fare" with as much unconcern and coolness as if there had been no storm and no danger.

30. Fine weather returned, and we fished a week longer. Then one evening the skipper said, "Get the anchor, boys. We 'll turn her head home."

31. With a fair wind, we sighted Eastern Point Light the next evening, and worked into Gloucester Harbor the following forenoon. A crowd of people with anxious faces were at the wharf; and to many of them our home-coming brought aching hearts.

We had a successful voyage; but I shall never forget the grandeur and the terrors of that storm at Georges Bank.

Preparatory Study.

Locate Gloucester. What is the chief industry of its people? Is this a safe or a perilous pursuit? Why are these fishing-places called "banks"? (3) Explain the expression, "offers both to the geologist and zoologist a fruitful field of study."

LXX.—Dean Swift and the Cobbler.

1. The Dean was one day passing through Patrick's Close, in the city of Dublin, when he espied a cobbler hard at work in his stall. Poor Crispin, though but half clad, was singing away like a lark, and hammering at the heel of an old shoe with a lightness of heart that astonished the passer-by.

2. "Friend," said the Dean, pausing in his walk and addressing the musical workman, "you seem to be very poor; but then you are very merry."

"It is not mirth, sir," replied the cobbler: "I am singing for the children in the cellar below."

3. "How is that?" asked the Dean. "I do not understand you."

"Why, sir," said the man, "whenever the poor things are hungry, and have nothing to eat, I sing

droll songs for them, in order to make them forget the hunger."

4. "What family have you?"

"Not many, sir—only twelve or thirteen, or so."

"And have you no prospect of improving your condition in life?"

5. "If there is such a prospect, sir," replied the cobbler, "I have not been able to catch a glimpse of it yet; but I suppose you have heard the proverb of our trade, sir:—'Once a cobbler, always a cobbler.'"

"The proverb is a bad one," said the Dean, abruptly. "It strikes at the very root of industry."

6. "It does not touch me, at all events; for, so far as industry goes, I am a pattern to the neighborhood; but, unfortunately, the harder I work, the poorer I am. However, we have one comfort—there is a better world before us, and we are preparing ourselves for it."

7. "In what way?" asked the Dean.

"Why, fasting and prayer are the best means of working out our salvation. It is true, indeed, we do not pray so much as we ought; but we make it up in the fasting. For my own part, I do not complain: I have grown used to fasting."

8. "Oh, ho!" thought the Dean, "this is a character; I must try him a little further." Then he said, "What do you mean by saying the harder you work, the poorer you are?"

"Nothing 's plainer, sir: my family are growing up, and employment is going down; you may understand me without a dictionary."

9. "Well, then," said the Dean, "suppose a friend were to purchase for you some leather, and all the materials for making shoes, could you make them?"

10. "Could Dean Swift write a ballad? God bless the Dean, at any rate—by putting down Wood and his half-pence, he saved me from bankruptcy; I should have closed my stall only for him. But, after all, he deprived me of a good berth by it."

11. "What berth?" asked the amused listener.

"Why, sir, the post of Solicitor-General that I had in my eye; but he stopped my promotion."

12. The Dean began to feel more than amusement in his chat with the cobbler, and said, "Well, now, you comical rogue, do you know Dean Swift?"

"Not by person, sir; that is a pleasure that is before me yet; but I know him well by character."

13. "What do you know about him?" asked the Dean.

"Why, that he's a true friend to Ireland and her people, and an enemy to all oppressors." Then the cobbler added, with a twinkle in his eye, "If he wanted a character, and came to me for one, he should have no reason to complain of it."

14. "Well, now," said the Dean, "you seem to be a merry, honest fellow, and I think, if you were assisted, that the assistance would not be thrown away."

"I am a good deal of that mind myself," replied the cobbler. "Honor, industry, and good-humor run in our family; but, somehow or other, poverty also insists on being a relative, and sticks to us like wax."

15. "Suppose, now," said the Dean, "that I lend you the sum of ten pounds, to buy leather and commence shoemaking; will you promise to pay me at the rate of half a crown a week?"

"I can only give you my word for it at the present time," replied the cobbler; "but I will keep it."

16. "Well, then," said the Dean, opening his pocket-book, "here are ten pounds for you, which I give, trusting that you will make good use of them."

"You are Dean Swift," said the cobbler; "for no other man would do an act like this!"

"I am," replied the Dean; "and I will further befriend you if you deserve it."

17. The cobbler paid the money punctually; and this pleased Swift so much that he became a warm friend to the humorous workman, and with his purse and counsel helped to make of the half-starved cobbler a successful man of business.

Preparatory Study.

I. Jonathan Swift, 1667–1748, was an able writer, and Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin.

St. Crispin, while preaching the gospel in France, 287 B. C., supported himself by shoemaking; hence, shoemakers are sometimes called "Crispins."

III. (7) In the phrase "fasting and prayer," **and** connects the words between which it stands, and is, therefore, called a conjunction, literally, a joining together.

A conjunction is a word used to connect sentences or parts of sentences.

The conjunctions **and, but, or, nor,** and **if** occur very frequently. Are they all found in this piece?

LXXI.—Somebody's Mother.

1.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

2.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

3.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "School let out,"
Came happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

4.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

5.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I 'll help you across, if you wish to go."

6.

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

7.

"She 's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
Although she 's aged, and poor, and slow;
And some one, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother — you understand? —
If ever she 's poor, and old, and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."

8.

"Somebody's mother" bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

9.

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "somebody's mother's" prayer was heard

Preparatory Study.

(1) What adjective describes streets? Fill the following blanks with variations of this adjective:

Is snow —— than salt? Which one of the three kittens is the —— ?

The form supplied in the first is called the comparative degree; that supplied in the second is called the superlative degree. **Anxious, timid,** and **aged** form their comparative by prefixing **more** or **less**, and their superlative by prefixing **most** or **least. Happy, merry,** and **noble** are compared in the same manner as **white.**

LXXII.—A Brave Little Rebel.

1. When Cynthia Smith was only five years old, her little heart was stirred by the story, told her by her father, of the "Boston Tea-party," at which a whole ship-load of tea had been emptied into the harbor because George III. insisted on a threepenny tax.

2. "They have burned the tea in Annapolis, and the stuff is spoiling in our Charleston cellars," continued her father.

"Hurrah!" cried John and James and William and Ebenezer, Cynthia's brothers. "Hurrah!" echoed Cynthia, as if she understood all about it.

3. The following year, when England shut up Boston harbor with her "Boston Port Bill," not a bit of rice did Cynthia get to eat; for her father sent his whole harvest North, as did many a Southerner.

4. After that, John went to Massachusetts to visit Uncle Hezekiah, and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at Bunker Hill. Cynthia wept hot tears on her coarse homespun apron; but she dried them in a sort of strange delight, when James insisted on joining the Virginia Riflemen.

5. "'Liberty or Death' is burned into our hearts," James wrote home; at which his mother wrung her hands, and his father, smiling grimly, said, "Just wait; we'll have it hot and heavy at our own doors before we're through."

6. Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in James's footsteps. But Cynthia had little time for patriotic

yearnings. She helped to weave cloth for gowns and trousers, and to spin and knit yarn for stockings.

7. This kept her very busy until 1776, when two great events took place. One was the signing of the Declaration of Independence: the other was the birth of a red and white calf in Mr. Smith's barn. Which was of greater importance to Cynthia, it is hard to say.

8. To be sure, she tingled from head to foot at her father's ringing tones, as he read from a sheet of paper that some one had given to him, "All men are born free and equal;" but she went wild with joy, when her father said, "You may keep that bossy for your own, if you 'll agree to raise her, Cynthia."

9. Free-'n'-equal, as her mistress called her, was Cynthia's only playmate, for no children lived within six miles. The little girl even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for James, who had gone with General Washington into Pennsylvania. Alas! James never wore those wristlets. He was one of the many who lay down to die of cold and hunger at Valley Forge.

10. One day Cynthia came flying to the barn with the joyful tidings that the British general, Burgoyne, had surrendered at Saratoga. But darker days came, and the twelve-year old South Carolina rebel sobbed on her favorite's neck, when the news came that Sir Henry Clinton had captured Charleston.

11. But she sobbed even more a few months later. "General Gates has come down to South Carolina, and father and Will and Ebenezer have gone to fight in his

army." Free-'n'-equal shook her head solemnly at that; and her long, low "Moo-o" seemed to say, "What is to become of the rest of us, my poor little mistress?"

12. "We will take care of ourselves, that's what we shall do. Mother and I will hoe the rice. And, Free-'n'-equal, you must give more milk to keep us strong."

13. Those were dangerous days all along the Santee River, for Lord Cornwallis's troops were laying waste the country. But Cynthia was not afraid—no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation.

14. "Just let those soldiers touch anything of ours, and see what they'll get!" said she, with ponderous dignity. O, no! Cynthia had no fear, even when a red-coat rose above the horizon like a morning cloud.

15. So no wonder that she was taken aback when, one afternoon, as she came home with her bundle of sticks, her mother met her with a pale face.

"Cynthia, they've carried off Free-'n'-equal."

"They!" gasped Cynthia. "Who?"

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns. She kicked well, but they jerked her along. Cynthia, what shall we do?"

16. Cynthia darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran, on and on,—one mile, two miles, three miles. At last she reached Lord Cornwallis's head-quarters. Not a moment did she pause. The sentinels challenged her in vain. She ran past them, into the house, into the parlor.

17. There sat Lord Cornwallis and six of his officers, eating and drinking.

Cynthia stopped at the threshold and dropped a courtesy. Lord Cornwallis glanced up and saw her.

"I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely; "and your men have taken my cow, Free-'n'-equal Smith, and I 've come to get her, if you please."

18. "Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis.

"They carried her off," said Cynthia.

"Where do you live?" asked the British general.

"Three miles away, with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"Yes, sir; and I have four brothers."

19. "Where is your father?"

"In General Gates's army, Lord Cornwallis."

"O, he 's a rebel, is he?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly erect.

"And where are your brothers?"

Cynthia paused. "John went to heaven from the top of Bunker Hill," said she with a trembling lip.

20. One of the younger officers smiled, but the smile disappeared as Lord Cornwallis's eyes flashed at him.

"And James went to heaven," proceeded Cynthia, softly, "from Valley Forge."

"Where are the other two?"

"In the army, Lord Cornwallis."

"Rank rebels."

"Yes, they are."

21. "Indeed! And you're a bit of a rebel, too, I'm thinking, if the truth were told."

Miss Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"And yet you come here for your cow?" said Lord Cornwallis. "I'll be bound she's rebel beef herself."

Cynthia meditated. "I think she would be, if she were a woman; but perhaps they would n't call her beef then."

22. Lord Cornwallis threw back his head, and laughed a good-natured, hearty laugh. All his officers laughed, too.

Miss Cynthia wondered what the fun might be; but, in no wise abashed, she stood firm, and waited until, the merriment over, they might see fit to return the cow.

At last, her face began to flush a little.

What if these fine gentlemen were making fun of her, after all?

23. Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount into her cheeks; and, because he was a real gentleman, he became serious instantly. "Come here, my little maid," said he. "I myself will see that your cow is safe in your barn to-morrow morning. And perhaps," he added, unfastening a pair of silver knee-buckles which he wore, "you will accept these as a gift from one who wishes no harm to such rebels as you."

24. She dropped a final courtesy, clasped the shining buckles, and out of the room she vanished, sure in her mind that Free-'n'-equal was her own once more.

As for those buckles, they are at this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's descendants. For there was a real cow and there was a real Miss Cynthia, as well as a real Lord Cornwallis.

Preparatory Study.

I. Why were the people of America who fought the English in the war of the Revolution called rebels? What were those called who favored the king? What is meant by the Boston Tea Party? Write a short account of it. How did England "shut up" Boston harbor? What was the Boston Port Bill?

Locate Valley Forge. Tell what you can of the winter spent there by the American army. What was Lord Cornwallis's rank in the British army? To whom did he surrender at the close of the war? Where did the surrender take place?

II. (4) Of what two words is the word **homespun** composed? What, then, is its real meaning?

LXXIII.—The Minute-Man of the Revolution.

1. Two hundred years ago, Mary Shepherd, a girl of fifteen, was watching for the savages on the hills of Concord, while her brothers threshed in the barn. Suddenly the Indians appeared, killed the brothers, and carried her away.

2. In the night, while the savages slept, she untied a horse, slipped a saddle from under the head of one of her captors, mounted, fled, swam the Nashua River, and rode home through the forest. Mary Shepherd was the true ancestor of the Minute-Man of the Revolution.

3. The Minute-Man of the Revolution! And who was he? He was the husband and father, who left the plow in the furrow, the hammer on the bench, and, kissing wife and children, marched on to freedom or to death! The Minute-Man of the Revolution! He was old or young, grave or gay, lively or severe.

4. He was Captain Miles, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march! He was Deacon Josiah Haines, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to South Bridge, at Concord, then joined in that hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

5. He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Charlestown to Concord, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart, and Hayward fell, mortally wounded. "Father," said he, "I started with forty balls; I have three left.

I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much; and tell her whom I love more than my mother, that I am not sorry that I turned out."

6. This was the Minute-Man of the Revolution! The rural citizen, trained in the common school and in the town meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down —not a man, but a system. Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him; enthroned in the love of his fellow-citizens, the king's writ could not take him.

7. When, on that morning at Lexington, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw, beyond the clouds of the moment, the rising sun of the America that we behold; and, careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "O, what a glorious morning!" He felt that a blow would soon be struck that would break the heart of British tyranny. His judgment and his conscience told him that the hour had come.

Preparatory Study.

Why were the Minute-Men so called? What is meant by the expression "carried a bayonet that thought"? What by "gun loaded with a principle, that brought down — not a man, but a system"?

(6) Explain the latter part of this paragraph, from "Intrenched in his own honesty" to the conclusion.

These lessons are purposely prepared so that the pupils shall not readily find answers to all the questions. Do not attempt to settle difficult points at once; but remember that the more a pupil is encouraged to seek information outside of the school-room, the more he is enabled to educate himself.

LXXIV.—Rebecca, the Drummer.

1. About nine o'clock in the morning a British war-vessel appeared off Scituate Harbor. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. What would the strange ship do? Tack about in the bay and pick up coasters to burn as prizes, or land soldiers to destroy the town? Those were sad days, those old war-days of 1812, and the sight of a British war-ship in the bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to make the enemy fear us.

2. Scituate was a fishing town, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they had no arms except fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the British had muskets and cannon.

3. On the end of the low sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, his wife, and their children.

4. When that British ship appeared, the keeper was away, and there was no one at home except Mrs. Bates, her daughter, Rebecca, who was about fourteen years old, two small boys, and a young girl named Sarah Winsor, who was visiting the family.

5. For an hour or two the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again, and anchored near the mouth of the harbor. The people could see the boats lowered to bring the enemy ashore. It was a splendid sight. The soldiers in their gay red coats made a fine

picture in that quiet place. How their guns glittered in the sun! Truly it was a courageous company come with war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

6. So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor thought as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats going past the Point.

"Oh, if I were only a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See how many there are, and look at their guns!" said the less impulsive Sarah.

7. "I don't care, I would fight; I would use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!"

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It is too bad; is n't it?"

"Yes; and to think that we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

8. "Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in town. There 's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they 're hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we shall hear the shots and the drum."

9. "The drum! How can they? It is here. Father brought it home to be mended last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let 's"—here Rebecca interrupted.

"See! the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! Oh! They are going to burn her."

"Is n't it mean?"

"It is too bad! too—"

"Where is that drum?"

"It is in the kitchen."

10. "I have a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"It might scare them, if nothing more."

"They would see it was only two girls, and they would laugh, and go on burning just the same."

"No; we could hide behind the sand hills and bushes. Come, let's go."

"Oh, look! look! The sloop is on fire!"

11. "Come, I can't stay and look at it any longer. The cowardly British burning the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like men?"

"Come, let's get the drum. It will do no harm, at any rate."

"Well, we will. There is the fife, too; we might take that with us."

There was no time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country.

12. "You take the fife, Sarah, and I will drum."

"All right; but we must not stand still. We must march along the shore toward the light."

"Will they see us?" asked Rebecca.

"No; we will walk next the water on the outside beach."

"O, yes; and they will think that soldiers are going down to the Point to head them off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two,—one, two!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Rebecca.

13. "Don't laugh. You 'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips," said Sarah, reprovingly.

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

The men in the town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

14. Louder and louder on the breeze came the sturdy roll of a drum and the brave sound of a fife. The enemy heard the noise and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered every soldier into the boats. The people were rising! They were coming down the Point with cannon to head off the alarmed red-coats! They would all be captured and perhaps hanged by the dreadful Americans!

15. In grim silence marched the two girls,—plodding on over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles, Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination. How the British scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers came near being left on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong!

16. How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to leave the place and reach their

ship. How the people yelled and cheered on the shore! Fifty men and more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water. Louder and louder rolled the warlike drum. Sharp and clear rang out the terrible fife.

17. The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot toward the light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

18. The girls saw it, and, dropping their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried.

That night the enemy sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and the brave ship thought it wise to retreat in time! Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. I tell you this true story just as I heard it from her—the valiant drummer of so many years ago!

Preparatory Study.

I. How many years elapsed between the Revolutionary War and the war of 1812? What was the cause of the latter war? What was its result?

II. Such words as **oh, ha, ah, alas,** and **halloo,** which are merely cries or exclamations, are called **interjections,** literally, words thrown between. They are not connected with other words in the sentence.

An interjection is a word used independently, expressing sudden emotion.

LXXV.—Indian Summer.

1. Like a soft regret of the atmosphere the Indian Summer lingers over the dead Autumn. Like a smile on the lips of the dead, that looks a radiant farewell to the happy soul departed, is this hushed Sabbath of the seasons. Not dreary, and not sad, but with a joy that seems sorrow, and a sorrow that seems joy, do we regard it, this lovely time when Nature, breathless and pale, like a long-watchful mother, stoops and kisses asleep her flower-children for the last time.

2. All the air is filled with a hushed and mystic tenderness; all the heaven is radiant with a closer, embracing sympathy for the earth; all the earth is still and voiceless. The lighted forest-aisles no longer ring with joy-worshippers—the birds have left the bough haunted only with last year's nests and the ghost of their bird-homes.

3. The winds have had a noisy harvest time among the shining trees, and "heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead." Only the "eddying gust," that is, the wandering spirit of a wind, troubles them, and now but seldom. Silence has become a personality, and, with the hermits Solitude and Echo, dreams by the brook.

4. The cessation of this loud world's busy noises makes us fancy that the Sabbath morning comes with a peculiar and sweet stillness; but, in this hushed air, we may truly deem "all sights mellowed and all sounds subdued," as if the whole world were waiting on prayerful knees, with uplifted brow, through a dear and holy benediction, or listening for some familiar footstep ever

on the threshold of its last hope. It would not be too fanciful if we were to regard the world as moving quietly and affectionately about a death-bed—the death-bed of the flowers.

5. Why do we call this after-dream of our Northern season the Indian Summer? Would it be idle to imagine that the year is haunted with a regret for the races of its old religion who lived in the grander seasons that we have trampled out—grand with their untouched forest-glooms, their wild valleys, the far sea-like gleams of their prairies, the pure currents of their rivers, and the holy silence of their hills?

6. Only in America, we believe, does this after-summer bloom; and even here it seems, like the races it remembers, to be slowly moving "farther West." Is this ghost of the vanished summer gradually yielding to the exorcism of the locomotive and the steam-whistle, the march of empire, and the march of mind?

7. But we are now bathed in its haunting presence, and, under its strange influence, have times and distances mingled. The town-clock is over our shoulder—its luminous face shrouded in a golden dream-veil—yet how many squares is it away! The glittering cross on yonder cathedral is a butterfly fluttering out of sight.

> "The near afar off seems, the distant nigh—
> The Now a dream—the Past, reality."

NOTE.—Indian Summer is so called from the custom that the Indians had of using this time to store up their winter food. The red race believed that the pleasant warmth of this late season was caused by a wind that came directly from the court of their great and benevolent southwestern god.

LXXVI.—The Kaiserblumen.

1.

Have you heard of the Kaiserblume,
O, little children sweet,
That grows in the fields of Germany,
Light waving among the wheat?

2.

By field and wood and roadside,
Delicate, hardy, and bold,
It blossoms in wild profusion
In every color but gold.

3.

The children love it dearly,
And with dancing feet they go
To seek it with song and laughter;
And all the people know

4.

That the emperor's daughter loved it
Like any peasant maid;
And, when she died, her father,
Stern Kaiser Wilhelm, said,—

5.

"This flower my darling cherished
Honored and crowned shall be;
Henceforth 't is the Kaiserblume,
The flower of Germany."

6.

Said little Hans to Gretchen,
One summer morning fair,
As they played in the fields together,
And sang in the fragrant air,—

7.

"O, look at the Kaiserblumen
That grow in the grass so thick!
Let 's gather our arms full, Gretchen,
And take to the emperor, quick!

8.

"For never were any so beautiful,
So blue and so white and red!"
So all they could carry they gathered,
And thought of the princess dead.

9.

Then, under the blazing sunshine,
They trudged o'er the long white road,
That led to the Kaiser's palace,
With their brightly-nodding load.

10.

And at last all the nodding blossoms
Their shining heads hung down,—
But "Cheer up, Gretchen!" cried little Hans,
"We 've almost reached the town!"

11.

So they plodded patiently onward,
And with hands so soft and small
They knocked at the palace portal,
And sweetly did cry and call:

12.

"Please open the door, O Kaiser!
We 've brought some flowers for you,
Our arms full of Kaiserblumen,
All rosy and white and blue!"

13.

A lofty and splendid presence,
The echoing stair came down;
To know the king there was no need
That he should wear a crown.

14.

And the children cried, "O Kaiser,
We have brought you flowers so far!
And we are so tired and hungry!
See, emperor, here they are!"

15.

They held up their withered posies,
While into the emperor's face
A beautiful light came stealing,
And he stooped with a stately grace;

16.

Taking the ruined blossoms,
With gentle words and mild
He comforted with kindness
The heart of each trembling child.

17.

And that was a wonderful glory
That the little ones befell!
And when their heads are hoary
They still will the story tell,

18.

How they sat at the Kaiser's table,
And dined with princes and kings,
In that far-off day of splendor,
Filled full of marvelous things!

19.

And home, when the sun was setting,
The happy twain were sent,
In a gleaming golden carriage
With horses magnificent.

20.

And like the wildest vision
Or fairy-land it seemed;
Hardly could Hans and Gretchen
Believe they had not dreamed.

Write this story in prose.

LXXVII.—Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

1. It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wished to take a walk with him, and afterward to have him sup with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush! what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said, eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

2. We paused in front of a mean little dwelling, and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break. Then some one said, "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. O, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

3. "You are right; and yet I wish that just once in my life I could hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we do for her?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

4. A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a

profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. They were neatly but very poorly dressed. Both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

5. The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is— Shall I play for you?"

6. There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the Fräulein—"

7. He paused, and colored, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us, when we lived at Bruhl. During the summer evenings her windows were open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

8. She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord, than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, since I knew him, had I heard him play as he played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and no sooner had his fingers begun to wander along the keys, than the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

9. The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful that even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sounds.

10. Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

11. At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as only he could smile. "Listen!" he said; and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from the awe-stricken listeners, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more—only once more!"

12. He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

13. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift, breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

14. "Farewell!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door; "farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly; "I will come again; I will come again and give the Fräulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

15. They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us hasten home," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata whose strange melody stirs and entrances the musical world.

Preparatory Study.

II. Find in this piece the prepositions **at, with, from, of, by, over, toward, before, in,** and **on,** and explain the use of each.

III. (12) Explain the use of every "**and**" in this paragraph, stating clearly what parts of the sentence are joined by each conjunction given.

Write the comparison of **dark** and **narrow.** Write the comparison of **mean, little, sudden,** and **beautiful.** What part of speech is each of these words? Write the comparison of **suddenly, eagerly,** and **well.** What part of speech is each of these words? Which form of comparison is used in comparing two objects? Which in comparing more than two?

LXXVIII.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PART I.

1. A little more than sixty-five years ago, in the city of Portland, Maine, a small boy, aged ten, stole out of his father's house, one evening, with an agitating secret in his breast and something precious in his breast-pocket. That something was a copy of verses,—a little, a very little poem,—which he was going to drop into the letter-box of the newspaper office on the corner.

2. More than once he walked by the door, fearing to be seen doing so audacious a deed. But hope inspired him, and when nobody was near, he stood on his toes, dropped the poem into the editor's box, and hurried home with a fluttering heart.

3. The next evening he walked by the office again, and seeing the compositors at work, the boy said to himself, "Perhaps they are printing my poem!" When the newspaper came, he opened it with hope and fear, —and there, heading the poet's corner and looking strange, but oh, so beautiful in print, were his precious verses.

4. When his works had become as familiar as household words with English-speaking people all over the world, he told me the story of this first literary venture, and said, with a smile, "I think no other literary success in my life ever made me quite so happy!"

5. The poet Longfellow came of a good family of English stock. His great-grandfather was a blacksmith. Perhaps he had this sturdy ancestor in mind when he wrote his poem on "The Village Blacksmith" so long afterward, and drew this moral:—

6. "Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose. . . .

"Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

7. The Portland blacksmith sent one of his ten children to Harvard College; and thus in the grandfather began that liberal culture which was to flower and bear fruit in the author of "Evangeline." The father, also, was a graduate of Harvard, and was in his day a leading citizen and lawyer of Portland, and a member of Congress.

8. The poet's mother was a descendant of John Alden, of *May-Flower* and Pilgrim fame, whose wooing of the "damsel Priscilla" for his friend, "the famous Captain of Plymouth," forms the subject of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." John himself, it will be remembered, was in love with Priscilla.

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

9. The poet was born in Portland, on the 27th of February, 1807. He was a happy, healthy, studious child, fond of boyish sports, but fonder still of books, especially books of poetry and classic prose.

He entered Bowdoin College in his fourteenth year, and graduated at eighteen, the second in rank in his class. The college afterward bore the highest testimony to his fine literary scholarship, by creating a chair of modern language and literature expressly that he might be invited to fill it.

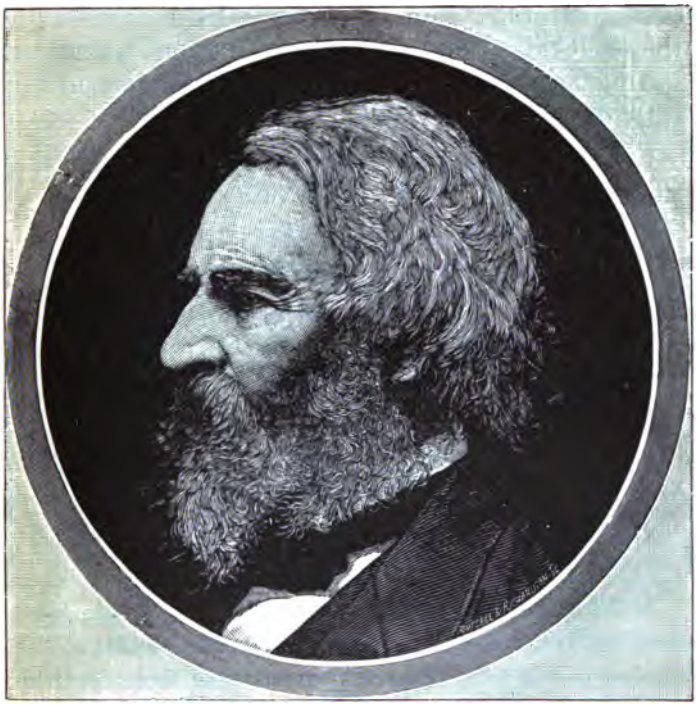
10. He had at first thought of the law; but this call from his Alma Mater opened to him a far more congenial career. He joyfully accepted it, but, before assuming his new duties, visited Europe, where he spent four years, chiefly in Germany, Italy, France, and Spain, studying the languages and literatures of those countries, and preparing for his university work.

11. He was also preparing for other and far higher work; storing his mind with beautiful thoughts and images, and perfecting that simple ease of expression which was to form so lovely a characteristic of his style.

12. The independent literary career, which enables so many nowadays to win bread and perhaps fortune by the pen, was then hardly known in America. There were no great magazines and newspapers to pay liberal prices for articles; and in order to get money while he was earning fame, the man of letters had to do whatever work presented itself.

13. Longfellow became a contributor to the best periodicals of those days. But the pay he received was very small. In later years, when editors were glad to get a contribution from him on any terms, he spoke of having received for a poem a price which seemed to him very large. I replied that it did not seem to me excessive, considering the name and the fame that went with it.

14. "Ah," said he, "you young fellows" (to be called by him a young fellow was delightfully flattering to my gray hairs!) "have had the luck to come along at a time when good prices prevail. You would think differently if you had written as many poems for five dollars apiece as I have."



LXXIX. — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PART II.

1. Longfellow continued his connection with Bowdoin until his growing fame as an author and translator, quite as much as his reputation as a teacher, procured his appointment as professor of modern languages in Harvard University, which position he filled from 1835 until 1854.

After another year of travel and study abroad, he settled down in Cambridge, which remained his home

ever afterward. In his first year there, he boarded in the old Craigie house, a colonial mansion, famous as having been the head-quarters of Washington in the early days of the Revolution.

2. The spaciousness of this old house, its beautiful situation overlooking the broad valley where

> "The flooded Charles. . . .
> Writes the last letter of his name,"

and more than all, perhaps, its historical associations, charmed the young professor's fancy; and after the death of the landlady he purchased it.

3. There he lived an almost ideal life, amidst objects of beauty and curiosity by which he had gradually surrounded himself, the centre of a group of friends, enjoying a charmed domestic life, and producing the works which delighted the world.

4. This happiness was interrupted by the tragical death of his wife—a noble and beautiful woman, the mother of his five children. A drop of flaming wax, which she was melting at a candle to amuse two of her little ones, fell upon her dress.

5. What a sorrow her loss must have been to him nobody knew from anything he ever said or wrote. He did not send forth a wail of woe in his works, as is the way with feebler poets who suffer, or imagine they suffer. His affliction revealed itself only in words of deeper faith and consolation, breathed forth in mellower verse.

6. In his Cambridge home, he was sought by people of every rank and calling. They came literally from all parts of the world. When the Emperor of Brazil visited

this country in the centennial year, his first question on landing in New York was, "Where is Longfellow?" The poet used to tell an amusing story of some English visitors, who said to him with rather astounding frankness, "As there are no ruins in this country, we thought we would come and see you."

7. Longfellow was of medium height, with strong, symmetrical features, mild blue eyes under fine brows, and hair and beard of patriarchal whiteness in his later years. Charles Kingsley said of him, in 1868, "Longfellow is far handsomer and nobler than his portraits make him; I think I never saw a finer human face." This might have been truly said of him to the last.

8. The same gentle and humane spirit that characterized his writings showed itself also in the manners of the man. He had the simplicity which belongs to strong and true natures. His affability made you forget that you were in the presence of one of the most eminent of living men.

9. His fine sympathy prompted him to meet people on their own ground of thought and interest, and to anticipate their wishes. His ways with children were delightful. I well remember his setting the musical clock in his hall to amuse a little girl while he was occupied with her elders: he could not bear that she should not be entertained.

10. On another occasion, when the same little girl and her younger sister, in their own home, approached with bashful pleasure, as he held out his arms to them, he broke down all barriers at once by saying:

"Where are your dolls? I want you to show me your dolls. Not the fine ones, which you keep for company, but those you love best and play with every day."

11. Before the mother could interfere, they had taken him at his word, and brought out the shabby little favorites with battered noses, eagerly telling Mr. Longfellow their names and histories.

12. He was hospitable and helpful to other and younger writers. How many are indebted to him for words of encouragement and cheer! The last letter that I ever received from him was written during his illness in the winter, when he took the trouble to send me an exceedingly kind word regarding something of mine he had just seen in a magazine.

13. He was tolerant to the last degree of other people's faults. I never heard him speak with censure or even with impatience of anybody, except a certain class of critics who injure reputations by sitting in judgment upon works they have not the heart to feel or the sense to understand.

14. He suffered from the criticism of the narrow-minded and the unjust in earlier days; but his wise, calm spirit was never more than temporarily ruffled by it. No meritorious work was ever more severely judged than "Hiawatha," when it first appeared. But the sales were large; it quickly became the most popular of all his poems; and the reviewers who had censured it, joined in the later chorus of its praise.

15. "Evangeline" also had been criticised, though less severely, fault being found particularly with the

meter, which was declared to be unsuited to English verse. Nevertheless, the easy and flowing hexameters which relate that exquisitely beautiful story continue to be read, alike by the learned and the unlearned, with perennial delight.

16. The poet lived beyond the allotted years of man, the "threescore and ten" of the Psalmist, yet his busy brain and untiring hand wrought on, as in changeless youth and vigor. On the 27th of February, 1882, was celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, and on the 24th of March the land thrilled at the solemn words: "Longfellow died to-day!" Alas! we had almost thought him immortal!

17. And is he not immortal? When we consider that long life of beauty and beneficence, the noble, happy, enduring work done by our poet, his unsullied purity of thought and word, we may tenderly, yet reverently, remember him as "long-loved, and for a season gone,"—

> "One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die!"

Preparatory Study.

I. Name Longfellow's principal poems. Which of them have you read? Name six other American poets. Why does Longfellow rank first among our poets? Give in your own words a brief account of his life.

II. (Part II.) (2) What is meant by "its historical associations"?

I. Write the definition of **primitive word, prefix, suffix, derivative word,** and **compound word.**

II. Into how many parts of speech is the English language divided? What are they? Write a definition and give an illustration of each.

LXXX.—Quotations from Longfellow.

1. The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

---

2. In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

---

3. Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There 's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

---

4. In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

---

5. Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

6. Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

7. Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere "Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

8. Look not mournfully into the Past—it is gone;
Improve the Present—it is thine!
And go joyously into the Future.

9. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

10. There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

11. Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

LXXXI.—From My Arm-Chair.

To the children of Cambridge, who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree.

1.

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

2.

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

3.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

4.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

5.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

6.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

7.

The Danish king* could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

8.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

9.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

10.

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

11.

The heart hath its own memory like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

12.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

* Canute, Danish king of England, to rebuke his flattering courtiers, commanded the sea to roll back, but the rising tide mocked his authority.

APPENDIX.

Prefixes.

(See Preparatory Study, page 42.)

a means *at, in, on;* as, *a-foot.*

be (when used with nouns or adjectives to form verbs), *to make;* as, *be-calm, be-numb.*

be (prefixed to verbs), *about, over;* as, *be-daub.*

be (in adverbs and prepositions), *by;* as, *be-low.*

dis, *not;* as, *dis-agree.*

dis (in certain verbs), *to take away or out;* as, *dis-courage.*

en, em, *to make;* as, *en-able;—in* or *within;* as, *en-close, em-balm.*

fore, *before;* as, *fore-tell.*

in, il, im, ir (in verbs and nouns), *in, into, on;* as, *in-case, il-luminate, im-print, ir-radiate.*

ig, in, il, im, ir (prefixed to adjectives), *not;* as, *ig-noble, in-correct, il-legal, im-polite, ir-regular.*

mis, *ill, wrong;* as, *mis-place.*

out, *above, beyond;* as, *out-do.*

pre, *before;* as, *pre-fix.*

re, *back, again;* as, *re-pay.*

un, *not;* as, *un-kind;—to take off* or *away;* as, *un-dress.*

Suffixes.

(See Preparatory Study, page 67.)

ac, *pertaining to, having, like;* as, *demoni-ac.*

Other forms having same meaning:

ic . . . . . *angel-ic.*
esque . . . . . *pictur-esque.*

acy, *act of, quality of, being, state of being;* as, *obstin-acy.*

Other forms:

ace . . . . . *popul-ace.*
ance . . . . . *abund-ance.*
ancy . . . . . *const-ancy.*
ence . . . . . *differ-ence.*
ency . . . . . *tend-ency.*
ice . . . . . *serv-ice.*

age, *act;* as, *pass-age;—state, collection of;* as, *bond-age, plum-age.*

al, ar, an, *relating to;* as, *parent-al, pol-ar, republic-an.*

Other forms:

ane . . . . . *hum-ane.*
ene . . . . . *Nazar-ene.*
ine . . . . . *sal-ine.*

ant, *'ing';* as, *err-ant, pleas-ant;—one who;* as, *combat-ant.*

Other forms:

ent . . . . . *flu-ent.*
ing . . . . . *will-ing.*

ar, *one who;* as, *li-ar.*

Other forms:

ard . . . . . *drunk-ard.*
art . . . . . *bragg-art.*
er . . . . . *speak-er.*
eer . . . . . *musket-eer.*
ier . . . . . *grenad-ier.*
or . . . . . *act-or.*
ster . . . . . *team-ster.*

ary, *relating to;* as, *planet-ary;—one who, that which;* as, *antiqu-ary, bound-ary.*

Other form:

ory . . . . . *explanat-ory.*

ate, *to make, to give, to put, to take;* as, *fabric-ate, anim-ate, confisc-ate, medic-ate;* — *having the*

quality of; as, *fortun-ate*;—*one who*; as, *cur-ate*;—*office*; as, *protector-ate*.

ble, *fit to be, worthy of, that may be*; as, *sta-ble*.
Other forms:
able . . . . . *eat-able*.
ible . . . . . *contempt-ible*.
ile . . . . . *doc-ile*.

cle, *little*; as, *ici-cle*.
Other forms:
cule . . . . . *animal-cule*.
ule . . . . . *glob-ule*.

dom, *place where, condition of, rank of*; as, *king-dom, free-dom, duke-dom*.

ee, *one to whom*; as, *refer-ee*.

en, *made of*; as, *wood-en*;—*to make*; as, *less-en*.

er, *more*; as, *great-er*.

ern, *in the direction of*; as, *southern*.

est, *most*; as, *great-est*.

ful, *full of*; as, *truth-ful*.

fy, *to make*; as, *puri-fy*.

hood, *condition of*; as, *boy-hood*.

id, *having the quality of*; as, *flor-id*.

ion, *state*; as, *protect-ion*;—*act*; as, *attent-ion*;—*that which*; as, *collect-ion*.

ise, *to make*; as, *critic-ise*.
Other form:
ize . . . . . *fertil-ize*.

ish, *somewhat, like, belonging to*; as, *black-ish, child-ish, Engl-ish*;—*to make*; as, *dimin-ish*.

ism, *state*; as, *patriot-ism*;—*doctrine of*; as, *Calvin-ism*.

ist, ite, *one who*; as, *art-ist, favor-ite*.

ive, *able to*; as, *act-ive*;—*that which, one who*; as, *locomot-ive, capt-ive*;—*'ing'*; as, *abus-ive*.

less, *without*; as, *profit-less*.

let, *little*; as, *stream-let*.
Other forms:
kin . . . . . *lamb-kin*.
ling . . . . . *duck-ling*.

ly, *like, in a manner*; as, *man-ly, rapid-ly*.

ment, *that which*; as, *orna-ment*;—*act*; as, *conceal-ment*;—*state*; as, *astonish-ment*.

ness, *state*; as, *wretched-ness*.

ock, *little*; as, *hill-ock*.
Other form:
isk . . . . . *aster-isk*.

ous, *full of*; as, *danger-ous*.
Other form:
ose . . . . . *joc-ose*.

ry, *place*; as, *nurse-ry*;—*collection of*; as, *cavал-ry*;—*state of being, 'ness'*; as, *rival-ry, brave-ry*.
Other forms:
ery . . . . . *brew-ery*.
ary . . . . . *gran-ary*.
ory . . . . . *fact-ory*.
y . . . . . *smith-y*.

ship, *state, quality, office of*; as, *friend-ship, rector-ship*.

some, *full of*; as, *glad-some, win-some*.

t, th, *that which, state of being, 'ing'*; as, *gif-t, streng-th, steal-th*.

tude, *state*; as, *forti-tude*.

ty, *state, quality*; as, *abili-ty*.

ty, *ten times*; as, *six-ty*.

ure, *'ing', state*; as, *press-ure*.
Other form:
eur . . . . . *grand-eur*.

ward, wards, *towards*; as, *homeward, home-wards*.

wise, *manner*; as, *other-wise*.
Other form:
ways . . . . . *side-ways*.

y, ey, *made of, like, full of*; as, *thorn-y, clay-ey, water-y*.

y, *being, state of being*; as, *master-y, modest-y*.

Sounds of the Letters.

VOWELS.

Long and short sounds.

ā,	*long*, ... as in	fāte.	ō,	*long*, ... as in	nōte.
ă,	*short*, ... "	făt.	ŏ,	*short*, ... "	nŏt.
ē,	*long*, ... "	mēte.	ū,	*long*, ... "	tūbe.
ĕ,	*short*, ... "	mĕt.	ŭ,	*short*, ... "	tŭb.
ī,	*long*, ... "	fīne.	ȳ,	*long*, ... "	flȳ.
ĭ,	*short*, ... "	fĭn.	y̆,	*short*, ... "	aby̆ss

Occasional sounds.

â,	. . . . . as in	âir.	o̤,	*like* ŭ, . . . as in	o̤ther.
ä,	*Italian*, . . . "	ärm.	o͝o,	*like* o͞o, . . . "	mo͝ve.
ȧ,	*intermediate*, "	ȧsk.	o̤,	*like* o͝o, . . . "	wo̤man.
a̱,	*broad*, ... "	a̱ll.	ô,	*like* a̱, ... "	fôrm.
a̤,	*like* ŏ, . . . "	wha̤t.	o͞o,	*long*, ... "	mo͞on.
ê,	*like* â, . . . "	thêre.	o͝o,	*short*, ... "	fo͝ot.
e̤,	*like* ā, . . . "	e̤ight.	u̱,	*preceded by* r, "	ru̱de.
ĕ,	. . . . . "	vĕrge.	u̱,	*like* o͝o, . . . "	bu̱ll.
ĭ,	*like* ē, ... "	machĭne.	û,	. . . . . "	bûrn.
ĭ,	*like* ĕ, ... "	bĭrd.			

Diphthongal sounds.

oi *or* oy, . . . as in oil, toy. | ou *or* ow, . . as in out, owl.

CONSONANTS.

ç,	*soft, like* s, as in	çell.	th,	*sharp*, . . as in	three.
e,	*hard, like* k, . "	eall.	t̄h,	*flat* or *vocal*, "	t̄his.
ch,	. . . . . "	child.	ng,	. . . . . "	sing.
çh,	*soft, like* sh, "	çhaise.	n̄,	*like* ng, . . "	ink̄.
eh,	*hard, like* k, . "	echo.	x,	*like* ks, . . "	six.
ḡ,	*hard*, ... "	ḡet.	x̄,	*like* gz, . . "	example
ġ,	*soft, like* j, . "	ġem.	ph,	*like* f, . . . "	seraph.
s,	*sharp*, ... "	same.	qu,	*like* kw, . "	quench.
ṣ,	*flat* or *vocal*, . "	haṣ.	wh,	*like* hw, . "	which.

A VOCABULARY,

Giving the Pronunciation, Definition, and Grammatical Class of the most difficult words used in this Reader.

Explanations.

n.	means noun.	*a.*	means adjective.
v.	" verb.	*p.*	" participle.
v. t.	" verb transitive.	*adv.*	" adverb.
v. i.	" verb intransitive.		

For explanation of the Diacritical Marks, see opposite page.

A.

Ă bāsh′, *v. t.* To shame; to confuse.

Ă bŭn′dant, *a.* Plentiful.

Ăc çĕss′i ble, *a.* Easily approached.

Ăc′cu rate, *a.* Exact; true; free from error.

Ă chĭl′lēş, *n.* A famous Grecian hero in the Trojan war.

Ăc knŏwl′edġe, *v. t.* To admit to be true.

Ă dăpt′, *v. t.* To fit one thing to another; to adjust; to suit.

Ăd jŭst′, *v. t.* To put in order; to fit.

Ā ē′ri al, *a.* Belonging to the air; partaking of the nature of air.

Ăf′fa bĭl′i ty, *n.* Courtesy; civility; politeness.

Ăf′flū ent, *a.* Wealthy; abundant.

Ăġ′i tāte, *v. t.* To disturb; to stir up; to shake.

Ăġ′ri cŭlt′ūre, *n.* The work of cultivating the earth; farming.

Āid′-de-camp (ād′de kŏng), *n.* An officer who carries orders.

Ăl′mā Mā′ter, *n.* A college where one is educated.

Ăm bĭ′tion, *n.* Eager desire for power, honor, fame, wealth, or for any object.

Ăm′mū nĭ′tion, *n.* Material for loading fire-arms, such as balls, cartridges, and shells.

Ăn′arch y, *n.* Disorder; lack of government; a state of society in which there is no law, government, or order.

Ăn′çes tor, *n.* Forefather.

Ăn nounçe′, *v. t.* To declare; to publish; to give notice of.

Ăn noy′ançe, *n.* Trouble; vexation; that which hurts.

Ăn′them, *n.* A divine song or hymn.

Ăn tĭç′i pāte, *v. t.* To foresee; to foretaste.

Ăn tĭq′ui ty (ăn tĭk′wĭ tў), *n.* Old times.

Ăp pār′ent, *a.* Plainly or easily seen; not real, seeming.

Ăp prĕn′tiçe, *n.* A person bound to a master in order to learn a trade.

Ăp prōach′, *n.* The act of drawing near. 2. To draw near.

Ăr'bi tra ry, *a.* Bound by no law; absolute, despotic.

Ăr'chæ ŏl'o ġĭst, *n.* One skilled in ancient learning.

Ăr'dor, *n.* Earnestness; zeal.

Ár'gu mĕnt, *n.* Reasoning; proof.

Ăr rĭv'al, *n.* Act of coming.

Ăs sur'ançe (ash shur'ance), *n.* Confidence; trust.

Ăt'mos phĕre, *n.* The air.

Au dā'cious, *a.* Daring, fearless. 2. Bold in a bad sense; impudent.

Au rō'rā, *n.* The northern lights. 2. The dawn of day.

Ăv'a lănçhe', *n.* A vast body of snow, ice, earth, etc., sliding down a mountain.

Ăv'a rĭçe, *n.* Great desire of gain; great love of money.

B.

Băl'lad, *n.* A song; a light poem.

Bănk'rupt cy, *n.* Failure or inability to pay debts.

Băr'na cle, *n.* A shell-fish that adheres to rocks, timber, vessels, etc.

Băr'racks, *n.* A house for soldiers.

Bau'ble, *n.* A trinket; a trifling piece of finery.

Bēak'er, *n.* A large drinking-cup.

Bĕd'ou in, *n.* A wandering Arab.

Bee'tho ven (bā'tō ven), *n.* A famous German musician and composer.

Be guile' (gīl), *v. t.* To impose upon; to cheat. 2. To amuse.

Be hāv'ior, *n.* Conduct; manner.

Bē nĕf'i çençe, *n.* The practice of doing good.

Blithe, *a.* Gay; airy; joyous; merry; cheerful.

Boun'te oŭs, *a.* Generous.

Bow doin (bō'den), *n.* A college in Brunswick, Maine.

Brăn'dish, *v. t.* To flourish; to wave or shake.

Breăk'ers, *n.* Waves broken by the rocks or by sand-banks; surge.

Brĭ gāde', *n.* A division of troops.

Bul'wark, *n.* The wood-work round a vessel above her deck. 2. A mound of earth for protection against an enemy.

Bûr'ly, *a.* Stout; bulky.

Bŭr'nĭsh, *v. t.* To polish.

C.

Ca lais (kă lā'), *n.* A town in N. part of France.

Calk'ing (kawk'ing), *n.* Material for closing the seams of a ship.

Ca rĕss', *v. t.* To treat with fondness; to embrace; to fondle.

Căs'ket, *n.* A small box for jewels or other treasure.

Çen tĕn'ni al, *a.* Hundredth; occurring once in a hundred years.

Çĕnt'ū ry, *n.* A hundred years.

Çĕr'e mo ny, *n.* Form; manner; suitable or polite manner.

Chăr'ac ter ĭst'ĭc, *n.* Peculiar quality; distinguishing mark.

Chăr'i ty, *n.* Love, kindness. 2. Goodness, kindness to the poor.

Chăr'ter, *n.* A written paper which gives certain privileges or rights.

Chăsm (kăzm), *n.* A deep opening.

Clăs'sĭc, *n.* An author or a work of the highest rank.

Cli'mate, *n.* The general state of the atmosphere.

Clōse, *n.* An inclosed place.

Cloy'ing, *a.* Excessive; satiating.

Col lĭs'ion, *n.* Striking together of two bodies so as to produce a shock; a clash.

Cŏl'o ny, *n.* A settlement formed in a foreign country.

Cŏm'mo dōre, *n.* The captain who commands a squadron of ships.

Cŏm mō'tion, *n.* Disturbance.

Cŏm pŏs'i tor, *n.* One who sets in order. 2. One who adjusts type in printing.

Cŏn çīse', *a.* Brief; expressing much in few words.

Con dĕmn', *v. t.* To pronounce guilty; to doom. 2. To blame.

Cŏn'fi dençe, *n.* Firm belief.

Cŏn'fŏr mā'tion, *n.* Form; structure.

Cŏn found', *v. t.* To disorder; to confuse.

Cŏn ġē'ni al, *a.* Naturally suited or adapted; similar; alike.

Cŏn'quer (kŏnk'er), *v. t.* To defeat; to overcome.

Cŏn'se quençe, *n.* Importance; a result.

Cŏr'o nĕt, *n.* A crown.

Cou'ri er, *n.* A messenger sent in haste, usually on public business.

Cŏurt ier (kōrt'yer), *n.* A person who is in attendance on a king.

Crĕd'ū loŭs, *a.* Too ready to believe.

Crus tā ce an (krŭs tā'she an), *n.* Jointed or artículated animals having a shelly covering, as the lobster, crab, etc.

Cŭlt'ūre, *n.* Improvement; refinement.

Cū'ri ŏs'i ty, *n.* Anxiety to learn. 2. Something strange or wonderful.

D.

Dāunt'lĕss, *a.* Fearless.

Dĕarth, *n.* Want; need; famine.

De bāte', *n.* Argument. *v. t.* To argue.

De mŏl'ĭsh, *v. t.* To destroy or break to pieces.

De mūre', *a.* Sober; of serious or pensive look; grave.

Dĕs'o lā'tion, *n.* That which is wasted or forsaken.

De spŏnd', *v. i.* To be cast down; to lose hope or courage.

Dĕs'ti tūte, *a.* Poor; wanting.

De strŭe'tion, *n.* The act of laying waste or destroying.

De tĕr'mĭne, *v. t.* To decide; to resolve.

De vĕl'op, *v. i.* To make known; to unfold; to exhibit.

De viçe', *n.* Design.

De vōt'ed, *a.* Strongly attached; ardent.

Dĭ ăm'e ter, *n.* The distance through the centre of an object.

Dĭf'fi cul ty, *n.* That which is not easily done. 2. Hindrance.

Dĭl'i ġent, *a.* Busy; active.

Dĭs gŭĭse', *v. t.* To conceal or change the appearance of a thing.

Dĭs tāste'fŭl, *a.* Unpleasant, disagreeable.

Dĭs tĭn'guĭsh, *v. i.* To point out; to set apart from others.

Dĭ vĕr'si fy, *v. t.* To make different; to give variety to.

Dŏc'ū mĕnt, *n.* A writing or paper containing information, evidence, or direction.

Dōle, *n.* Grief, sorrow; allowance.

Drŭdġ'er y, *n.* Hard work.

Dū'rĕss or **Dū rĕss'**, *n.* Hardship.

E.

Ĕb'on, *a.* Black; like ebony.

Ēc'o nŏm'ic al, *a.* Saving; prudent.

Ĕc'sta sy, *n.* Great joy; delight.

Ē lāte', *a.* Puffed up; lifted up.

Ĕlf'in, *a.* Relating to elves or fairies.

Ē lȳz'i an, *a.* Pertaining to the abode of the blessed after death.

Ē mā'ci ā ted (ē mā'shĭ ā ted), *a.* Wasted; lean; thin.

Ē mĕr'gen çy, *n.* Pressing necessity; a time of great need.

Ĕm'i grant, *n.* A person who leaves his country to settle in another.

Ĕm'per or, *n.* The ruler of an empire; a monarch higher in rank than a king.

Ĕm ploy'ment, *n.* Business; work.

Ĕn eröach', *v. i.* To trespass; to intrude.

Ĕn dĕav'or, *v. i.* To try; to strive.

Ĕn'er gĕt'ic, *a.* Active; vigorous.

Ĕn gi neer'ing, *n.* The science and art of constructing public works, roads, canals, etc.

Ĕn rāge', *v. t.* To make furious.

Ĕn'ter tāin', *v. t.* To receive and treat kindly; to please; to amuse.

Ĕn thū'si ăst'ic, *a.* Earnest; ardent; vehement.

Ĕn trance', *v. t.* To charm.

Ĕs cāpe', *v. t.* To run from danger.

Ĕs sĕn'tial, *a.* Necessary; very important; indispensable.

Es se qui'bo (ĕs sā kē'bō), *n.* A river of British Guiana.

Ĕs tăb'lĭsh, *v. t.* To settle firmly; to fix; to found.

Ē tĕr'nal, *a.* Endless.

Ē vāde', *v. t.* To escape by stratagem or trick; to flee; to fly.

Ē vĕnt'ū al ly, *adv.* Finally.

Ĕx'ē cū'tion, *n.* Performance; act of doing.

Ĕx ĕmpt', *a.* Free; not liable.

Ĕx haust', *v. t.* To drain; to empty.

Ĕx'ile, *n.* A person who is driven from his home.

Ĕx'or çism, *n.* A form of prayer to banish evil spirits.

Ĕx'pe dī'tion, *n.* Haste; speed. 2. An important naval or military enterprise.

Ĕx pē'ri ençe, *n.* Knowledge gained by trial or practice.

Ĕx pĕr'i ment, *n.* A trial.

Ĕx ploit', *n.* A great act; a successful performance.

Ĕx plōre', *v. t.* To search.

Ĕx tĭnct', *a.* Ended. 2. Having ceased to exist.

Ĕx tôrt', *v. t.* To take by force.

Ĕx trĕm'i ty, *n.* The end; the highest degree; the utmost point.

Ĕx ŭlt', *v.* To rejoice exceedingly; to triumph.

F.

Făc'ul ty, *n.* Power; capacity. 2. Professors in a college.

Fălse'hŏŏd, *n.* An untruth; a lie.

Făl'ter ing, *n.* Hesitating; wavering; failing.

Fa mĭl'iar, *a.* Well acquainted; free; social.

Făn tăs'tic, *a.* Odd; whimsical; fanciful; imaginary.

Fa tīgue', *n.* Weariness; the state of being tired. *a.* Working.

Faun, *n.* A god of fields and shepherds, half man, half goat.

Fā'vor ite, *n.* One who is treated with special favor or kindness.

Fēat'ly, *adv.* Nimbly; expertly.

Fē rō'cious, *a.* Savage; fierce.

Fick'le, *a.* Changeable in mind; inconstant.

Fi nā le (fē nā'lā), *n.* The last movement in a piece of music; the end.

Fi'nal ly, *adv.* Lastly; at the end.

Flŏr'in, *n.* A coin of different values; the gold florin of Germany is equal to about $1.67.

Fō'li age, *n.* A collection of leaves as produced and arranged by nature.

Fŏr'es ter, *n.* An officer appointed to watch a forest and preserve the game; an inhabitant of a forest.

Fōr'ti tūde, *n.* Strength or resolution to endure pain or to encounter danger; firmness; courage.

Frăn'tic, *a.* Mad; raving; furious.

Frē'quent ly, *adv.* Often.

Frĕsh'et, *n.* A flood or overflowing of a river, usually caused by heavy rains or melted snow.

Frŏnt'iĕr, *n.* The boundary of a State or country; the border.

Fûrl, *v. t.* To roll, fold, or wrap up.

Fū'ry, *n.* Madness; rage; frenzy.

G.

Gĕn'er al, *n.* The whole; the greater part. 2. The chief commander of an army.

Gĕn'er ā'tion, *n.* Creation. 2. People of the same age, or period.

Gĕn'ius, *n.* Natural talent.

Gē ŏl'o gĭst, *n.* One who studies the structure of the earth as to its rocks, soil, minerals, etc., and the changes it has undergone.

Glĭmpse, *n.* A short, quick view; a glance.

Glōam'ing, *n.* Morning or evening twilight.

Glouces'ter (glŏs'ter), *n.* City and port of entry in Mass., 28 miles N. E. of Boston.

Grĕn'a dierş', *n.* The tallest and stoutest foot-soldiers.

Grō tĕsque', *a.* Odd; fanciful; unnatural.

Guile (gīl), *n.* Cunning.

Gym năs'tics, *n.* Athletic exercises for developing the muscles.

H.

Hăp'lĕss, *a.* Unhappy; luckless.

Hăr'bin ger, *n.* A forerunner; a messenger.

Hărd'di hood, *n.* Boldness; strength; bravery; audacity.

Hărd'shĭp, *n.* Severe labor; toil; suffering.

Hărp'si chord, *n.* A musical instrument strung with wires and played like a piano by striking the keys.

Haugh'ty, *a.* Proud; overbearing.

Hăz'ard oŭs, *a.* Dangerous; risky.

Hĕad'-quar'ters, *n.* The place of residence of the commander-in-chief of an army, or the place whence orders are issued.

Hĕc'tor, *n.* A Trojan hero, son of Priam, king of Troy.

Hĕr'ald, *n.* An officer whose duty it was to proclaim war and peace, to carry messages, etc.

Hē rō'ĭc, *a.* Brave; noble; fearless.

Hĕs'i tāte, *v. i.* To stop to consider; to be doubtful; to delay.

Hĕx ăm'e ter, *n.* Verses or lines of poetry having six metrical feet.

Hōar'y, *a.* White; gray.

Hŏb'nāil, *n.* A nail used in shoeing a horse.

Hŏl'ster, *n.* A case for a horseman's pistol.

Hō rī'zon, *n.* The line where the earth and sky seem to meet.

Hŏr'i zŏn'tal, *a.* Level; parallel to the horizon.

Hŏr'ror, *n.* Great fear; excessive fright.

Hŏs'pĭ tăl'i ty, *n.* Kindness and attention to strangers.

Hū māne', *a.* Kind; civil; benevolent; tender.

Hŭtch, *n.* A place in which things may be stored, or animals kept.

I.

Ī dē'al, *n.* A model of perfection. *a.* Existing in fancy only.

Ĭm'mi nent, *a.* Threatening closely; ready to fall upon; near at hand.

Ĭm pe'ri al, *a.* Relating to an emperor or an empire.

Ĭm'pro vīse, *v. t.* To compose and play or sing verses or music without thinking of it before.

Ĭm'pŭlse, *n.* Sudden thought.

Ĭm pū'ni ty, *n.* Freedom from punishment or from injury.

Ĭn crēase', *v. t.* To make greater.

Ĭn crĕd'i ble, *a.* Not to be believed.

Ĭn dīg'nant, *a.* Angry; wrathful.

Ĭn'do lençe, *n.* Laziness; idleness.

Ĭn fēr', *v.* To suppose; to think.

Ĭn fĭr'mi'ty, *n.* Weakness; disease.

Ĭn'flū ençe, *n.* Power. *v.* To sway; to move.

Ĭn gĕn ious (ĭn jēn'yus), *a.* Skilful; inventive.

Ĭn ĭm'i ta ble, *a.* Not to be imitated.

Ĭn'nō çĕnt, *a.* Pure; free from guilt; harmless.

Ĭn spīred', *a.* Animated by extraordinary or divine influence.

Ĭn tĕnt', *a.* Closely fixed.

Ĭn tĕn'tion, *n.* Design; purpose.

Ĭn'ter ĕst ed, *a.* Concerned in the consequences; having an interest.

Ĭn ter fere', *v.* To meddle; to clash.

Ĭn tē'ri or, *n.* Inner part; inside.

Ĭn'ter lūde, *n.* A piece played between two acts.

Ĭn'ter vāle, *n.* Low land enriched by the overflowings of rivers, or by deposits of earth from adjacent hills.

Ĭn tŏl'er a ble, *a.* Hard or impossible to be borne.

Ĭn trĕnched', *v. t.* Made secure against the attack of an enemy.

Ĭn vā'der, *n.* One who enters for a warlike or hostile purpose.

Ĭn'va lĭd, *n.* One who is feeble or sick. *a.* In ill health.

Ĭn vĕnt', *v. t.* To find; to discover.

Ĭn vĭg'or āte, *v. t.* To strengthen.

Ĭn vŏl'un ta ri ly, *adv.* Not by choice or will.

Ĭn vŭl'ner a ble, *a.* Safe; secure from injury.

J.

Jū dĭ cioŭs (ju dĭsh′us), *a.* Wise; having good judgment.

K.

Kai ṣer (kī′zer), *n.* An emperor of Germany; one form of the word Cæsar.

Kaiserblumen (blo͞o mĕn), *n.* The Emperor's flowers.

L.

Lăt′er al, *a.* Of, or pertaining to, the side.

Lee′ward (or lo͞o′ard), *a.* In the direction toward which the wind blows.

Lē′ġend or **Lĕġ′end,** *n.* A fictitious or doubtful story, as of the exploits of heroes; a fable; a myth.

Lēi′ṣure (lē′zhur), *n.* Spare time; freedom from work or business.

Lēth′ar ġy, *n.* Stupor; dulness; sleepiness.

Liēf, *adv.* Willingly.

Lĭn naē′ŭs, *n.* A celebrated botanist of the 18th century.

Lĭt′er a tūre, *n.* Knowledge contained in books.

Lo͞om, *v.* To appear larger than reality.

Lūe′ra tĭve, *a.* Profitable; bringing money or its equal in value.

Lū′dĭ croŭs, *a.* Laughable; ridiculous; droll.

Lûrch, *v. i.* To roll suddenly to one side.

Lŭx′ū ry, *n.* Rich, dainty living; fine houses, clothes, and food.

M.

Măg nĭf′i çent, *a.* Grand; splendid; showy; generous.

Mă jĕs′tic, *a.* Grand; stately; splendid.

Măm′moth, *a.* Very large.

Mă noeū′vre, *n.* A trick or stratagem; a skilful movement.

Măn′tle, *n.* A kind of cloak or loose garment. *v. t.* To cover; *i.* to rise and spread.

Măr′vel oŭs, *a.* Strange; wonderful; astonishing.

Măss′ĭve, *a.* Heavy; weighty; bulky.

Măs′to don, *n.* A huge quadruped similar to the elephant, now extinct and known only by its fossil remains.

Măth′e măt′ĭcs, *n.* The science of numbers and magnitude.

Ma tū′ri ty, *n.* Ripeness; perfection.

Mc chăn′i cal, *a.* Pertaining to machines or instruments.

Mĕd′i tāte, *v. i.* To think; to ponder.

Mĕl′an chŏl′y, *n.* Gloom; sadness; depression of spirits.

Me rĭ′no, *n.* A kind of fine-wooled sheep; cloth made of fine wool.

Mĕr′i tō′ri oŭs, *a.* Worthy; deserving of reward; good.

Mi′cro scōpe, *n.* An instrument for examining small objects.

Mid′shĭp man, *n.* A kind of naval cadet or junior officer on board a vessel of war.

Mĭl′i ta ry, *a.* Relating to an army, to arms, or to war; warlike.

Mĭ lĭ tia (mĭ lĭsh′ȧ), *n.* The body of soldiers enrolled for military drill, but not belonging to the regular army.

Mĭn′i a tūre, *n.* A painting on a small scale. *a.* On a small scale.

Mĭrth, *n.* Fun; sport; gayety.

Mŏ'bĭle, *a.* Easily moved.

Mŏc'ea sĭn, *n.* An Indian shoe made of soft leather.

Mŏn'i tor, *n.* An iron-clad war vessel, with a revolving turret. 2. One who warns, advises, or notes faults.

Mo nŏt'o noŭs, *a.* All of one kind; unvaried.

Mŏr'sel, *n.* A small piece; a mouthful; a small quantity.

Mō şā'ĭc, *n.* A species of inlaid work made of minute pieces of mineral of various colors and in imitation of painting.

Mū şē'um, *n.* A collection of curiosities or works of art.

Mū'tĭ lā ted, *a.* Imperfect; deprived of a limb or other part.

Mўr'i ad, *n.* A large number.

Mўs'tĭc, *a.* Not to be understood; mysterious.

N.

Năr'ği lęh, *n.* A Turkish pipe having a long tube for smoking through water.

Năt'ū ral ĭst, *n.* One who studies the objects of nature, as flowers, trees, animals, etc.

Nŏv'el ty, *n.* A new thing; newness.

Nū'mer oŭs, *a.* Many; consisting of a large number.

O.

Ō'a sĭs, *n.* A fertile spot in a desert.

Ŏe'eū pў, *v. t.* To hold; to keep; to employ.

Ŏff'ing, *n.* That part of the sea which is at considerable distance off the shore, or where there is deep water.

Ō'nўx, *n.* A precious stone having parallel layers of different colors.

Ō pāque (ō pāk'), *a.* Dark; not transparent; obscure.

Ŏp prĕss', *v.* To treat cruelly; to overburden.

Ŏr'a ele, *n.* A wise saying. 2. The person who says wise things.

Ôr'ğan ĭze, *v.* To form in order; to arrange.

Ŏr'i ğĭn, *n.* Beginning; the source.

P.

Păm'phlet, *n.* A small paper-covered book.

Păr'al lĕl, *n.* A mate; a match. *a.* Having the same direction.

Pārch'ment, *n.* The skin of a sheep or goat dressed to write upon.

Păr'ĭs, *n.* A Trojan hero, son of Priam, king of Troy.

Păr'lia mĕnt (pär'lĭ mĕnt), *n.* The body of men who make the laws of Great Britain.

Păr'ti cle, *n.* A small part; a little bit; an atom.

Pā'tri ärch, *n.* The father and ruler of a family.

Pā'tri ot, *n.* One who loves and serves his country.

Pĕaş'ant, *n.* A countryman; one whose occupation is rural labor.

Pē cūl'iar, *a.* Not common; special.

Per ĕn'ni al, *a.* A plant that lives more than two years. 2. Often recurring; unceasing; lasting.

Per fôrm'ing, *v.* Doing.

Pĕr'il oŭs, *a.* Dangerous.

Pē'ri ŏd'i cal, *a.* Happening regularly in a certain period of time. *n.* A paper or magazine issued at regular periods.

Per plĕx′, *v. t.* To puzzle; to disturb; to bewilder.

Pĕr′se vēre′, *v. i.* To continue; to persist; not to give up.

Pĕs′ti lençe, *n.* A violent and contagious disease.

Phăn′tom, *n.* A ghost; an airy spirit.

Phĭl′o sŏph′ĭc al, *a.* Wise; rational; reasonable.

Pĭl′grĭm, *n.* A wanderer.

Pi′o neer′, *n.* A settler in a new country. 2. One who goes before to clear the way.

Plt′e oŭs ly, *adv.* Sorrowfully; tenderly.

Plăn tā′tion, *n.* A place planted or cultivated; a large farm.

Pŏl′i tĭcs, *n.* The science of government; public affairs.

Pōr′tal, *n.* A gate or door.

Pōrt′ly, *a.* Bulky; stout.

Prăc′ti cal, *a.* Useful; skilled in action or practice.

Prĭm′i tĭve, *a.* Relating to the beginning. 2. Belonging to the earliest times.

Prĭn′çess, *n.* The daughter of a king. 2. The wife of a prince.

Prĭn′çi ple, *n.* A rule. 2. A fundamental truth. 3. Good moral character.

Prĭv′i leġe, *n.* A special right.

Prŏb′lem, *n.* A puzzling question.

Prō fāne′, *a.* Impious; wicked; irreverent; not sacred.

Prō mō′tion, *n.* State of being exalted or raised.

Prō pōs′al, *n.* An offer.

Prō prī′e tor, *n.* An owner.

Prōs′pĕct, *n.* That to which the mind looks forward.

Prōs′per, *v. i.* To succeed.

Prō vĭs′ions, *n.* Food; supplies.

Pŭb′li cā′tion, *n.* The act of publishing or making known.

Pyr′a mĭds, *n.* Immense stone edifices in Egypt, one of which is nearly 500 feet high.

Q.

Quad′rŭ ped, *n.* A four-footed animal.

Quāiled, *v.* Shrank away; trembled.

Quāint, *a.* Odd; unique.

R.

Răn̄k′le, *v. i.* To disturb the mind; to trouble.

Răpt′ūre, *n.* Extreme delight; ecstasy; enthusiasm.

Rē būke′, *n.* The act of blaming. *v. t.* To chide; to blame.

Rĕ′eō̄g nize, *v. t.* To know again; to acknowledge.

Rĕe′om mĕnd′, *v. t.* To praise; to commend.

Rē cōv′er, *v. t.* To regain; to restore from sickness. *v. i.* To get well.

Rē in fōrçe′mĕnt, *n.* New help; a supply of new force; fresh troops.

Rē fūs′al, *n.* Act of refusing; a denial. 2. A chance for choice.

Rē ḡārd′, *n.* Favor; respect.

Rĕġ′i mĕnt, *n.* A body of troops consisting of about 1000 men.

Rē ḡrĕt′, *n.* Sorrow; grief for something past.

Rē lēase′, *n.* Discharge; the act of setting free.

Rē lĭg'ion, *n.* A system of faith and worship.

Rē lŭc'tant, *a.* Unwilling.

Rĕm'nant, *n.* The remainder.

Rē môrse', *n.* Pain caused by a sense of guilt or wrong-doing.

Rē pȧst', *n.* A meal; food.

Rĕp'tĭle, *n.* A cold-blooded vertebrate animal which moves on its belly or by means of short legs, as lizards and toads.

Rē ṣĕnt', *v. t.* To be angry at.

Rē ṣŏlve', *v. i.* To determine; to make up one's mind.

Rē spŏnse', *n.* An answer; a reply.

Rē strāin', *v. t.* To hold back; to confine; to limit.

Rē vīle', *v. t.* To abuse with words.

Rī'val ry, *a.* Act of striving for the same object.

Rŭd'der, *n.* An instrument for steering a ship.

Ruṣe, *n.* A trick.

Ruth, *n.* Pity; mercy; sorrow.

S.

Săc'ri fice (săk'rĭ fīz), *n.* That which is given or offered. *v.* 1. To offer as an act of worship. 2. To give up; destroy.

Săp'phire (săf'īr), *n.* A precious stone, usually blue.

Să'vor y, *a.* Having a rich, agreeable smell.

Scit'u ate (sĭt'u āte), *n.* A town in Massachusetts.

Scout, *n.* A spy.

Scŭlpt'ūre, *n.* The art of carving, cutting, or hewing wood or stone.

Sĕn'ti nel, *n.* A soldier posted to guard against the approach of an enemy.

Sē quĕs'tered, *a.* Separated from others.

Sē rēne', *a.* Composed; peaceful.

Sĕt'tle mĕnt, *n.* A colony; a district newly inhabited. 2. Act of arranging or adjusting quarrels.

Shĭm'mer, *v.* To shine faintly; to gleam.

Shrine, *n.* A sacred place.

Sĭg'ni fy, *v. t.* To denote; to mean. 2. To make known; to delare.

Sĭm plĭç'i ty, *n.* Plainness; freedom from ornament; artlessness.

Sĭt'ū ā'tion, *n.* Place; location.

Soc'ra tes (sŏk'ra tēz), *n.* A renowned Grecian philosopher, who died about 400 B. C.

So nā'tą, *n.* A musical composition for the piano, violin, organ, etc.

Sōōth, *n.* Truth.

Sov'er eign ty (sŭv'er in tў), *n.* Supreme power or rule.

Spĕc'tre, *n.* A phantom; a ghost.

Spine, *n.* A jointed spike upon an animal; the back-bone.

Spĭt, *n.* A narrow point of land extending into the sea.

Sprite, *n.* A spirit.

Squan'der, *v. t.* To spend carelessly; to waste.

Stär'bōard, *n.* The right hand side of a ship or a boat, to a person facing the bow.

Stĕalth'i ly, *adv.* Slyly; secretly.

Străt'a ġem, *n.* A trick; a plan to gain some advantage.

Strŭct'ūre, *n.* Form; shape. 2. A building.

Stū'di ō, *n.* The workshop of an artist.

Stûr'dy, *a.* Hardy; firm; strong; stout.

Sŭb lime′, *a.* High in place; noble; grand; great.

Sŭb′ûrb, *n.* The outer part of a city.

Sŭd′den ly, *adv.* Hastily; quickly; without notice.

Sŭg ġĕs′tion, *n.* A hint or proposal.

Sŭm′mons, *n.* A call; a writ.

Sŭmpt′ū oŭs, *a.* Costly; expensive; luxurious.

Sŭp′pli ant, *n.* One who asks or begs a favor.

Sū prēme′, *a.* Highest in power or dignity; greatest.

Sûr′ly, *a.* Cross; unkind; rough; uncivil; sulky.

Sûr mīse′, *v.* To suspect; to fancy; to imagine.

Sûr′plus, *n.* A quantity more than is needed; excess.

Sur rĕn′der, *v.* To give up; to abandon; to deliver up.

Sur vey′, *v.* To examine.

Sŭs pī′cioŭs, *a.* Ready to imagine guilt; fearful.

Sward, *n.* Turf; grassy soil.

Sym′me try, *n.* Harmony; agreement of one part with another.

Sym′pa thize, *v.* To feel with or for another; to have tenderness and pity for the sufferings of others.

T.

Tăb′lĕt, *n.* A small table; a level surface; a small piece of ivory, wood, or metal, prepared to write upon.

Tăck, *v. i.* To change the course.

Tăe′tics, *n.* The science of arranging military and naval movements.

Taw′ny, *a.* Of a yellowish brown color.

Tē′di oŭs, *a.* Wearisome.

Tĕl′e scope, *n.* An instrument that magnifies distant objects so that they can be plainly seen.

Tĕr′mi nal, *a.* Belonging to the end.

Tĕr rĭf′ic, *a.* Frightful.

Thēme, *n.* A subject of discourse or composition.

Thrall, *n.* A slave; a bondman. 2. Slavery; bondage.

Thwart, *v.* To oppose; to prevent.

Tŏl′er ant, *a.* Inclined to allow freedom, especially in religious matters.

Trăg′ic al, *a.* Shocking; dreadful; sorrowful.

Trāil, *n.* Mark or track left by anything that has passed along.

Trăn si′tion (trăn sĭzh′un), *n.* Passage; change.

Trăns lāte′, *v.* To remove. 2. To change.

Trăns pâr′ent, *a.* Clear; admitting light so as to be clearly seen through.

Trĕas′ūr y, *n.* A building where money is stored for safe keeping.

Trēa′ty, *n.* An agreement or contract between two nations or states.

Trĕ mĕn′doŭs, *a.* Dreadful; horrible; awful.

Trō′phy, *n.* Anything taken and kept as a sign of victory.

Tū mŭlt′ū oŭs, *a.* Unruly; violent.

Tûr′bĭd, *a.* Thick; muddy; not clear.

U.

U kraine′ (o͞o krān′), *n.* A country in the S. part of Russia in Europe.

Ŭn căn′ny, *a.* Unskilful; unnatural.

Ŭsh′ered, *v.* Introduced; forerun.

V.

Văg'a bŏnd, *n.* A wandering, idle person.

Văl'iant, *a.* Brave; heroic.

Văl'ū a ble, *a.* Precious; costly; worthy.

Văm'pire, *n.* A demon who sucks the blood of a sleeping person. 2. A large bat.

Văn'dal, *n.* A barbarian; one hostile to arts and literature.

Văn'ish, *v. i.* To disappear; to pass away.

Vĕr'i ta ble, *a.* True; agreeable to fact.

Vĕx ā'tion, *n.* Trouble; disturbance.

Vĭg'i lant, *a.* Watchful; wakeful; cautious.

Vĭ'gor oŭs, *a.* Strong; powerful.

Vĭl'lain, *n.* A rascal; a rogue; a knave.

Vĭn dĭc'tĭve, *a.* Given to revenge.

Vĭ'o lençe, *n.* Force. 2. Highly excited feeling. 3. Force employed against right and justice.

Vĭş'agę, *n.* The face; the countenance.

Vŏl cā'nō, *n.* A mountain having internal fire and ejecting fire, smoke, and lava.

Vŏl'ūme, *n.* A book. 2. Bulk, size.

W.

Wā'ry, *a.* Cautious.

Wāy'fār er, *n.* A passenger; a traveler.

Wĕap'on. *n.* An instrument with which one person is armed to defend himself or to injure another.

Weigh, *v. t.* To find the weight of. 2. To swing up; to raise.

Wĭg'wąm, *n.* An Indian's cabin or hut.

Wĭnd'lass, *n.* A machine for raising heavy weights.

Wrĭt, *n.* A legal writing issued by the proper authority, commanding the performance of some act.

Y.

Yąw, *v. i.* To deviate from the right way in steering.

Yo sĕm'i te, *n.* A valley on the western side of the Sierra Nevada, 140 miles E. by S. from San Francisco.

Z.

Zĕal'oŭs, *a.* Ardent; fervent; earnest.

Zō ŏl'o ġĭst, *n.* One who studies the nature and structure of animals, their classification, and distribution on the earth's surface.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.